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HER SERENE HIGHNESS
THE LANDGRAVINE OF ANSBACH.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF YORK.

SIR,

From the many instances I have seen of the kindness you have bestowed, and do bestow, on all those who request kindness or protection from you, I am induced to address your Royal Highness as the only person to whom I could, with propriety, dedicate the following pages; and may you find, in perusing them, that your excellent father was not quite mistaken when he used, at his levees, to tell his lords that he would ask Lady Craven about such things as were told him in various contrary ways, "for," said he, "she always tells the truth."

Believe in that truth, Sir, when I assure you that it is with the sincerest attachment and respect I subscribe myself

Your Royal Highness's
grateful, affectionate,
and devoted
ELIZABETH, M. B. A. B.
PRINCESS BERKELEY.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.

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My Birth and Family Connections.—A Governess selected for me.—Her Character and Disinterestedness.—Lord Nugent, my Mother's second Husband.—Lady Berkeley's Conduct to me.—We make our first Excursion to Paris.—Duke of Richmond Ambassador there.—We keep open house.—My Brother, the Earl of Berkeley, joins us from Turin.—Lord Bottetourt.—Lord Forbes.—Strange Occurrence at a Bal Masqué.—Our Return to England.—Lord Forbes proposes to my Sister Lady Georgiana, who is presented at Court, and concludes the day by running away with him.

I AM the youngest daughter of Augustus fourth Earl of Berkeley, K. T., by his Countess Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Drax, of Charbo-

rough in the county of Dorset, Esq. and was born in December in the year 1750. His Lordship had eight children, three of whom died infants. After the death of the Earl, the Countess married Earl Nugent. Lord Berkeley died when the subject of the present Memoirs was only five years old. His disposition was gentle, generous, and affectionate; and from the goodness of his heart he was universally regretted. The second son having died when only eleven months old, Lady Berkeley became pregnant again, and produced at one birth three children, females, who were born at Berkeley Castle, but who lived only a few hours after being christened. The next female born, was Georgiana Augusta, afterwards married to the Earl of Granard. Two years after this event, Lady Berkeley became again pregnant; and as she and all her family had persuaded themselves that the child was to be a boy, the godfathers and godmother were actually bespoken: the latter was the amiable and gentle Countess of

Suffolk, a widow, whose second husband was George Berkeley, a brother of the late Earl's father. It was proposed that this child should be named George.

At this period, a circumstance occurred which seemed to be the forerunner of all the remarkable events of my life; for whenever misfortunes happened to me, they, in a most singular manner, were productive of beneficial consequences.

Lady Berkeley was taken in labour in the month of December, although she did not calculate that she should produce a second boy till the February following. Her alarm and disappointment may be conceived when the child appeared, a most miserable object, scarcely breathing, and scarcely alive, at the end of seven months. Being wrapped up in a piece of flannel, and without much attention laid down in the great elbow-chair which was placed at her ladyship's bed-side, with neither clothes nor wet-nurse prepared, I was left in

despair for a while to my fate. At that time certain etiquettes and attentions were observed, which are now neglected and omitted; and the first person who came to Lady Berkeley, a few hours after she was delivered, was her aunt, the Countess of Albemarle. Coming up to the bed-side, and after the usual remarks on such an occasion, perceiving the chair by the bed-side, and imagining that which occupied it to be only a piece of flannel, her Ladyship was on the very point of seating herself upon it, when she was prevented, by the screams of the attendant, from putting an end to the existence of the forlorn babe. As Lady Albemarle supposed the infant to be in the bed with the Countess, she was surprised at the narrow escape; and her curiosity being more roused from this circumstance, she directed her attention to the object of it, and requested that it should be brought to the window, in order that she might judge of the probability of its existence. Lady Berkeley exclaimed

peevishly, "It is a miserable thing, and cannot live." The infant's face being uncovered, the helpless little being opened its eyes, as if to hail the light of day; and as they appeared very bright, Lady Albemarle conceived that a child who possessed that power had a good chance to live. She, therefore, immediately sent into the neighbouring streets to find out a wet-nurse; nor did she retire till she had seen the child enjoy its borrowed nourishment from a healthy woman who was procured. Had it not been that an accident had so nearly happened, this circumstance would have been omitted; and, from despair of the mother, I most probably should not have survived. This scene took place at the house of the Earl of Berkeley in Spring Gardens.

Lady Albemarle was sister to the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Berkeley's mother was the other sister. The Countess of Suffolk, although extremely amiable, does not appear to

have been a favourite with Lord Orford, who seems in his letters to have taken a dislike to her, although I was ever regarded by him with esteem, notwithstanding that I had made her a pattern for my manners. This, probably, arose from the reluctance which I always shewed to display my natural love for the Muses; yet the press at Strawberry Hill has produced some of my poetry. Lord Orford was extremely witty, in his writings, on the subject of the three children which the Countess of Berkeley produced at one birth—an event which certainly was not a theme for a man of learning and of taste.

The next visitor of Lady Berkeley was the Countess of Suffolk, who told her that she would be godmother to the child, and promised that if she had another its name should be called George. Admiral Berkeley was christened George after Lady Suffolk's husband, but she never took any notice of him, and at her death left me five hundred pounds.

A dislike, both unjust and premature, in my mother for me, excited in the breast of Lady Suffolk, even at that period, the lively interest which she preserved for me to the latest moments of my existence.

Two years after this the Countess had a boy; and the following year the Earl died of a lingering complaint fixed in his chest by the imprudent use of a quack medicine which he took against the gout, to which disorder he and all his family were martyrs. On his deathbed the sole object of his thoughts appeared to be the welfare of his two daughters.

The Countess of Berkeley was lively and handsome; she was lady of the bedchamber to the Princess of Wales; she had no love for children. It was probably on this account that Lord Berkeley sent for a person, a native of Switzerland, who was the wife of a German tutor of my uncle on the mother's side. They were both placed in a house at one end of the Earl's park at Cranford, where they lived on

a small yearly income of their own. Lord Berkeley requested her to take charge of Lady Georgiana and myself, and never to leave us till we were married; and his repetitions of this request were made in so impressive a manner, that the kind-hearted woman fainted away from her too great sensibility, and most solemnly promised she would punctually execute his injunctions, which she did in so disinterested and dignified a manner as reflected on her character the highest praise. She never received the slightest emolument for her care of us children, nor interfered in any thing but what concerned our morals and manners. I could never speak of her memory without considerable emotion, and my feelings were always alive at the recollection of her virtues and kindness. I well imagined that few women were ever born like her.

But to leave her perfections, and return to the miseries of the little infant: I was so very diminutive, so weak, and so delicate, that no-

thing but the utmost care and attention of so worthy a woman could have reared me. Lady Georgiana, who was only two years older, used frequently to carry me about in her arms. To give strength, cold baths were ordered, which produced an ague, from which I with difficulty recovered.

A passion for reading soon discovered itself, so that little exercise was taken, and a reluctance generally shewn on all occasions where sedentary employment was not engaged. This, however, turned out to an advantage, for whenever lively music was heard I would leave every thing to dance. I was taught so young and so early, that although I had not the recollection at what period I commenced to learn, I have frequently since been told that I was taught upon a table, because the dancing-master could not stoop to place my arms and feet upon the ground; and by the time I was ten years old, I made the fortunes of my dancing-master and my milliners, by the interest I took in

them, and the credit they gained from their attention to my manner and my figure.

Lady Berkeley, as has been before observed, married Mr. Nugent, afterwards created Lord Nugent, by whom she had two daughters: he was much older than her Ladyship, and had been the *enfant chéri* of two wives older than himself. Lady Berkeley being indulged by the late Earl, and both their tempers being extremely impatient, they disagreed so much, that they separated after they had been married two years. Lord Nugent, however, conceived such a partiality for me, that he was my constant friend, and never neglected me during his life.

Among the many reflections that occurred to a mind of such a thinking turn as that of mine, none afforded me greater pleasure than the recollection that the great approbation which I ensured, was owing to the excellent advice prescribed to me by my governess; for my natural disposition was one of the most difficult to manage—extremely meek, yet very

lively; extremely humble, yet when roused, it produced a sensation of pride which for ever sealed my lips, and ears, to those who offended me. Generous feelings constantly were awakened on every occasion, and a liberal way of thinking accompanied all the actions of my life.

As I began to attain my tenth year I grew tall; and though several opportunities might have presented themselves of shewing me that my appearance was by no means of an ordinary kind, yet from my mother's admiration of my sister's beauty, and her indifference to the younger one, not to say dislike, I was persuaded to think myself by no means of a prepossessing form or countenance; but, on the contrary, was induced to imagine myself rather disagreeable. There was not the slightest similarity between my sister and myself; as the former had light hair, while I had auburn.

The impressions which I received from my mother's conduct produced that look of mo-

desty and timidity, which, contrasted with my natural vivacity and love for all that was gay and cheerful, fascinated every one in so powerful a degree.

It is a matter of regret to me, that there is no picture of me which has done me justice, nor is even like me. The figure, in all the whole lengths, is spoiled; and even Madame Le Brun, who painted a three-quarters' length of me, has made an arm and hand out of all proportion to the chest and shoulders. The picture of me by Romney, which was at Brandenburgh House, and is now, with that of my two sons Berkeley and Keppel, removed to Benham, has by no means given a just idea of either my face or figure; the former is too severe, and the latter much too large. He deserves, however, great praise for that in which my two sons are painted, the eldest leaning on the youngest's shoulder, when about the ages of seventeen or eighteen, and in which both the likenesses and figures are well preserved. These two elegant

young men were models for an artist; but I shall not dwell upon them now, as I shall have to speak of them hereafter.

At the age of thirteen years, the Countess of Berkeley obtained permission of the Princess of Wales to pass six months at Paris. Lady Georgiana and myself accompanied her; and at that period only she began to take an amusement in her youngest daughter. Previous to that time she saw but little of me. The governess regulated every thing by the clock; and as soon as the young people were awake we were accustomed to kneel down, having arisen from the bed, and to say a morning prayer. The maid-servant was then introduced, and I was instructed how to make a bed, as the governess paid attention even to the smallest minutiæ. I was then left to myself to dress in the best manner I could. After the ablutions and the toilette were finished, every thing was explained to me, and advice given as to cleanliness and order. When these

duties were gone through, which I did as hastily as I could, I left my apartment, leaving my sister to the admiration of her own person, and to the ideas which the reflection of her looking-glass produced in her youthful mind.

In the early part of the morning I repeated to my governess a translation of some short phrase she had given me the night before, of French into English; and another of English into French. I then partook of a breakfast, which was of milk-porridge; and if I was unwell, of water-gruel; never being permitted to take tea, coffee, or butter, as she considered them prejudicial to the health of young persons like myself. After breakfast I was allowed to take exercise in the garden, if the weather permitted; and if it rained, I was suffered to sweep the room, and arrange the furniture, and then again pursue my studies. A walk before dinner was always allowed; and that dinner consisted only of a pudding or broth,

and one kind of meat, dressed in the plainest manner. It was to this diet that I attribute the excellent health I have always enjoyed; having never experienced bile, nor any disagreeable sensations of the stomach, but merely what might arise from hunger.

When the family were in London, I was sent for by my godmother, Lady Suffolk, and my great aunt, Lady Betty Germaine, to pass the whole day with them every week; and it was the custom of my female relations to beg also that I might come to them.

My docile temper made learning easy to me; and the best methods of instruction were always sought and practised. With a natural inclination and taste for all fine works, I danced, sung, and embroidered; and being obliged to read aloud, I acquired the habit of speaking clearly and articulately. My disinclination to plain work, and all subjects that required plodding, prevented me from acquiring arithmetic;

and those things which did not engage the imagination, or delight the eye, were abandoned and neglected.

The severity of my mother was attended with personal chastisement for my *étourderies;* but the kind governess, when she had the entire charge of me, laid aside these harsh measures, imagining very naturally, that I should either become a fool or a fury, from the strange mixture of vivacity and meekness with which I was composed.

If my occupations and the clearness of my ideas produced delight in all who knew me, and became the cause of the comfort of both my husbands, and the primitive source of my common sense; I also considered that to these circumstances, the method in which I was nursed contributed in a great measure to produce these original causes. It is customary in England for nurses to toss infants in the air, and to shake their tender frames, before they

are able to bear it; and this is called good nursing, and keeping the children alive.

One day, when the late Père Elisée, surgeon to the King of France, was talking to me, he said, "*Dieu, comme vos idées sont claires et nettes!*"—"Because," I replied, "I was too weak to be tossed about when an infant, and knocked upon nurses' knees."—"*Vous croyez plaisanter, Madame,*" he said, "*mais sache que le nombre des enfans qui sont malades en Angleterre, ou qui meurent de* water on the brain, *doivent cela à l'infame coutume que les Anglaises ont de remuer et de sauter les enfans, avant que la tête peut être soutenue perpendiculairement par les fibres du col.*"

If this account of the early and infantine years of myself may be considered as too prolix, it is done with a view that it may be useful to the English, who, even in my time, have greatly altered their mode of dressing, rearing, and educating children. Thus, although I was always complimented with phrases of being

quite superior, and otherwise gifted by nature, to the generality of my sex, I always attributed such accomplishments or gifts to the effect of my education. Instead of skipping over a rope, I was taught to pay and receive visits with children, and to suppose myself a lady who received company; and my sister and myself had a set of young ladies who visited us in London.

I was never permitted to see a play till twelve years old, when I took a most decided passion for acting, which afterwards proved one of the Margrave's greatest pleasures.

During a whole summer at Berkeley Castle, I was instructed in another kind of knowledge, namely, that of housewifery. Once in the week I went into the kitchen, and into the laundry, and to the different cheese-farms, by which I gained the means of learning the different ways of making confectionery and every thing of that kind. My governess told me, that the reason why she made me attend

to those humble lessons was, that when servants were found fault with, their general reply was, "If your Ladyship will tell me *how*, I will do better. I do as well as I can."

On the subject of religion I began to be very inquisitive; the questions which I put to my governess were such as perplexed me. We always attended divine service twice every Sunday at the church at Berkeley, and morning prayers every Wednesday and Friday, and on Thursday private service in the chapel of the Castle. The service I soon knew by heart; but I read the Prayer-book, and there seemed to me to be contradictions which I could not reconcile. I tormented my governess, her husband, the rector, and my brother's tutor, for explanations; and she had the good sense, instead of endeavouring to be as clear on the subject as the clearness of her thoughts required, to tell me I was not old enough to reflect reasonably on so awful a subject; that the Almighty saw and read my most inmost

thoughts, and would reward and punish as I deserved; and that it was arrogance in me to ask those questions. After this I ceased to tease my friends.

My brother, Lord Berkeley, was sent, at sixteen, from Eton to the academy at Turin; and it was to meet him, and pass the winter with him, four years afterwards, that I went to Paris.

Accompanied by my mother, my sister, an English maid, and a courier, I proceeded from Dover in a gale which had blown direct for Calais for five preceding days; and when we passed, which we did in two hours and ten minutes, the sea ran so high, that Lady Berkeley's fears terrified her extremely, and Lady Georgiana fainted senseless on the deck, and the maid was carried down to the cabin, too sick to be of any use. I was left alone, who had never sailed before, to take care of my mother and sister,—the former constantly calling out that we should all be drowned.

As I thought mariners knew better than myself if there was any danger, I immediately went and addressed the captain; and, with one of my best curtsies, asked him if there was any danger: he told me, none. I then began to feel sick, and asked him if he could give me any thing to stop the sickness: he desired to know if I had ever drunk any brandy; and on my replying, "Oh, no!" he gave me some, which soon allayed the complaint. I then nursed my sister, and endeavoured to soothe my mother's fears. Soon after, we arrived in safety in France, the novelty of which scene amused me beyond measure, as my speaking French amused and amazed the French.

It is easy to imagine that a young mind should be highly gratified with the scenes of Paris. I was greatly pleased, though I went out but little; and my sister, who was almost old enough, and quite handsome enough, to attract the attentions of all the young Englishmen that swarmed about us, received those gra-

tifications with great indifference. The Duke of Richmond being ambassador, Lady Berkeley's house was the general rendezvous, and she received them all as on a public day, every Tuesday. While Lady Georgiana appeared quite indifferent, and I regular in my conduct, notwithstanding the flattery and homage which I received, our manners excited considerable surprise to men who were accustomed to meet with welcome assurances of their devotions. But this well-regulated manner may be entirely ascribed to the mode in which we had been brought up; for the young nobility in England, of our age, were accustomed to visit us during our holidays, when we had children's balls and other amusements, which prepared our minds for general society.

Lords Egremont, Tyrconnel, Cholmondeley, and his cousin Brand, Lord Carlisle, and many others, were the constant visitors of the family, while boys. It is very natural to suppose how intimately acquainted we must have been.

Those boys whose conduct were too boisterous, were sent to Coventry by the girls. This youthful society was of essential service to all parties, as it prepared our minds, and in some degree formed our manners, for the great theatre of the world, and taught us to receive those attentions we were entitled to, with a calmness which others who have been more secluded cannot easily attain. Such an education also took from the young females that foolish delight, and over-strained civility, with which young English ladies treat men when they are what is called brought out into society, seemingly, indeed, only to be disposed of.

Lady Georgiana and myself were as opposite in our dispositions as we were in our persons,—the former being very indolent, and naturally obstinate, while, on the other hand, I was very active and obedient. Lady Georgiana had blue eyes, with handsome eye-brows and eye-lashes; but her whiteness, which was that of alabaster, never changed. Sorrow, ill-health, the sun,

wind—never had any effect on her skin. My auburn eyes and hair were admired: this last was one of my greatest beauties, as it was soft as silk, and at Paris was so long that it reached below my knees; and my skin, which was also white, was suffused with colour, and when exposed to the sun, covered with freckles.

It might have been imagined, that the difference of treatment which I received from my mother might have caused a mutual disagreement; but, on the contrary, my sister doated on me, and I was grateful. We never had a quarrel: Would to heaven, (have I often said,) that my sister had ever had the same confidence and trust in me, that I had placed in her at that time!

When Lord Berkeley arrived from Turin, he did not recollect his youngest sister. His surprise and delight overwhelmed him. "Is that the miserable thing I left?" he exclaimed. His joy at finding me what I was may be easily conceived.

Lord Berkeley loved music; he played the violoncello, and I had learned thorough bass only. He soon, with his companions Captain Fraser and Mr. Young, brother to the admiral, who lived in the house with them, and was clerk of the peace for the county of Gloucester, became a man of wit and learning, and was as partial to me as my godfather had been.

This godfather was Narbonne Berkeley, brother to the Duchess of Beaufort, afterwards created Lord Bottetourt; he died governor of Virginia. He was a man of so generous a disposition, that with all the King's partiality to him as lord of the bedchamber, and his other advantages, he ruined himself by his unbounded generosity, although he neither played nor drank; but he gave away all he had. He frequently has given me, when a child, two guineas at a time to buy playthings with, and one wax doll every year: but finding out that I gave his guineas to the poor about Berkeley, he told me I must make out a list, and he would give. When

I was ten years old, he had a doll made and dressed like a lady in a court dress, having previously given a description of the young lady to the maker; and when it arrived at Berkeley Castle, Lady Berkeley took the doll away, it was so delicately and beautifully made, and placed it on a pedestal on the chimney-piece. But the most ridiculous part of it was, that he had made the head to be placed averted, as it were ashamed; a trick which I had, and which made Lord Nugent call me by the nickname of his little Swan; as he pretended swans, pursued, while swimming on the water, turned their heads and throats precisely in the way that I did. Lord Bottetourt had taken care to have the dreadful blushes on the cheeks which I had; and which tormented me frequently till I cried, when stared at, which some people were accustomed to do.

The French who visited at the house, particularly the Princesse Guiménée, our next-door neighbour, were surprised to hear an English

child talk French; and although nothing could excite vanity in me, I thought my friends were excessively kind, but attributed my being sought after to the cold and inaccessible manners of my sister. Lady Georgiana had learned nothing well, from her natural indolence; and the French she seemed particularly to disdain, imagining that she disliked every thing French. Her admiration was chiefly bestowed upon herself. From the contrast between the two sisters, I soon became endeared to the whole house, and all the servants called me *La Petite*, as a term of affection, although I was rather tall of my age.

At Paris I learned to paint and embroider on silk, and the tambour, which was just imported from Turkey. I had also a dancing-master, and, as in England, my masters were delighted with me; for, although lively to a great degree, the instant I was to learn any thing a deep silence and an application to my pursuits seized me, and I generally concluded all my lessons with

a nervous head-ach, arising from my too great attention.

Among the English who frequented my mother's house, Lord Forbes was one; and on every Tuesday he played at loo with Lady Berkeley, never addressing himself to either Lady Georgiana or myself. There was a lottery-ticket table for the young people, at which Lady Georgiana presided. Towards the end of the winter, Lady Georgiana told me that she liked to look on at the loo-table, and left me to manage the lottery-ticket table, and the noisy young set who played.

Some time after this, one night when my mother was asleep, Lady Georgiana came to my bed-side, having stolen silently from her own, and whispered, "My Bessy, I am in love."

I was silent for some time, struck with the sudden manner and peculiar way of this disclosure, while Lady Georgiana continued in her whisper to tell me that she loved Lord Forbes. If my astonishment could be increased, it was

at that name; for he was very ugly; and the person who had presented him to our mother was a very grave Englishman. Lord Forbes had a very foolish sort of low Irish humour, which, though it might occasionally excite laughter, was extremely disgusting. When I recovered myself sufficiently to speak, I said, "I hope you will tell our mother." She answered, "Not yet; my mother means to take us to the *bal masqué* to-morrow night, and then you will know more."

Lady Berkeley sat in a box at the ball, and permitted Lady Georgiana and me to take a walk with some other young ladies. Each of us had a cavalier; who were to take care of and bring us back soon; but Lord Forbes insisted on walking between us. While proceeding along we were joined by a tall man in a black domino, who took the advantage of a crowd which impeded us, and who dropped on his knees before me, and said, "Lady Elizabeth, I die if you do not hear me!"

He then said that to see me, and to love and to be miserable, were one and the same thing. My surprise and terror cannot be described; but Lord Forbes held me, and he and my sister laughed. I now began to imagine that this was masquerade wit; but my astonishment increased, when the mask continued his language and pulled off his mask; when I beheld the handsome Mr. ——, universally allowed to be so by every one, and perhaps one of the handsomest men to be seen in any country.

Not one word escaped my lips till Lord Forbes said, "I have been his confident a long time;" and he shook my arm, but in vain, for the language of love was only terror to me; and on finding I could not speak, he said, "Ten thousand pardons I ask; permit me to speak to Lady Berkeley." To which Lord Forbes answered, "Oh, yes; it is a dumb chicken, but I will roast her for this;" and Mr. —— walked away. I hurried back to my mother, and calmed my terrors by saying to myself, Poor man, he is certainly mad!

A few days afterwards Lord Forbes proposed himself to Lady Berkeley as a *prétendant* to Lady Georgiana's hand. On this occasion Lord Berkeley and the Duke of Richmond were consulted; and the reply Lord Forbes received was, that no answer could be given till the guardians were consulted, and that he must wait till their return to England. Any man but himself would have desisted from his addresses, as he might easily have perceived that he was not approved; but to him this was, what he called, fun.

Lady Georgiana's inclinations were increased by the fear of losing a man's attentions, to whom, as she has told me, she had spoken first, piqued at his never having taken notice of her.

Mr. —— then came to Lady Berkeley, and most seriously offered to settle his whole fortune *out of his power*, and every thing the Lady might have, if inheritances came to her, on condition that she would allow him the permission of paying his addresses to her. Lady Berkeley

told me afterwards that his grave and manly earnestness and beauty made her listen without laughing; but this event was a matter of much amusement to the family, who refused all the offers Mr. —— made, and turned me into ridicule, till my terrified and miserable looks put an end to their pastime.

Lady Berkeley returned to England with Lady Georgiana and me in the spring; but Lord Berkeley did not come till the beginning of June, when we were to go to Berkeley Castle, to make a fête for his coming of age. Lord Forbes soon followed; but before they quitted Paris, Lady Georgiana terrified me almost into an illness, by confiding to me her intention of running away with Lord Forbes. I cried, knelt down to her; but finding all entreaties fruitless, I calmly told her, that if she did not promise me to give up the horrid scheme, I would inform my mother; and pledged myself never again, as long as I lived, to speak to Lord Forbes.

The strange contrast between my gentleness and firmness, when forced into remonstrance, had the effect on Lady Georgiana that it has often produced on others: she gave up the idea then, and promised me to wait in England for the answer of the guardians to Lord Forbes, before she took any new resolution.

In the month of April, Lord Boston and Lord Vere, the guardians, positively refused to give their consent to the match. Lord Forbes was a widower, and had a son by his first wife, Miss Bayley, aunt to the present Marquis of Anglesea. Lady Georgiana cried, and told Lady Berkeley she would never marry any other man; but Lady Berkeley informed her she would present her next week at Court; "And then," she added, "so many men will be in love with you, that you will not think any more of him." She was presented; and, to conclude the day, went off in the evening with Lord Forbes. This took place in April, 1766.

CHAPTER II.

The sensations produced by this event on our family and guardians, Lord Boston and Lord Vere.—Music Meeting at Gloucester.—Mr. Howard, Marquis de Fitz-James.—I am presented at Court.—Lord Wenman.—Mr., afterwards Lord Craven.—His proposal of marriage, and settlements.—My marriage.—Presented to my husband by the Duke of Richmond.—Birth of two daughters.—Mr. Craven succeeds to the Title.—His conduct and character.—Earl of Warwick.—Countess of Denbigh.—Rev. Mr. Jenner.—My reception at Coventry.—Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.—Illness occasioned by the hurry of the christening of my son Keppel.—Lady Albemarle his godmother.—Admiral Keppel godfather.—My life preserved by the celebrated Jenner.

LORD BOSTON and Lord Vere, with the Duke of Richmond and Lady Berkeley, were highly incensed at the conduct pursued by Lady Georgiana. They overwhelmed me with questions about that of which I was entirely ignorant;

and, in the midst of such a melancholy scene as their concern and Lady Berkeley's incredible sorrow created, Lord Boston exclaimed, "Surely I am the most unfortunate person existing! I never had but two wards, Miss Bayley and Lady Georgiana, and one man runs away with both." This ridiculous and simple exclamation could not fail even then to excite a smile.

I was compelled that night to sleep in the same bed with Lady Berkeley, and from that time ever after in the same room, till I was married. That night, instead of speaking to me, my mother spoke to herself, and repeated in different phrases the same thing, that she had lost her only child—her favourite.

Not being able to support this state of torment, after three hours' duration I gently slided out of the bed, and went and sat down as a petrified statue in a chair. When my mother missed me, looking out of the bed, she saw her daughter; and on her asking why I was there, I replied firmly but gently, that it was that I might

not hear her—forget that I was her child. The Countess was really ashamed.

In the summer after the grand fête at Berkeley, there was a Music-meeting at Gloucester, to which I went with Lady Berkeley. An unexpected summons came to me, to request that I would leave the pew where I was, and hold one of the plates for the money collected for the poor, at one of the doors of the Cathedral. This requisition was made by desire of the Bishop of Gloucester, and to this door all the gentlemen of the three counties rushed to get a sight at the young novelty. As I naturally must have felt abashed at such a situation, where I was so very conspicuous, the consequence was, that I averted my face when I curtsied for the guineas that were given, and they all fell sliding from the plate, to the entire dismay of the two beadles who attended. So great was my confusion at this unlucky circumstance, that on my return to the Bishop's palace, where I was staying, I was obliged to retire

to my bed-room, where I remained, to cry and sob at my misfortune. It was only Lord Berkeley who could rouse me, by telling me peremptorily that I must go to the ball; where I was again mortified, because he scolded me for refusing to dance with an odious Baronet, whom he liked, and I hated because he had ventured to tell me that he was in love with me; and as there were others who talked love to me, I disliked them all.

I however made an exception to one, and only one, who sighed and tormented me, and that was Mr. Howard; and I imagined the reason why I did not dislike him was, that his father would not permit him to propose to me, because I was a Protestant.

Since age and experience have explained to me the sensations of the human heart, I was convinced that I had been in love without knowing it, and that was with the Marquis de Fitz-James, who came to England to pass six months; fell violently in love with Lady

Isabella Stanhope, met with the most flattering encouragement, and, when he obtained his father the Duke's consent to marry her, she refused him, and he came every day to tell *sa petite cousine*, for so he called me, all his sorrows; and he used to cry and repeat over his sad story to me every day. What I then thought was pity, I have been since convinced was love. At fourteen years of age, how pure, how innocent is love! At that period I never suspected that I had imbibed that fatal passion, nor for many years after; for it was a soft, melancholy reflection on his misery which made all my suitors appear odious to me, from the violence with which they spoke of their love.

On their return to London in the month of October, Lady Berkeley informed me that it was her intention to present me at Court; on which I dropped on my knees, and implored her not to do so, but in vain. In November I was presented; and from that time till April, had I been vain, I ought to have been happy, for I was received by the world,

cherished by my relations, and courted by the men, in a manner which might have turned the head of any young creature; but this I attributed partly to the great goodness of some, and to the great folly of others; so that all the caresses and homage I received made me more diffident and humble than ever, and it was just that look which no one else had, that made me to be endeared by every one.

Lord Berkeley, who thought my timidity to be the effect of cowardice, made me ride, shoot, and row a boat—things which my beloved governess thought horrors; but I considered myself indebted to my brother for his fancy, and it caused me to understand myself. I found I was afraid of getting into danger, but calmly courageous when placed in such a situation.

At all times my disposition was such, that I was all obedience, unless desired to do a thing which the morality of my governess had taught me was wrong; and then all the powers on earth could not have forced me into a measure which my conscience condemned.

The Duke of Cumberland, the King's brother, was very partial to me, and his partiality in time extended to love. The King and Queen were highly pleased with me, and always shewed me marked attention. The Princess of Wales complimented Lady Berkeley on the effect which her daughter produced in the world, and the sensations which she excited; in short, I had but one great grievance in the midst of all these pleasures, and balls, which were endless; and that was, my mother's eternal reproaches, on account of my not encouraging the particular addresses of any man. One day she remarked, "I fancy you are very proud:" at which I started. "Can you think me proud?" I said. "Yes," was her reply, "I think you imagine no man great or good enough for you." Struck with astonishment at such a remark, next morning, after having passed a sleepless night, I wrote a note to my mother's youngest brother, to come to speak to me when my mother was out. H

came, and I saluted him. "Uncle," I said, "I create you an ambassador;" and then fairly told him, that it was my dread least my mother should compel me to marry a person whom I did not like, and that he should make a treaty between us; which was this: that on condition my mother would cease for ever to tease me to marry a man I might dislike, I would marry any one my mother chose whom I myself might not dislike. "Is this a fair treaty?" I inquired. He answered that it was; and the treaty was concluded between us, without my speaking to my mother on the subject. I now felt that I enjoyed securely perfect liberty, and danced and sung, and wrote poetry, and laughed with my young friends with my accustomed hilarity, without restraint or fear; *comme le Chevalier Bayard, sans peur et sans reproche.* But, *hélas!* this peaceful state was not of long duration.

One of our most frequent visitors at Paris had been Lord Wenman: he was one of the

gravest young men of our acquaintance; nor did I suspect the high opinion which he had of me, and which was thoroughly developed to his friend Mr. Craven; when the latter, who had seen me at a new play at Covent Garden, the first night of its being acted, had told him that he had fallen most violently in love with me, and desired him to present him to my mother. This Lord Wenman positively refused to do, for the period of five months, telling him at the same time that he was not worthy of the delicacy of my manners and education.

Subsequently, at a great dinner of Newmarket men at Hockeril, when the party was breaking up and all their carriages at the door, one of them proposed to fill a bumper-toast to a lady, which he said was the last time such a thing could be done, as that lady was on the point of being married; and he named me. When Lord Wenman got into the carriage with his friend, he said to him, "I hope now, Craven, you will give up the foolish fancy you have

had."—"On the contrary," Craven replied, "I will at least have the satisfaction of being refused by her own lips."

Next day Lord Wenman came to Lady Berkeley, and informed her that his friend Mr. Craven was violently bent on obtaining the hand of her daughter.

It is hardly possible to conceive my indignation at the idea of any man's daring to propose for me without first asking my permission. Lady Forbes was at the time in the room, when Lady Berkeley gave me the information; and, as she told me afterwards, she never laughed so much at her mother's astonishment, when I calmly but resolutely said, "He must never know I was told this; and pray, what is his name?" Lady Berkeley had forgotten the name; but some days after, the state of the Craven family being explained, I figured to myself that Mr. Craven's three old uncles were most anxious he should marry, and had fixed upon Lady Elizabeth

Berkeley as the person most proper for his choice, on account of her health and age. I was, however, soon after, sadly disappointed, for Mr. Craven waited upon Lady Berkeley and explained every thing.

Lady Berkeley told him that her daughter would be excessively shocked if she knew that he wished to marry without a previous acquaintance with the Lady, and a meeting must be contrived as if by chance. Lady Berkeley and her daughter, Lady Forbes, planned a dinner at Richmond; to which Mr. Craven was brought by his friend Lord Wenman. As I conceived that he had never seen me, I muffled myself under my hat, which at that time was very large, which with my handkerchief and cloak concealed my face; and I was amusing my gay mind with the idea of seeing him mistake my sister for the young unmarried person, and begin to pay her his devoirs. But my hopes soon vanished when he was announced; for he looked round the room, and walked up

to me immediately. This threw me into a state of confusion which all his honest confessions could hardly remove. My guardians, and the Duke of Richmond and my brother, had no objections to make, to the proposal. Mr. Craven was the third in the entail of the estates belonging to his uncle Lord Craven; but all the property was so firmly settled, that Lord Craven could only make a settlement of eight hundred pounds a-year; and it was his uncle Admiral Craven who gave out of his private fortune an addition which made it fifteen hundred. But while this matter continued in agitation, I nearly lost my suitor. Mr. Craven, who was the second son's brother, impatient at any delay, immediately proposed to run away with me. Having on this point received a decided negative, as I told him positively I would never consent to such a measure, he declared then that I never loved him. To this I replied, that I never knew what love was. If I were to judge of the

effects, said I, which I had seen in him and other men, I must acknowledge that I felt for him that regard and gratitude which his honest and warm heart deserved. He said that he would go and live abroad till the death of his uncle Lord Craven, for he should certainly die if he continued in the same country with me, without being my husband. He insisted earnestly that I would give him a promise of marriage, which he would likewise give to me, signed with his own blood; with which I refused to comply. "If I were to agree to such an arrangement," I said, "if you should see any one whom you might prefer to me, or even like as well, or if I should *fall in love*, there might be four people made miserable; and I did not wish to marry till I was twenty or twenty-one years of age; and that I had always said so both to my mother, my brother, and my guardians, and that I repeated it to him."

Every sentiment that gratitude could dictate, and no dislike to him, made me fix this

resolution, which, I said, nothing should induce me to break. Mr. Craven was much grieved, and Lady Berkeley, when he was gone, asked me what I had said to him; which, when I told her, she greatly approved.

Through the urgency of friends and the intercessions of relatives, combined with the perseverance of Mr. Craven, I permitted the settlements to be made; and Admiral Craven added to the jointure twenty thousand pounds for younger children. Lord Craven made an offer of a house in Berkshire or Leicestershire to live in; and when Mr. Craven informed me of it, and gave me the choice of which county, I asked him in which of the two counties the family interest lay. As he said it was in Berkshire, I replied, that as it was only a temporary residence, that ought to be the place. When matters of serious moment were ever placed before me, my natural genius led me to reflection; and although in trifles, at that time, I appeared the most gay and thought-

less person in the world, from the extreme playfulness of my disposition, yet, perhaps, this extraordinary contrast was not only the most amusing, but the most useful thing possible, to those with whom I lived. Gay wit rarely detracts from our moral conduct, whilst pedantry and ostentation repel.

As Lady Berkeley was prevented from attending in public for some weeks, occasioned by two family mournings, before I was promised to Mr. Craven, and as no one would excuse me from going to the balls, I attended them with my cousin Lady Tavistock, or her guardian's wife, Lady Boston, who were both as much delighted with my dancing as if I were their own daughter.

At one of these balls I saw my father-in-law, and told him I had named my two bridemaids for the wedding; and those were my young sisters. He asked me what I meant, "as," he said, "you must know that I have sworn that Mary should never see her mother,

or ever enter into her house." I replied, that I never believed one word that a man said in ill-humour; and that if he did not permit my dear Mary to be one of the bride-maids, I would never speak to him again, or suffer Mary ever to enter into any house of mine. "Are you in earnest?" he said.—"Yes, upon my honour," I answered: when, after staring at me some time, he took my hand, and said, "My dear little Swan, have it all your own way!" This afforded me greater pleasure, in having obtained such a satisfaction for my mother, than in having prevailed on my brother and mother to forgive and receive my sister, Lady Forbes, and her husband; which they had declared positively they never would do, till, worn out by my entreaties and tears, they yielded.

Without dwelling long on the wedding, suffice it to say that my governess shut herself up in her room, and would see no one. All the house was sobbing, except Lady

Berkeley. I stood at the ceremony between the Duke of Richmond and Lord Berkeley, who, it was intended, was to have given me away; but, petrified with grief at the thoughts of losing me, the Duke was obliged to take my hand and present it to Mr. Craven.

The next winter, and the following one, were passed at Ashdown Park, where I had two daughters in two years. Mr. Craven's attachment to me seemed to increase daily: my manners were such a novelty to him, that he has often told me he was as much alarmed at the delicacy of my mind, as at that of my person. His uncles, his mother, and his unmarried sister, were excessively fond of me; and he was one of the kindest and most generous sons to his mother. This affection endeared him to me.

At the birth of my second daughter, Lord Craven died. My husband, who now inherited the title and estate, seemed to have no other delight than in procuring for me all the lux-

uries and enjoyments within his power, and it was an eternal dispute (how amiable a dispute!) between us; *he* always offering presents, and *I* refusing whenever I could.

I asked him one day, after we had been married about a year, why he was so much afraid least any thing should hurt me. He told me, that it was because my mother had mentioned something respecting me about a fortnight before we were married. When he came to inform Lady Berkeley that his uncle, Admiral Craven, had come to put an end to all difficulties, she burst into tears, and said, "I do not know *you*, Mr. Craven, but Elizabeth is such a meek-tempered child, that you would break her heart if your manners were rough." It must be remembered that I was married at the early age of little more than sixteen.

When Lord Craven informed me of this, my surprise kept me silent a long time, (for

surprise invariably threw me into reflection), for I had never discovered that my mother thought me amiable. To the gracious gifts which Providence had bestowed upon me, to my application to do good, and to excel in what I was taught, I was obliged to acknowledge to my governess and relations my great obligations. My mother's thoughts appeared to be fixed on the handsome face of my sister; and this mortification rendered me more humble and more happy, while, at the same time, this partiality prevented my sister from thinking any improvement to be necessary.

Lord Craven was left by his uncles, at Oxford, till he was one-and-thirty, with an allowance of eighty pounds a year, to live as he could, or as he pleased. His heart was naturally good; he had received what was called a polished education, though, perhaps, he had not cultivated his mind to the extent that the opportunities which he had might have afforded. His life was one continued

ramble: to hunt in Leicestershire—to drive the Oxford stage-coach—to see a new play in London—to visit Lord Craven at Coombe Abbey, or Admiral Craven at Benham, were his continual occupations. He had a dislike to remain longer than three weeks at a time at any place: which when I had observed, he kissed my hand, and replied, "Till I lived with you, my love, I never stayed three *days* in one place."

His uncles, it appears, wished him earnestly to marry ten years before he did; which, he protested, he never would, till he saw that woman he should like enough to make his wife.

It is much to be lamented, that a man destined to be a rich peer of England should have neglected the talents with which nature had gifted him, and had not taken pains to form his mind or manners to that elevated situation. He was possessed of sound judgment and a clear understanding, but had nei-

ther taste for music nor the fine arts. He disliked reading any thing but newspapers; and yet he never had a dispute with his wife. He hated trouble, and constantly applied to me when he was puzzled or perplexed; and I was too happy to weigh and consider a subject with him, and to teach him, if possible, to do so himself.

I was, undoubtedly, a great resource to him; and in my talents he found the greatest use, for he had no patience—a virtue which I had been well taught. If a servant offended him, he turned him away that instant. This was fortunate for me; for the servants, knowing I would not have done so, and that the forgiveness of a first fault might prevent the occurrence of another, thought that my entreaties for mercy might prevail; and therefore my mercy was implored.

The tie which bound me in eternal gratitude to him, was, that on coming to his title he went to my governess, and told her, that till

then, their house was not large enough for her to reside in comfortably; but that now, as he had ample room, and as his wife loved her, and preferred her society to that of all others, as her happiness was his study, he entreated her to come and reside with them.

It is impossible to say whether the governess or the pupil was most gratified at this pleasing intelligence; but I threw myself into the arms of my friend, and was lost in tears, overpowered by my feelings.

Lord Craven was at the same time generous and extravagant, and chose to settle all his accounts once a year. As I had been taught that once a week was the safest method, and having no allowance of what is called pin-money, conceiving that his bills would be at the mercy of those who made them, or might alter them, I told my husband that I did not approve that his steward should pay for my dress; and that any allowance he chose to make me, should secure him and his agents

from ever seeing a bill of mine. He gave me 400*l.* a year, out of which I contrived to establish a school at Newbury for destitute orphan girls.

The Earl of Warwick, who had known me as a child, and had watched the progress of my journey through life, was delighted to have me as his neighbour; and his son, Lord Greville, having married Miss Peachey, who was exactly of my age, and a most unaffected and amiable woman, rendered Warwick Castle, and Coombe Abbey, scenes of friendship and good manners, which are rarely to be met with. Alas! like all the things which gratified the warm and steady affections of the heart, I was destined to lose this amiable young friend. She died of a fever three weeks after she was brought to bed of a son.

The Countess of Denbigh was a near neighbour, of whom I stood greatly in awe. I had been informed that Lady Denbigh was a perfect Greek and Latin scholar, and despised the

society of the unlearned. Her face and manners were forbidding. I had seen her on her first visit to her Lord's uncle, and I then discovered that either she would not speak at all, or spoke with great *hauteur* to those whom she disliked; and she disliked Lord Craven's wife, and Lord Craven himself, and her own husband, and scarcely deigned to say "Yes" or "No" to either of them.

My extreme youth and modesty, however, gained her heart, and my blushes and court manners reconciled her coldness. When I came to live at Coombe Abbey, great was my surprise to find that the learned Lady Denbigh offered to come and stay a few days with me, during the absence of my husband Lord Craven! That surprise was greatly increased when I discovered in Lady Denbigh a perfect musician, a good-humoured and entertaining person, liking every species of wit, and charmed with talents wherever she found them. I felt myself much honoured, and more flat-

tered, by giving me her company when she could.

It was to Lady Denbigh that I owed the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Jenner, Rector of Claybrook, a man in whom was united the first talents, cheerful wit, and the steadiest virtues both of heart and mind. Never did any human being that I have seen, before or since, make such an impression on my recollection; nor did any human being ever rise to such a height in my opinion and estimation! Alas! he died the victim of his attentions to his wife, who lingered two years under a consumption.

Charles Jenner, to whose memory I afterwards placed a monument, with an epitaph of my own writing, in the church-yard of Claybrook, where he was buried, was a perfect musician, and played equally well, both on the violin, the violoncello, and the flute; but his wife unfortunately had no ear for music, and when she began to lose her health, he sent out of his

house the instruments of every kind, fearful least he should torment her. The physicians informed me that he fell a martyr to his close attendance on his sick partner. His works are printed. He twice obtained the medal for his compositions in music. Never was a man gifted with so many talents, so humble and unaffected as Jenner was, nor any one more pleasant in society: he was never seen to oppress by the superiority of his powers, nor had he the apparent vanity of a desire to shine.

The Earl and Countess of Aylesford likewise took me under their protection. Lady Aylesford had thirteen children, some of them growing up. She wished me to come to her whenever Lord Craven absented himself, but I disliked leaving my children for a day.

The people of the city of Coventry also took a great prepossession in my favour. In most of the visits that I paid, I was obliged to pass through the city of Coventry; and the people used to run by the sides of the coach, and say,

" God bless your sweet face !" and offer cakes, &c. At the end of a riot of three days in the town, owing to a contested election, the Mayor of Coventry and four aldermen came to Lord Craven, to entreat that I might go into the city with blue ribbons, as the yellow and green had thrown it into confusion: I was much averse to this proposition, but Lord Craven insisted, and I accordingly went in a low chaise, which generally was used only in the Park. On my arrival at Coventry, I was treated with the greatest respect by the people; so much was I beloved. Lord Craven next day named a friend of his, through the Mayor.

On my return to England, many years after, as wife of the Margrave of Anspach, I was not a little surprised to receive an offer from Coventry to name a member in Parliament. My second son, Berkeley Craven, was then only fifteen years old, and my son Keppel Craven only thirteen; and as I had then no son old enough to represent that city in Parlia-

ment, I answered that I was precluded from availing myself of their obliging offer, but for which I was as much obliged as if I had accepted it.

A county, likewise, did me the honour to request me to recommend a member; but far from availing myself of such extreme attention, I declined to interfere, as I ever had done in politics; added to which, as wife of the Margrave, I had as much upon my mind almost as mental efforts could support; concealing on the one hand, from his delicate feelings, the shafts of envy and malice which were directed against me, and with the other endeavouring to strew paths of flowers—a task by no means easy to be accomplished.

In London, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough shewed their partiality to me, and Mr. Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, and his friend Colman, were among my numerous admirers; and Sir Joshua Reynolds did not conceal his high opinion of me.

Charles Fox almost quarrelled with me, because I was unwilling to interfere with politics—a thing which I always said I detested, and considered as being out of the province of a woman.

Blenheim was on the road between Benham and Coombe Abbey, and I was constantly in the habit of calling there, and on one occasion stayed there ten days. I there learned from some of the intimates of the Duchess, what it was that induced her to give me such a preference as she appeared to do. It was the perfect conviction that her Grace had, that I had not the slightest desire to attempt to please or govern; as she was particularly apprehensive that any one but herself should have any influence on the Duke. It was here again that my negative virtue came to my assistance.

One day, a little child of the Duchess's, only two years old, threw herself screaming on the carpet on my entrance, and terrified the Duchess. I threw myself instantly on the car-

pet and imitated the child's cries; which soon pacified the child, and the Duchess was diverted beyond measure.

This kind of conduct, and these manners, made Lord Craven extremely fond of me, and he was highly gratified in finding me so universal a favourite. If the homage of the world was some satisfaction, the generosity and confidence of my husband was another source of the greatest pleasure.

But I had heavy deductions to make from my portion of happiness and content. My mother, Lady Berkeley, and Lord Craven, were constantly disagreeing, and carried their quarrels to a considerable height: I was the general subject of these disputes. Lady Berkeley pretended that Lord Craven spoiled me, as she called it; and it appeared to excite her envy, when he told her, that nothing was great or good enough for my mind and person.

But the subject of the greatest uneasiness to me, was the idea that Lord Craven might dissi-

pate his fine fortune, as he had it all in his own power, being the third in the entail; and when I represented to my husband the danger of living beyond his income, he offered to give me half his estates, and let me be the manager of the whole, allowing him a yearly stipend to throw away as he pleased.

Could I have seen or imagined that Lord Craven was as wilful and regardless of consequences as he really was, strange as such an arrangement may appear, I would willingly have consented to it; although I constantly refused to participate in any such plan.

The hurry which the christening of my youngest son occasioned, was the cause of an illness, which I experienced, so as to produce a sort of fit in the night, which rendered me totally speechless for some hours; and I was repeatedly attacked in this way, till the merciless physicians sent me to Bristol to die, as the opinion of six of them sanctioned.

Lady Albemarle was godmother to this child, who was named Richard Keppel Craven, after Lady Craven's cousin Admiral Keppel: this occurred just after the trial which he insisted on having; the result of which was a general illumination throughout London, for three successive nights. The gallant admiral stood godfather in person to the infant. Lady Albemarle, my great aunt, and her son General Keppel, dined with Lord Craven; and from half-past seven, till half-past eleven, the porter could never close the street-door, from the numerous visits of the nobility on the occasion, who were anxious to pay their respects to me; yet not for me alone, as they were desirous of shewing their respect to the Admiral, whose trial, like the American war, had roused every honest heart.

Bristol was only nineteen miles from Berkeley Castle. Jenner, since so famed, and whose illustrious services to mankind ought to be immortalized, was at that time there, and came

to pay his last respects to one, as he imagined, at the point of death, and for whom he had the sincerest regard. He had the courage to inform Lord Craven that my case was totally mistaken, and that it was owing to such a mistake that all the singular disorders which I had, had followed. He declared that the physicians had given me bark when they ought to have administered opening medicines; that the complication of complaints which had come upon me, arose from the milk having fixed about the regions of the stomach and lungs. He ordered me to be sent to Benham, where he came himself and attended me, till by his proper management I was in a fair way of recovery.

CHAPTER III.

A change in Lord Craven's conduct discovered: represented to me by Lord Macartney.—My remonstrances. Lord Craven goes over to the Continent.—He declares to me his resolution to separate from me.—My conduct and remarks on that occasion.—Mr. Johnson, Lord Craven's brother-in-law, sent to advise.—Lord Craven's departure, and the cessation of all future intercourse.—Lord Berkeley advises me to consult my friends.—I apply to Lords Thurlow and Loughborough.—Leave England for France.—Duke and Duchess d'Harcourt.—I quit France for Italy.

THAT winter I was much surprised to find that often, when Lord Craven told me he was going to hunt in Hampshire or Wiltshire, he had been in neither places; but in London, and not residing in our own house. I of course began to grow very uneasy; and soon

discovered that he had formed another attachment to a person whom he had found at the Crown Inn, by chance, at Reading; left there for debt by a gay colonel, whose mistress she was; till, tired by her extravagance, he had left her and her charms in pledge to pay her reckoning.

Consideration for an excellent family prevents her being named here; but originally she had run away with a worthy man, and married him. She soon left him for a gay captain, who, disgusted with her profuseness, deserted her, and she came upon the town. Her many admirers soon forsook her, when Lord Craven unfortunately became acquainted with her. He took excursions with her, and she drank at table with him, and then gained an ascendancy over him—a melancholy proof that they who never read nor reflect are always at the mercy of those who will flatter the whim of the moment.

This connexion necessarily prevented me

from seeing much of my husband, and he appeared not so happy or amused at the sight of his children as usual: all doubts were, however, removed, had there been any; when one day Lord Macartney came to me and entreated me to prevent Lord Craven from travelling in one of my coaches, with a woman who called herself Lady Craven, and conducted herself at inns in such a manner as to reflect upon and tarnish my character: "And," added Lord Macartney, "if Lord Berkeley knows this he will certainly call Lord Craven out." Lord Macartney had passed through Dunchurch, where Lord Craven and the lady had slept.

When Lord Craven arrived in London, in Charles Street, after he had seen me and the children, I sent them out of the room, and told him that I had a favour to ask of him, which was, that he would not permit his mistress to call herself Lady Craven. He looked much confused, rose from where he was sitting, and

walked about the room some time. He then asked how long it was, that I had known that he had a mistress? To this I replied, "Above a twelvemonth." He then took some more walks across the room; when, suddenly stopping and clasping his hands together, he threw his eyes up to heaven and exclaimed, "By G——, you are the best-tempered creature in the world; for I have never suspected that you knew this!" I then told him that he must remember the spotless young creature he had married, and who had borne him seven children; and that there was one thing I must insist on, which was, that if he continued to live with that woman, I would order a bed in the next room to his; for her conduct was such that my health might suffer. He said that she was a very good sort of woman, and asked, rather peremptorily, who had informed me otherwise? I then told him fairly, that I had obtained an interview with the lady's husband, who had acquainted me exactly

with the character of the person with whom he had formed a connexion, and that the looseness of her conduct was such, that it was only to be equalled by her extravagance; and that he had concluded all his account of her by pitying my unfortunate situation.

Lord Craven began to feel indignant, and his appearance indicated resentment; but I continued to entreat him to consider his children, and seriously to reflect on the fatal consequences of his conduct.

In all probability, when he left me, he returned to the lady, and informed her of all that had passed, as she soon after took him over to the Continent, intending, most likely, to keep him out of the way of his wife, by quitting England. His stay there, however, was but of short duration, as he could speak no other language but English; and his patience being exhausted, he returned at the end of a six weeks' excursion.

I could never persuade his Lordship, that,

although he had made a will entailing his property on his three sons, he might spend it all before he died. At the time that my second son, Berkeley Craven, was born, Lord Craven made his will; at which time Lord Berkeley declared that he should never marry: and, as his brother was surrounded by dangers in his profession as a naval officer, he was determined that Lady Granard's children should never inherit one farthing of the Berkeley property. My second son was his Lordship's heir; and it was on that declaration that Lord Craven made his will, making my jointure £3000 a-year, and giving me Benham and the house in Charles Street for my life, which subsequently he took away from me: and Lord Berkeley, notwithstanding his resolution, married.

When Keppel Craven was about three years old, just before the Christmas holidays, which Lord Craven always spent with his wife, children, and friends, at one of his beautiful seats, his Lordship one day sent for me into his dress-

ing-room, and, with much embarrassment, said, "I am going to London; I shall not pass the Christmas here; and when I go, I shall never see your face again." I named to him the people I expected to come, and represented to him how extraordinary it would appear to some of them if he were absent; but he said that he was determined never to see me more. To this I answered, "That is, to part with me?" He replied, "Yes." I then proceeded as far as the door, and, turning round, said, with the greatest calmness I could collect, "The parting of a husband and wife, who have lived together for thirteen years, and have had seven children, and the fortunes of those children at the mercy of a father misled, is a thing of too great consequence to those children, for me not to take the best advice upon such an event;" and I retired to my own sitting-room.

I had not long been there before Lord Craven's brother-in-law, Mr. Johnson, came in, and, in an officious manner, said, "Lady Cra-

ven, my Lord has desired me to talk to you on the subject you have just been made acquainted with; and I would advise ——." I here instantly interrupted him, and observed, "That subject is the most improper one for you to interfere with, and I shall be happy to converse with you on any other; but, as a father of a family yourself, you may advise Lord Craven: but with you I shall not, on this point, speak one syllable." He looked abashed, made a bow, and retired.

Mr. Johnson was a mild and good man, but entirely governed by his wife, Lord Craven's second sister, who had been married first to a Mr. Taylor, who died, and she then married Mr. Johnson. This circumstance so enraged Lord Craven, (as Johnson was a younger brother, and had nothing but a lieutenant's pay to live on,) that Lord Craven declared he would never see—never speak to her. His mother's entreaties, and the thoughts of the children's starving, had no effect upon him; and nothing

altered his resolutions but my repeated and earnest prayers to him for a reconciliation. This act of kindness Mrs. Johnson returned by another of the most worthless ingratitude; for she was the only intimate of Lord Craven's who did not deprecate his new mode of life, and when she saw him hesitating between his esteem for me, and the wish of parting with his woman, which sometimes his mistress's conduct suggested, Mrs. Johnson advised him to leave his wife. She thought, if Lord Craven separated from his wife, that he would want somebody to do the honours of his table; and she paid her court to her brother, by every species of the basest flattery, in hopes ultimately of obtaining an ascendancy over him, in ridding herself of an obstacle to her desires.

Her visits had been less frequent than usual, and she continually sent poor Johnson to see how things went on. She was a sensible woman, and very entertaining, but generally engrossed all the conversation to herself. Neither

words nor deeds were spared to bring about the scheme which she had projected.

My suspicions were roused at her conduct; but how were those suspicions verified, when one day Lady Berkeley, taking up a letter which enclosed another, (in fact, there were two under that cover,) and thinking, by the hand-writing, that it was for herself, she read a part! Her curiosity was raised by what she saw. It was from Mrs. Johnson to her husband; in which, among other things, she said, "I suppose the old devil is at B——; I dare say the young one will be just like her soon." I could not refrain from laughing. I had seen many ridiculous things happen, from Lord Craven's custom of permitting every one in the house to have their letters enclosed to him; but Lady Berkeley's surprise would have excited the ridicule of any one, for she knew but little of Mrs. Johnson. I have since heard that Mrs. Johnson's disappointment was not to be concealed, after I went to the Continent; and she

failed in that hope which made her forget all her obligations to me, and my conduct to Lord Craven's mother and sisters, whom I always treated as my own.

My Lord set off next day for London, and, as he predicted, I never saw him again. I made the best excuses in my power to my children and company for his absence at Christmas, and I went to town, as usual, in January. I had previously written to my brother, Lord Berkeley, describing the strange situation in which I was placed; and he waited on my husband, and told him I had informed him of what had passed, and wished to know what measures were to be adopted. Lord Berkeley declined giving me his advice till he had known from Lord Craven himself his resolution of parting with me, and also the motives of such conduct; and although he could not suppose that it arose from any justifiable grounds on my part, yet he should consider it his duty to examine into the business. He then asked me

if Lord Craven had any complaint to make against me, and I answered, None: I had never done any thing which could give him cause of uneasiness, nor could he have reason to find fault with any part of my conduct. After this, Lord Berkeley turned his back and walked out of the room.

Upon my arrival in London, I was informed by Lord Berkeley, that the best step to be adopted was to consult some eminent lawyer.

Lord Thurlow, who had been Lord Chancellor, and to whom I was perfectly well known, had always shewn me the greatest partiality. His visits to me were frequent, and his conversation to me always very agreeable. I turned my thoughts towards his Lordship, as a proper person to whom I might apply.

Lord Loughborough, at this time, (whose kindness I had also equally experienced,) being Lord Chancellor, reminded me of the French proverb, "*Qu'il ne faut pas s'addresser aux Saints quand on peut s'addresser à Dieu.*" I thereupon

determined to send for Lord Loughborough, who flew into the most violent passion with Lord Craven, and exclaimed that he must certainly be mad! His advice was, that I should prosecute Lord Craven for his conduct with that woman; that his words to my brother exculpated me from all blame; that the law could part us, and allow me a provision of four or five thousand a-year, and the society of my daughters.

Lord Loughborough's indignation cannot easily be conceived. After he left me, I said within myself—Prosecute my husband! the father of my children—a man fallen from a precipice, or infected by a scarlet fever! for I looked upon his being governed by such a woman as a sickness or a misfortune,—a calamity unaccountable,—as she excelled neither in mind nor person, and had only a good set of teeth to recommend her.

After ruminating a considerable time on this subject, I sent for Lord Thurlow. Never shall

I forget that dark brow, that stern countenance, when I informed him of what I had to say! His astonishment kept him silent: he appeared then extremely concerned; but his silence lasted so long, that I thought it proper to say something to put an end to it.

"My Lord," I said, "I am told, that if I prosecute Lord Craven I shall find redress." "Redress!" he said instantly; "for what? The man does an injury to himself: but tell me, is it true that Lord Craven has all his large fortune to himself, and at his own disposal?" I replied that he had. His Lordship then, in the most impressive manner, asked me if I should ever forgive myself, if I did not make every effort to preserve that fortune for my seven children, as I had none to give them myself; and that, as Lord Craven had placed himself entirely in my power by the folly he was guilty of, he must give me at least my marriage-settlement. That the best thing I could do, according to his ideas, was, that I should go

where I pleased, and take any children I might think proper: "But," added he, "leave your daughters with your Lord; without which obstacle, that woman will go and live in all your fine places, enjoy all the elegancies you have created for the Craven family, and gain the entire and unlimited ascendancy over Lord Craven's mind."

I shall never forget Lord Thurlow's manner of telling me this—nor how near I saw tears starting from those eyes which were supposed never to have wept.

I now told Lady Berkeley and my brother that my resolutions were fixed. I should go to France, and take my child with me who most wanted my care.

At that time, my eldest son and Berkeley Craven were at Eton, lodging with their tutor, Mr. Foster, who, like most pedants, was remiss in his instilments of these moral and religious principles which were to guide them through the paths of life, where fixed principles only

can steer mankind through those errors, by which even the most amiable qualities may be misled. I recollect the Italian proverb, as well applicable to this subject: *Mal va la barca senza reme.* My son Berkeley Craven, notwithstanding these disadvantages, has displayed all those fine manly feelings which dignify the Englishman; and my third son, Keppel, is an ornament to mankind.

Lord Berkeley obtained a promise from Lord Craven that my daughters should write to me every fortnight; and that, whenever I returned to England, as I should not like to go to any of his houses, I should send for my children when and where I pleased.

Lord Craven having promised every thing, I set out on my journey.

My mother's surprise at my extreme tranquillity I shall never forget. "You do not even name Benham!" she said. I then consulted my feelings, and found my governess was quite right, when, one day, I was telling

her that I neither knew the sensations of envy hatred—we were talking French—and she said, " *Vous ne haïssez pas, mais vous faites pis, vous méprisez ;*" and then, and then only, I felt really that it was contempt which shut out my heart at that moment from every regret, and that my mind was too lofty to descend to things personal to myself, where the fate of many was concerned.

What could I hope for the children of a man, who for thirteen years had been declaring to the world, that no one, as a friend or companion, could be equal to me, besides my charms as a woman and my conduct as a mother? That man left all those perfections, as he called them, for a woman with whom no one could live who had known her, and who had been rejected by every one but my husband. What, after this, could I expect for my children?

General Dalrymple, uncle to the late Earl of Stair, belonged to a club of which Lord Craven

was a member; and in the autumn of that Christmas which Lord Craven's mistress had insisted on his not passing with his family, they were left together *tête-à-tête* after the club dinner was ended. Lord Craven had taken too much wine, and he suddenly asked the General what was his opinion of me. General Dalrymple answered, that he only knew me personally, and bowed to me when he saw me; but that if he was to form any judgment of me, by what he had heard, and from what Lord Craven himself had said of me, he should imagine that I was a most lovely person. Lord Craven told him that I was so; but that he was determined to leave me, and that without giving me a shilling: and, added, at the same time, that he had bribed every servant in the house to watch me; that, beautiful and lovely as I was, I most likely should have a lover in the winter; and that, though he would never divorce me, he then could turn me off as he pleased.

General Dalrymple desired him to recollect that I was the Earl of Berkeley's sister; that no one had desired him to think of me: and asked him, whether he had no regard to the rank and youth of his wife, and to his own professions about her excellencies. When the General found all he said avail nothing, he discontinued speaking, and took an opportunity to let me know all the conversation.

I must confess, that contempt—cool-rooted contempt—was all I felt for Lord Craven's folly; still determined to serve him, in order that I might serve my children.

When I took my lovely child Keppel away with me, my brother, Lord Berkeley, who, I found by his conduct afterwards, had his plan for making Lord Craven and myself live together again, told me that I must promise my husband to return the boy to his father when he was eight years old. To this I consented, on the condition that my children left with Lord Craven should write constantly to me.

I immediately set out for Paris, where the old Duchess of Berwick was, who had known me, when I, at thirteen years old, was there. She became quite enraged when she heard of Lord Craven's conduct, nor was she more pleased at that of my brother. Lord Craven or his mistress, or both, filled the newspapers with the most unfounded falsehoods respecting me; and she very properly said, that my brother should not only contradict those reports, but that he should punish the printers, and, if possible, the authors of them; and she appeared to be quite angry at my indifference about them.

At the time of my separation from Lord Craven, it was suggested to me that I ought to have communicated to the Queen all the circumstances of that unfortunate business; but I had reasons which prevented me from taking such a step. In the first place, I did not consider that the Peers and Peeresses of England were treated at Court in the manner which

they were accustomed to, in the days of Queen Caroline, consort of George the Second. The late King's brothers themselves were not permitted to dine with their Majesties. The Duke of Cumberland, the youngest, was not old enough, certainly; but the Dukes of York and Gloucester were not allowed that privilege, although the Queen's brothers, when they came to England, were admitted to their table, daily.

The Countess of Suffolk, my godmother, often spoke to me in commendation of the rules prescribed by Queen Caroline: there was no Peeress or Peeress's daughter, who was ill-treated by either father or husband, who did not seek redress and protection at her hands. When I quitted England, my mind was so dejected on account of my daughters, that I never gave a thought concerning myself; and even if I had, I should never have incurred the risk of a refusal from the Queen of England: I was a Plantagenet, and my proud spirit could not stoop to an explanation.

I will relate an anecdote, soon after I was married, which caused much conversation.—Her Majesty expressed a desire to see a certain painting done by Lady Bolingbroke. As a Peeress of the realm, her Ladyship thought it proper to attend herself with the picture; and, although a lady of the bedchamber, but not in waiting, she sent a page to say that she was solicitous to present the picture in person. Lord Bute, who was present with their Majesties at the time, came out and said, in a peremptory manner, that Lady Bolingbroke must deliver it to the lady in waiting.

When I was presented to Her Majesty by my mother, before my marriage, the Queen appeared to be highly pleased with a beautiful fan which I held in my hand, and requested to see it. As I understood the court etiquette, I gave it to the lady in waiting, in order that she might present it to her Majesty, who seemed greatly pleased at my behaviour, at the same time giving me her fan

to hold, which was beautifully studded with diamonds.

Queen Caroline, wife of George the Second, always retained the surname of Queen Caroline the Good, and well deserved so distinguished an appellation; for she not only listened with sympathy to the sorrows of her own sex, but always comforted them during their affliction. Her Majesty did not even wait for a complaint, when she could repair a grievance. Lady Caroline Stanhope, who afterwards married the Earl of Harrington, had been one day closetted with the Queen. When the audience was over, Lady Caroline was descending the stairs of the palace of St. James's as the Duke of Cumberland was going up. Pretending to bow at the feet of her Ladyship, he suddenly seized a part of her dress in such a manner as to produce from the hand of the indignant fair a violent slap on the face. In a rage at the treatment he had experienced, he hastened to the apartment of the Queen, and

represented to her what had happened: Her Majesty immediately sent for Lady Caroline; upon whose return, instead of reprimanding, she graciously thanked her for punishing one, however high his rank, who could lose sight of his dignity in want of respect for a female.

At the time that this illustrious personage was the wife of George the Second as only hereditary Prince of Hanover, my godmother was warmly attached to her. Long afterwards, when her own husband became Earl of Suffolk, she was a lady of the bedchamber. In this post of honour she continued till her widowhood; indeed, until she married my great-uncle George Berkeley, which induced her to retire from court. The Earl and Countess had not lived together for years, and the Queen's protection alone preserved her from his ill-treatment. In proportion as the dislike of Lord Suffolk for his wife increased, and his calumnies diffused, that persecuted lady was noticed and caressed.

In the spring of that winter I went over to England to see my daughters, and to inquire into the cause of their writing to me so seldom. I was assured by them, that their father had forbidden them to write at all, and I contented myself with assuring them that he had promised to permit them to write to me every fortnight, and that he had broken the engagement which he had entered into.

Left to chance, and that just Providence which I always firmly relied on then, as I do now, to protect me, and to teach me to bear with fortitude and patience any new grief that I might have to encounter, I confess it, the contempt which I felt for my husband's conduct rose, like oil on the surface of water, uppermost in my mind, and steeled my heart while it sealed my lips.

My youngest brother, then a captain in the navy, told me that he would return with me to France, if I would go into Normandy, which province he wished to see. I consent-

ed to this, and we hired a vessel at Southampton, when we arrived there, in order to go over to Cherbourg; but the night previous to the morning that we were to sail, an express came from Lord Berkeley to his brother, to stand for the county of Gloucester, as one of the members was dead. This disappointment grieved me exceedingly, and I sailed, with my child and a very beautiful horse, for Cherbourg. From thence I went to Caen, and from thence to Harcourt, where I stayed some days with the Duke and Duchess. They treated me with great kindness, and, I may say, respect.

There were about thirty visitors in the chateau, and the time passed very agreeably. The Duke was an uncommonly sensible man, extremely pleasant, and highly accomplished: he was Governor of Normandy, and had been in England, at Lord Harcourt's in Oxfordshire. Pleased with the English plan of laying out their gardens, he had, with great taste,

laid out his own at Harcourt in Normandy. There was a theatre, also, in the chateau, for which he wrote some very pleasing *petite pièces.*

I never was acquainted with any French person with whom I was more delighted than with the Duke d'Harcourt. He possessed all the *gaïeté* of the French, without their levity; and had all the understanding of an Englishman, without his austerity. The founder of this family was a Monsieur Riquet, who planned the Canal de Languedoc, the finest of the kind ever seen: it connects France with the ocean and the Mediterranean. Lewis the Fourteenth ennobled Riquet, and his descendant was lately ambassador from Lewis the Eighteenth to the Court of Vienna. With his nephew, the Marquis de Sommery, I have been acquainted from his infancy; and was lately with Monsieur de Blacas, the French ambassador to Rome.

From Harcourt I proceeded to St. Germain-en-Laye, where I took the Pavillon de la Jou-

cherre. Here I had several friends. This chateau was two leagues from Paris. When in the interior of the Abbaye Royale, the abbess, the Princesse de Beauveau, allowed me an apartment in the interior of the convent, because I did not wish to go to an *hotel garni*, in Paris, when business called me there.

It was here that I became acquainted with the Caraman family, all of whom were most interesting, and the females of it an ornament to society. When people on business wanted to speak to me, they spoke through the grate of the abbess's parlour.

On my first arrival at Paris, Madame Elizabeth's milliner was recommended to me. She was a lady of noble birth; her brother was a bishop. Her family had pressed her to take the veil, on account of her want of beauty; but she was a sensible, determined woman, and she told her brother she would change her name and provide for herself, having before thrown herself on the goodness of Madame Elizabeth,

whose protection she sought. Having hired a house in an unfashionable part of Paris, she procured a comfortable living by the work of her hands.

This woman was employed by the Queen of France and Madame Elizabeth to watch my conduct, which for some months appeared to me very extraordinary; for she frequently stayed some hours with my child while I was visiting, or at the Abbaye Royale of St. Antoine, and seemed more engaged with my child than in wishing to sell me millinery. I was so fond of my beloved boy, that for some time I was blind to her intrigues; till one day she asked me if it was the Prince de S—— who came so often to see me. I blushed with anger and surprise: she thought me angry only; and then informed me that not only the police, but that she herself, gave an account to the Queen of my whole conduct; but said, "*Vous êtes si aimable que je me fie à vous!*" and then told me that the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, knowing my partiality

for France, wished me to take a house at Versailles—that my situation in life made me the only person they could have, as an unsuspected friend, to come to, and to forget, in the charms of my society, the forms and falsehoods of courtiers.

I was still more surprised to find, that the Queen had not made Madame de Polignac invite me to her Friday evening parties. Her Majesty had made her an allowance for the purpose of inviting foreigners to her house, and there the Queen went without pomp, to form acquaintance, particularly with the English, to whom unfortunately she shewed too much predilection.

I told this milliner that I never had permitted the Prince de S—— to be presented to me, because he had a very bad character; and that it was the Margrave of Anspach who so frequently visited me: that he had known me from my childhood, and had conceived for me the same partiality that all who had known me from my infancy retained for me.

Some time after, the Duke of Dorset asked me, why Madame de Polignac tormented him with so many questions about me. I asked him what questions. He replied, "Such as these: *Est-elle aussi jolie? A-t-elle autant d'esprit que le monde dit?*"—"And what did you answer?" said I to the Duke.—"I told her," said he, "that we had twenty women at Court more handsome than you; *mais, pour les graces et l'esprit, pas une.*"

I then clearly perceived that the Queen had raised uneasiness in the mind of Madame de Polignac by her inquiries about me; and supposed, that if the Duke had told her that I was very handsome, but a fool, she was to have invited and have turned me to her purposes.

To add to the Queen's *gaucheries* about me, one day, when, with some English and my child, I was in the Gallery at Versailles, to see the Royal Family pass into the chapel, the Queen saw the child, and clasping her hands said, "*Dieu! le joli enfant!*" and sent a captain of

the guards to inquire who the child belonged to. I answered, that it was Lord Craven's youngest son. Most other women but myself would have answered, "*C'est mon enfant;*" but the captain surveying me, said, "*A qui, Madame, ai-je l'honneur de parler?*" and I replied, "*A sa mère.*" The child, flattered by this, entreated me to stay and see the Queen pass again. Upon her Majesty's return, she and Madame Elizabeth stopped and curtsied repeatedly to me, and said, "*Restez avec nous, Madame!*" while Madame Elizabeth, with a voice as sweet as her angelic countenance, repeated this phrase.

The people in the Gallery immediately made every inquiry to learn who I was: and, indeed, the manner in which the Queen and Madame Elizabeth curtsied to me, bespoke something extraordinary; for had I been a sovereign in disguise, more regard and respect could not have been shown. I hurried away as fast as I could, filled with many reflections.

My mother at this time earnestly recommended me to go to Brunswick, assuring me that the Duke would be very glad to see me. Why she had this wish I did not know at the time; but I afterwards discovered, that the Duchess of Brunswick was anxious that one of her daughters should become a princess of Great Britain; for which reason she was civil in the extreme to the people of our nation. As I had an utter aversion to all kinds of matrimonial speculations, and that I might have nothing hereafter that my conscience might upbraid me with, I positively declined the remotest interference, either by word or action, which might deprive a female of her liberty. Having never in my life been the means of persuasion with any lady to accept a partner for life, I took particular care not to have an opportunity of reproaching myself, by becoming a confidante or confederate in such an undertaking.

I had, during my appearance in the world,

since I had been settled in life, thoroughly established my character for veracity; and this character had been strongly impressed on the mind of our Sovereign. His Majesty used to say to Lord Denbigh or Lord Warwick, when various reports were spread about persons or events in the distant countries, "What does Lady Craven say of it?" The Dukes of York and Gloucester, his brothers, and the Princess of Wales, who all questioned me about things, when I came to London, knew when matters were wrong; because, when I could not speak favourably, I would not speak at all. In the most ordinary and common matters, I am sorry to observe that the generality of people think detraction is both pleasing and amusing to the ears of those whose rank gives them a right to ask questions; but I always thought the reverse, and I am confident that the Duchess of Brunswick imagined that I should write favourably of her family to England, if I was treated with kindness by her.

I thought at first that the Duchess mistook me for my eldest sister, to whom she had stood godmother in person; but a nobleman subsequently informed me that it was her intention to have promoted an union between the Prince of Wales and her daughter: and it seems now as if the issue of her wishes had been a fated presentiment to me of all that has happened in consequence of the completion of her object.

Lord Berkeley had ever given but one reason for his refusing to marry, to all those who pressed him on the subject: he said he would never marry till he could find a woman like me in temper and in talents. Unfortunately the woman he did marry was unlike me in every respect. His resolutions, like those of most other men, were made only to be broken.

To return to the Queen of France. Dining one day at the table of a Frenchman of distinction, the conversation, as was usual, turned chiefly on abuse of the Queen. I had hitherto

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sat silent, when a lady addressed me: "*Miladi, vous ne dités rien.*" I made no reply; but after a pause, I said, "*Je dirai bientôt.*" I afterwards observed to the ladies, when we had withdrawn to take coffee, that there were three topics on which I never discoursed, unless *tête-à-tête* with a friend,—love, royalty, and religion: and since it was the custom in France for the servants in livery to wait till the company had retired from the table, the practice of making her Majesty the constant theme of censure would teach their footmen, when left to themselves, to take the same liberties with their own characters. I conceived that a sovereign and the nobility were reciprocally bound to defend and support each other; and if they observed any thing which was wrong, they had better make their communications to the Queen herself.

Detraction never reached Madame Elizabeth. It was universally agreed that she was a model of perfection; and how could she be so

attached to her Majesty, if she was faulty as they represented her? But her soul was pure and celestial: besides her graces and attractions, she was adorned with generosity and goodness: she was a good daughter, a good sister, and a good friend.

It is an injustice to the Queen, to imagine that a relaxed system was introduced at Court by her Majesty. At the period when she first arrived in France, Madame du Barry was installed as society for the King and the noblesse. Blame was thrown upon the Queen for that which existed before her arrival; but Marie Antoinette abhorred flatterers, and selected for her friends chiefly those females whose virtues excelled. Courtezans might have been ungrateful to her, but her friends were truly sincere amidst all her adversity. The Princesse de Lamballe, who quitted France, returned to share the dangers of her Queen, and she paid the forfeit of her fidelity with her life. That very Madame de Polignac, who was banished

for the Queen, bore with her in her exile, sentiments of the dangers that surrounded her friend, while she could not partake of them: she died at length, falling under the weight of the grief which she suffered in deploring her loss.

The devotion of the Duke de Polignac to the whole Royal Family was not greater than that of his Duchess, Madame la Marquise d'Ossun, lady of the bedchamber to the Queen, and her last favourite perished on the scaffold. The Duchess de Fitzjames, with whom I was particularly acquainted, the Princess de Chimois, the Princess of Tarentum, and the Duchess de Maillé, with many others, escaped by a mere miracle.

In the dreadful winter which preceded that in which I was at Paris, the Queen gave proofs of her goodness and beneficence: she caused to be distributed from her private purse five hundred Louis to the poor. In presenting this sum to the lieutenant of police, she said to him,

"Hasten to dispose of this money to the unhappy; never did I part with a sum which was so gratifying to my feelings!" At this period she was honoured with the good opinion of the people, who did justice to her humanity. They raised a pyramid of snow to her honour at the extremity of the street of Coq St. Honoré, with these verses inscribed upon it,—

"Reine, dont la bonté surpasse les appas,
Près du Roi bienfaisant occupe ici ta place;
Si ce monument frêle est de neige et de glace,
Nos cœurs pour toi ne le sont pas."

The solicitude of Marie Antoinette was directed without distinction to the miserable. Paris and Versailles were not the only cities where her benefits were felt. Her enemies pretended that she bore in her heart a preference for the interests of her brother, the Emperor Joseph II., to the welfare of the French nation. The alliance which the ministry of the Duke de Choiseul had contracted between the courts of Austria and France might have

ensured the tranquillity of Europe for a considerable length of time; but the French character was an enemy to repose, and tranquillity could not suit a nation whose impetuosity would admit of no equal.

One day, as the Queen was amusing herself in the Bois de Boulogne, she met the old Marshal Biron, colonel of the regiment of French guards, who was just recovered from a long illness, and was taking gentle exercise on horseback, in order to prepare himself for a review before the King some days after, at the head of his regiment. The Queen addressed him, and told him that she should be glad to see him at the review. The old warrior, who did not recognize her Majesty, from the veil which covered her, replied, with that affability which always distinguished him with the ladies, that he would take care to place her there in such a situation that she should have a perfect view of all that was going on; and requested to know her name, that he might take it down, to recommend her to the officer of the police who

that day was to preside. Judge of the surprise of the venerable Marshal, when he learned from the mouth of the lady, that it was his sovereign to whom he had offered the assurance of his protection!

The Duke of Orleans, who was at the head of the faction which subsequently overthrew the unfortunate Queen, was a man who had received from nature the most happy dispositions, and a form of beauty rarely to be met with. In his early life having given himself up to dissipation, and being lost both to manners and reputation, he bade defiance to the opinions of the world: his palace was the scene of every species of voluptuousness and intemperance. Married to the virtuous and incomparable daughter of the Duke de Penthièvre, he quitted her chaste society for the pollutions of orgies which would not be credited, were they not witnessed by too many. His physiognomy soon underwent a change, and suffered the impressions of his excesses.

He seduced into the same views his brother-

in-law, the young Prince de Lamballe, who one day was to inherit the name and the immense fortune of the Duke de Penthièvre. This young prince had just contracted a marriage with a princess of the house of Savoy, under the most happy auspices, when a malady tore him in the flower of his age from the arms of his amiable wife. As this premature death assured the Duke of Orleans of immense wealth, it was a difficult matter to persuade the public that he had not at least provoked it by his counsels and his example.

From the immorality which he displayed, the Queen refused to admit him into her circles of Trianon or Versailles; and from this rejection he became her decided enemy, and aided in the aspersions that were thrown out against her. This exclusion by her Majesty ought to have been a proof to the contrary of those indirect insinuations which were thrown out against her.

Many other circumstances contributed to nourish this animosity. The Duke of Orleans

had conceived the project of an union between one of his sons and the daughter of the French King. This scheme met with the direct opposition of Marie Antoinette, and tended to inflame those passions which were never after to subside.

The Duke of Orleans had frequently been over to England; and not only had returned to France with the fashions and follies of our nation—our horses, our jockeys, our games and our racings; but he had also adopted most of our false notions of politics, which he had industriously circulated at home.

I ought here to do justice to the talents of Madame Genlis, to whose first impressions of education the Duke and the other Princes were highly indebted. In the early part of their lives they inbibed from her the first rudiments of their taste; and though they subsequently deviated from her instructions, when left to themselves, it could be no disparagement to her exertions.

The favour which Madame de Polignac enjoyed with the King and Queen excited the jealousy of many of the noble families of France! She had a daughter, for whom the Queen proposed as a husband the Count de Grammont, and in favour of this marriage he was permitted by his Sovereign to take the title of Duke de Guîche, and he was made captain of the guards. He proved himself worthy of his master's favours, by his fidelity and attachment. The sublime devotion of the two sons of Madame de Polignac, in the flower of their age, and under the most critical circumstances of the Revolution, was shown by their conduct to the object of their affections.

The world will recollect the emigration of Count Armand and Count Jules de Polignac, who, when they could no longer serve their mistress, shed their blood for her descendants.

The Princesse de Rohan Guimenée, to whom I was tenderly attached, having quitted her charge as *gouvernante* to the children of

France, the care of them was entrusted to Madame de Polignac. The delicate health of the Dauphin rendered the task the more difficult. Three years after her appointment, the birth of a second prince, and after that, of a princess, added to her fatigues.

The Princesse de Guimenée had experienced a reverse of fortune which no longer permitted her to remain in France. Her Majesty had ever been extremely attached to this princess, who performed her duties with fidelity and exactness. Although this separation was unvoidable, as it arose from the distressed state of M. de Guimenée's finances, which the Princess could neither foresee nor prevent, yet she received from the Queen every testimony of affection and tenderness. The Countess de Marsan, *née* Rohan, on this occasion, shewed a greatness of soul rarely to be met with. She was formerly the governess of Louis the Sixteenth and the other princes: on hearing of the distresses of her nephew, she abandoned

a great portion of her immense fortune to the creditors, and retired into a convent.

The Prince de Guimenée died in 1802, exercising a mechanical profession in a village in Switzerland, as he would not be longer a charge to his family. His two sons signalized themselves in the bravest manner during the war, in the Austrian service.

When Maria Theresa was pregnant with Marie Antoinette, she one day put this question to one of her confidential attendants:—"Shall I give to the world a son or a daughter?"—"A prince," was the reply. "Well," said the Empress, "I will lay a wager of two ducats that I shall produce a daughter." The courtier was obliged to accept the wager. At the expiration of the time, her Majesty having brought forth a princess, he found that he had lost, and sought the means of discharging his debt. The celebrated Abbé Metastasio, who was with him, observing him to be in a reverie on the occasion, demanded

of him the cause. "Judge of my embarrassment," he said; "I have wagered with the Empress that she would give us a prince, and she has disappointed us by giving us a princess!"—"Well!" said the Abbé; "you have lost, and you must pay."—"Pay!" replied the courtier; "but how shall I dare to offer two ducats to the Empress?"—"If that be all," said Metastasio, "I will extricate you from your embarrassment:" he then took from his pocket a pencil, and wrote the four following lines;—

Ho perduto; l'augusta figlia
A pagar.m' ha condannato;
Ma s'è vero ch'a voi simiglia,
Tutto il mondo ha guadagnato.

"Put these ducats into an envelope," added the Abbé, "and present them to the Empress boldly." His advice was followed; and the Empress smiled at the ingenious manner in which the debt was acquitted.

The Queen of France, at the birth of the Duchess d'Angoulême, had also earnestly desired that the infant about to be born should be a male. Her views were disappointed; this made no alteration, however, in the mind or temper of the Queen. But this child had nearly cost her her life:—The accouchement was long and laborious, and attended with the greatest danger. The Abbé de Vermont had a brother, very skilful in the practice of midwifery, and who was held in high estimation among the members of the colleges of surgery and medicine at Paris. The Abbé presented him to the Queen, who accepted his services; and he justified the choice by his devotion and perseverance. In the dangerous situation in which the Queen was placed, he proposed to bleed her Majesty in the foot. This proposition appeared, to the physicians and surgeons present, to be the most formidable operation; De Vermont persisted notwithstanding. They told him that he would be responsible to all

France for his attempt: he braved the menace, bled the Queen, and restored her to life.

After my amiable sister-in-law and her husband had left me, I found much pleasure in my rural amusements at my pavilion. I had cows and a fine dairy: the dairy was situated on the side of the court opposite the entrance-gate. One day, while I was standing there, I perceived a Capuchin Friar approaching, who, looking round, soon observed me, and advancing, addressed me, saying: "Lady Craven, I presume?" On my answering that I was Lady Craven, he put his hand into his bosom, and shewing me a letter, "This I have brought," he said, "from your friend the Duchess de Villhermosa. She has confided it to me, and I have brought it from Madrid, walking all the way, in order to deliver it into your own hands." I begged him to refresh himself, and inquired how he could guess that I was Lady Craven? He replied, "From the description which the Duchess gave me of your person, and still more

so from your employment." In the course of our conversation, I asked him why the wines in general were better in the Abbayes than in other places. He then told me the process, which was, that, after the juice of the grape was pressed out, it was closed up hermetically, instead of being allowed to ferment in the open vat.

To prevent, during the fermentation, the spirit from evaporating, much care is necessary; and the noise during the operation is terrible. The spirit is forced to return into the liquor while the wine is working, and it must be watched closely. To make one barrel of wine, it is proper to have three barrels, and those not slightly hooped with wood, but strongly hooped with iron. These barrels are to be filled up one third, and to be stopped quite close. Thus, during the fermentation, the spirit is concentrated; and when this has ceased, the contents of the three barrels are deposited in one. "*Nous sommes riches,*" he

said, " *et par conséquent nous pouvons faire du vin étouffé.*" The good man was much pleased to find me answer the description given to him by the Duchess, and that he had seen " *une très-grande dame qui ne dédaignait pas les détails du ménage.*"

The father of the Duchess was the Comte de Fuentes, ambassador at the Court of France from Spain. The Marquis de Krora, her brother, was a very estimable man. I regularly kept up a correspondence with the Duchess, although she has not been in England for many years.

During my residence in France, it was a great amusement to the higher ranks to enjoy themselves, in private, at their country-houses. All had these places of retirement, except Madame Elizabeth, who did not wish to acquire one. One day that she came to Montreuil by accident, to the country-house of the Princess de Guimenée, the King, who was there, said to her, " You are quite at home!"

The object of his Majesty was, in fact, to purchase this place to give to her. She afterwards passed there some of the most pleasant hours of her life, among country fêtes, amidst her own beneficence and the sweet harmony which she inspired in others. In order to form a dairy, she had procured from Switzerland four beautiful cows, (as I had afterwards at Naples, from Devonshire,) and she had a young milk-maid, from the Valais, to take care of them. She was called Marie. Pretty, active, but always melancholy, her new place could not make her forget her mountains, and more particulary Jacques, to whom she had promised marriage.

She confided her troubles to Madame Thêvenot, who immediately composed the words and the music of that pretty song which begins, "*Pauvre Jacques, quand j'étois près de toi,*" &c. Marie learnt it; and one day, as Madame Elizabeth was passing, sung it. Struck with the flexibility of the voice which the

young creature possessed, the Princess interested herself in her fate; and, finding that the song contained the history of herself, and displayed her own situation, she caused Jacques to be procured from Switzerland, and united them together.

While I was in France, the Queen ordered twelve cottages to be built at Trianon, in which she placed twelve poor families, and charged herself with their entire support,—another contradiction to the base calumnies which were uttered against her.

The young Duke d'Angoulême, who at this period was not more than nine years old, was one day occupied in reading in his apartment, when M. de Suffrein was announced to him. "Sir," said the young prince, "I was reading the lives of illustrious men, and I lay aside my book with pleasure, to be gratified with the sight of one of them."

One day, in the course of her promenades, the Queen met with an old woman, very in-

firm, seated at the foot of a tree, surrounded with many little children. This picture, which presented to her Majesty the two extremes of life, moved the gentle heart of Marie Antoinette: she approached the old woman, and, with her peculiar mildness, inquired and learnt that they were all of one family, but that the intermediate generation had disappeared; that the poor little creatures had lost their father and mother, and had no other protection but that which was afforded them by this good old grandmother, who was groaning under the weight of years and indigence. The Queen immediately caused assistance to be rendered to them; and, with eyes melting at the scene, turning towards the youngest of them, said, "I take particular charge of this one, and will have it reared under my own peculiar care." From that time the happy child was kept in the apartment of its royal benefactress: she played with it, and loaded it with caresses. I mention this anecdote, as it was related to

me by an eye-witness of the scene, which took place before the Queen had become a mother.

She was certainly indebted to her mother, the great Maria Theresa, for the excellent instructions which she had received in her early youth, and from the brilliant example which was set before her. That august personage had divided her time as Empress and instructress: she watched over the education of her children with all the attention of a mother; and her lessons, without doubt, augmented that predilection which Marie Antoinette displayed for France at an early period. Questioning her daughter once, over what country she would wish to reign, if she were ever called to govern, Marie Antoinette replied without hesitation, "Over the French; for they had Henry IV. and Louis XIV., to whom one gave the idea of a good king, and the other that of a great one."

This summer I had the pleasure of receiving my brother and his wife, now Lady Emily

Berkeley, and her mother Lady Louisa Lenox. They were proceeding to the south of France, for the benefit of the health of my sister-in-law, who had been much affected by the anxiety consequent on the protraction of her marriage, as she preferred her cousin, my brother, to all the great and rich who sought her hand. I had endeavoured, two years before, to make my eldest brother, but in vain, settle the difficulties which had arisen; he would not interest himself about them. What were my feelings when I lost this beloved brother, whose life was a pattern of domestic happiness scarcely to be equalled!

In the autumn of that summer, Lord Berkeley wrote me word that he had had a slight attack of the gout, and that if I would meet him at Florence, about the beginning of November, he would pass the winter with me in Italy.

Although I admired France, and was highly gratified with French society, I had other reasons, besides the proud satisfaction I

felt at the certainty of my brother's affection being still retained, to leave France: I, however, soon after received an excuse from Lord Berkeley, that he was unable to attend me; and I placed my son Keppel, whom I was fearful of spoiling by remaining with me, under the care of a Mr. Gadoll, who had a few pupils. My brother's excuse was fortunate in every respect, and I immediately set out for Italy, after having had a picture taken of my son by an artist of the Queen of France.

I passed through Lyons, Avignon, and Marseilles, to Hières: the atmosphere of the latter place is remarkably clear, and preferable either to Nice or Montpelier. From hence I proceeded to Genoa, and then to Pisa, where I took a commodious house by the week. The baths of Pisa were built by the Roman emperors, and are kept in good repair: they are highly esteemed for paralytic disorders, gout, and scrofulous complaints. Lucca is contiguous to Pisa, and, as the Grand Duke and

Duchess were at the latter place, I received much pleasure during my residence there. I cannot pass over the Leaning Tower, which proves that fancy is often mistaken for taste. The variety of the orders of architecture give it an appearance of patchwork. The idea that this tower was built leaning always struck me as perfectly ridiculous, for the first row of pillars is more than half buried in the earth.

As I rode on horseback on a side-saddle, I excited the astonishment of every body: the peasants, in particular, who passed me on the right side, used to exclaim, "*Ah! povera—una Gamba!*"

On my road to Florence I met with a ridiculous occurrence.—I was proceeding on horseback, having sent forward my coach and some of my servants, when I passed a gentleman in an English phaeton, whose curiosity was excited by the horse and side-saddle. From going very slowly, he came after me very rapidly; and,

being informed of it by my servant, I had just time to turn my horse into a gateway. The gentleman could not stop his horses immediately; but, as he was determined on seeing me, he stopped as soon as he could. As I considered his behaviour extremely impertinent, I was resolved he should not see me, and therefore I desired those who accompanied me to follow, and I passed by the left side of his phaeton as fast as possible, with my hat over my eyes. As my horse was an excellent one, I kept him on till my pursuer gave up the chase; and when out of his sight, I turned into a farm-yard, where I concealed myself till I saw him pass again, and literally gained my carriage before he got up to me to gratify his curiosity.

The brilliancy of the moon, which I observed when going to Florence, reminded me of what M. de Carricioli said,—"*Que la lune de Naples valait bien le soleil d'Angleterre.*" I was most highly gratified at seeing the beautiful Venus de' Medici: it corresponded with the ideas I had

formed of it; but the Niobe family far exceeded any thing I ever imagined. I was pleased with the Apollo, but thought it had not altogether the commanding look of the God of Day.

Here I met with Sir Horace Mann, Lord Cowper, the Comte d'Albany, the Prince Corsini, and the minister of Lucca, Comte Santini, who all gave entertainments in the highest style, particularly dinners to all foreigners of distinction; although the Florentine nobility never invite any one to dine or sup at their palaces. When they give an entertainment, it is to any, even to those who have the least pretensions to rank, and therefore might be called a general assembly.

All the handsome Florentine women bear a great resemblance to the English: they are very good humoured, and have great natural politeness to strangers. A ridiculous question was put to me here by a Frenchman of distinction, who asked me if Sir Joshua Reynolds did not build St. Paul's Cathedral. I regretted

much to find that the Titian Venus, and the child by Titian in the Strozzi Palace, are both much injured by time.

I was much surprised one morning, when my servant informed me that my brother Lord Berkeley would arrive in a few days, as he had reached Venice, he said, and shewed me a letter from him to prove his assertion. As I conceived if he had written, he would have sent his letter to me, I was not likely to believe the intelligence.

I found my health greatly improved since I quitted the environs of Paris, which induced me to suppose that the climate of that part of France did not agree with me: I had lost a pain in my chest, and those symptoms of pulmonary affections, which, after my severe illness, were much to be apprehended. The frequent change of air which I experienced strengthened my system.

On my arrival at Venice, when passing by the great canal, I called to mind the words of the

Abbé Coyer, who says, that "*Rome est bâtie par les hommes, mais Venise par les dieux.*" Having formed my own ideas of it from the different pictures I had seen, I expected to have found a cheerful city, but was greatly disappointed. The innumerable gondolas floating on the water like so many coffins, and the dismal appearance of the outside of the houses, (the fine palaces having most of their windows closed half-way by dirty shutters not painted,) did not form so lively a scene as is generally described.

Here I met my friend, the Comte Justiniani, who was delighted to see me again: he accompanied me to see the Arsenal, the Doge's Palace, and the Church in the Piazza San Marco, which are both of the Gothic order.

I was much amused by hearing in a Court of Justice the celebrated advocate Stephano. I was not deceived in my expectations of deriving some entertainment from the grimaces which I expected to see. His manner of pleading was that of scolding; and he held his two thumbs

upright, which he moved rapidly to and from his breast, with the most ridiculous action imaginable. I found it difficult to refrain from laughter; nor could I conceive how the Judges could keep their countenances.

A ridiculous circumstance happened here to two English travellers, neither of whom could speak the language. They were in great haste to arrive at Venice from Vienna; and having left one morning a large town where they had slept the preceding night, after having travelled two days post they found themselves driven into the same place they had quitted forty-eight hours before.

CHAPTER IV.

I leave Italy for Vienna.—My reception there by the Emperor.—Prince Kaunitz.—I quit Vienna, and proceed to Cracow.—I reach Warsaw, and am presented to the King of Poland.—Princess Czartoriska.—Princess de Radzivil.—From Warsaw I set out for St. Petersburg.—My arrival there.—I am presented to the Empress Catharine.—Princess Dashkoff.—The Grand Duchess.—Prince Potemkin.—Prince Repnin and Prince Kourakin.—Moscow.—Arrival at Constantinople.—M. de Choiseul.—The Sultan.—Sir Richard Worsley.—Leave Constantinople for Athens, and return to London.

FROM Venice I went to Vienna, where I was received at Court in the most flattering manner. I was attended there by Madame Granieri, the wife of the Sardinian minister. The variety of the officers' dresses in the antechamber of the

Emperor particularly struck me: the Polish and Hungarian uniforms are very beautiful.

The Emperor gave a private audience to ladies who were presented. Madame Granieri and myself were the only persons who went into his apartment together: we met the Princess Esterhazy coming out. The Emperor received us with the greatest attention: His Majesty was close to the door, and after politely bowing, he made us sit upon a sofa, while he stood himself the whole time. We remained there three-quarters of an hour. When his Majesty is particularly engaged, and wishes to terminate the interview, he civilly says he will detain you no longer. He then goes towards the door, which he opens himself; you rise and quit the apartment, and thus ends the presentation. I prefer this method to a public drawing-room, where you are obliged to answer publicly every question that may be put to you.

It was unfortunate for me that the Emperor

quitted Vienna two days after I had seen him; but he ordered Prince Kaunitz, his first minister, to prepare me one of his houses to reside in, and wished me to pass the whole of the winter in Vienna, which I had no thoughts of doing, and to go in the spring to the Court of Anspach, to be presented to the Margravine by the Margrave. Had I remained much longer at Vienna, I should not have got away during the whole winter, as the hard weather was beginning to set in. When Prince Kaunitz delivered the Emperor's message to me, and added to it, "The Emperor says, he never saw any woman with the modest and dignified deportment of Lady Craven," I immediately replied, that it was not in my power to stay; and I set off in ten days to perform the extraordinary journey to St. Petersburg, where the Empress of Russia, and by her orders all who commanded under her authority, treated me with the most unexampled attention.

The Emperor had no wife, and the opinion

which he had formed of me, and which was repeated over all Germany, terrified me; and, fearful lest injurious reports should be spread of me, which was what I could not bear;—at the risk of being thought ungrateful to the Emperor, I fled like a frightened bird from a net. The Emperor, instead of being angry, wrote to Mons. D'Herbert, his envoy at Constantinople, when he knew from his minister at St. Petersburg that I was gone there, to take care of me, and to obtain from the Porte every thing I might desire. M. D'Herbert shewed me the letter, and obeyed his master most strictly, while M. de Choiseul, the French minister, seemed only to vie with him who should most excel in attentions.

Prince Kaunitz was a very extraordinary character: he was a great statesman, and a good patriot: he possessed sincerity and frankness, which are ever the attendants of a great mind. The nation's welfare was his delight. He asked me my opinion of Vienna. I told

him, I had but little time to make observations, but that it appeared to me that even the *Vendeuses de pommes ont l'air aisé.* A smile of pleasure illumined his countenance, which must have proceeded from the goodness of his heart. He with much condescension informed me of several particulars highly interesting, and from his conversations I gained great information.

I frequently dined with him; and nothing flattered me more than to see a man of his age and experience forget for a time the distance which was between us.

The Emperor was a prince who mixed with his subjects with an ease and affability that are very uncommon in persons of his rank. He loved the conversation of ingenious men, and appeared solicitous to cultivate knowledge. He abolished the use of torture in his hereditary dominions, and removed many of the grievances under which the peasants and common people laboured. He was a great friend to religious toleration; and regulated the exorbitant fees of

the lawyers. He visited Rome and the principal Courts of Italy incognito, and with few attendants, and had a personal interview with the King of Prussia. This, however, did not prevent hostilities between the two powers, on account of the succession to Bavaria. During the contest the Emperor displayed considerable military skill.

At Prince Galitzin's every Sunday night, and at Prince Par's every Monday, we had elegant suppers. The former was Russian minister, and did great honour to his Court by his sense and politeness.

As the Germans are by nature good musicians, the English here had an opportunity of passing their time in the most agreeable manner, and in a circle of beautiful and accomplished women of the first rank. Sir Robert Keith assured me that he had presented upwards of four hundred of our nobility and gentry here from England.

It is ridiculous to hear the questions that are

asked by the guards at the frontier towns: What is your name and quality? Are you married or single? Do you travel for pleasure or business?—It reminds me of a story related to me by the Russian minister at Venice, of a traveller, who being asked his name, replied, Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo! "Pray, Sir," says the guard, "how do you write it?"—"That," replied the stranger, "is your concern: I have given you my name."—It is impossible to answer such absurd questions with gravity.

There was an order at every frontier-town in Germany, not to permit strangers who travel without post-horses to leave the town before staying in it two hours. I was not aware of this order, and the post-master did not make me acquainted with it. I was much surprised at the delay, although he did not absolutely refuse me horses and another *traineau*, or sledge. His reply to me at all times, on my urging him to hasten, was "*Pazienza!*" Some time after, an officer came up, who, staring at

me, said: "*Parlez-vous François, Madame?*"—"*Mon Dieu! oui!*" I replied. I found from him that the post-master's stupidity arose from his not being able to talk Italian well, and French not at all: he therefore conceived that I was very impatient, and paid me no attention; but when the officer had called me "*Miladi,*" he bustled about, and with his people procured me every thing. He had mistaken me for a young peasant, as I had, tired of the crawling pace we had been travelling, hired a *traineau* of a countryman, and proceeded on before my carriage. When he discovered that I was a female, I had a *traineau* immediately, with six horses for my coach.

From Vienna I now proceeded towards Cracow, through a fine open country, varied with woods and gentle hills. Although I had letters of introduction to several ladies here, I did not take advantage of them. Prince Galitzin, at Vienna, had recommended me to use my own carriage, but I placed it on the sledge, and even

then found it difficult to get along, from the badness and narrowness of the roads. At length I was obliged to take it off, and then it sometimes hung upon the fir-trees, which we were obliged to pass. I was one night detained two hours; one of the wheels being so entangled with a fir-tree, that six men could not disengage it; and peasants were obliged to be sent for, to cut down the tree, before I could proceed.

On my arrival at Warsaw, I found my apartments well aired and prepared for me. The Comte de Stackelberg had bespoken them, by order of Prince Galitzin. The Russian minister, Count de S——, waited on me immediately. He was very sensible, and had wit.

On the evening of the day after I arrived, I was by him presented to the King, who received us in his study. The Grand Marshal's wife, who was the King's niece, accompanied me. That amiable sovereign spoke excellent French, and very good English. He was the

second person that I have seen, whom I could have wished not to have been a sovereign; for it was impossible that the many disagreeable persons and circumstances which surround royalty, should not deprive it of the society of those who are valuable.

His Majesty informed me that he had not been in England for thirty years; and inquired if Mr. Walpole were alive. "Not only living, Sire," I replied, "but in good spirits; and I have in my pocket a letter from him." He said, "If there is nothing in my request improper, I should like to be favoured with a sight of it." Mr. Walpole's style, His Majesty observed, must be uncommon. I then gave him the letter, which having read, he put into his pocket, and told me that he should translate it into French to his sister, the Princess of Cracovia, who did not understand the English language; and asked me to dine with him two days after, when he would read me his translation,—and which, indeed, surprised me. He must have

been an elegant writer in any language which he understood, but I did not like to solicit a copy.

The King in his face was very like the Duke of Marlborough: there was an elegance in his language, with a softness of tone in his voice, which was highly pleasing to the ear. At His Majesty's dinner, there were only fourteen persons present, and we were as pleasant and cheerful as if we had been in private society.

It is impossible to see the King of Poland, and not to regret that he was a king where the monarchy rests on absurdity—an elected sovereign from among a numerous and proud nobility, every individual of whom thinks he has a better right to sit on the throne than the one elected. From such a basis springs every thing which can make mankind unhappy; their lives are passed, their minds employed, only in caballing or regretting.

This amiable and accomplished prince lost

his friends and pleasures when he became King of Poland.

There appeared to be no subject on which the King could not converse with taste and sense: the constitution of England, the manners of the French, modern authors, theatres, and gardens, were topics with which he was well acquainted. He did not affect to display a conversation of pedantry, like some of our English with whom I have been associated; who glory in dazzling our understandings with learned quotations. The only thing the King appeared to be ignorant of, was the high fashion of our cookery. As if to pay a compliment to me, the fish and meat at table were covered with *melted butter*, a thing only to be met with in England. I was informed by his chamberlain, that every thing was ordered to be dressed perfectly *à l'Anglaise*. I did not tell his Majesty that I never partook of melted butter, nor that a good table in England was always prepared by a French cook; and it excited a smile

when I saw all that melted butter, which, like the fogs in our country, was only fit to be swept away, when it concealed and spoiled every thing that was good.

My old acquaintance, the Princess Czartoriska, was in the country, as she was of an opposite party and did not come to Court; but, with my usual frankness, I told the King that I intended to visit her, and we had some conversation respecting her.

I visited here in great style, making use of the Count de Stackelberg's coach and six, accompanied by two equerries at the coach-side on horseback. The Princess de Radzivil was here: I was truly fascinated with her, and had I been a man I should have been devoted to her. If I could have laid aside maternal duties, and those of friendship, I could have remained here perfectly happy.

I found here a French maid whom I had recommended to the Princess Czartoriska: nine years' service had obtained for her a

hundred pounds a-year, with a farm of sixty acres of land, for the remainder of her life, by which means she was one of the happiest creatures existing. To the credit of the Polish nobility, there are few servants who, having proved their attachment for eight or ten years, are not dismissed with a pension for life.

I have seen several dwarfs, who, with the equerries, stand in the drawing-rooms of great houses, and must necessarily hear all the conversation that passes. In any other country it might be dangerous, but here servants and dependants are the property of their masters; and in general their fidelity is equal to their subjection.

The King has a manner of saying things flattering and obliging peculiar to himself. He tells me that every thing produced in England is more perfect than the produce of any other country. His Majesty's partiality to England would have prejudiced me in favour of my

own country, were it possible that I could have loved it better than I did.

I passed two days in the most agreeable manner with the Princess Czartoriska, at a country-house of her sister-in-law, the Princess Lubomirska. I did not remain long at Warsaw after my visit to the Princess, although I received every civility from His Majesty.

The Princess Czartoriska had, some years before, passed a summer and winter in London; and I was so much attached to her, and so delighted with her society, that I contrived to dine alone with her at my house in Charles Street, as frequently as I could; and we have passed many hours together *tête-à-tête.* She was one of the few women whose talents and manners suited me: her talents were very superior, and her manners without affectation. She was a perfect musician, and a fine painter; danced inimitably; had knowledge without pedantry, and never displayed her learning with ostentation.

I was much younger than she, and I had a very great respect for her sentiments, for, like myself, she was grave and gay by turns; and, when serious conversation employed our time, she would confide to me anecdotes of her early days, which she certainly did not intend should serve as a guard to the tenderness of heart and the unsuspecting mind which she discovered in me.

Of course, when I saw her, she was looking older than when we were together in England. She received some visits while I was with her, and I found it was the custom for both men and women to kiss the hand of a princess who receives them.

She inquired of me if I had been at Berlin; and when I answered in the negative, she said she wished me joy: "For what would *he* have done to *you*," she said, "since *he* so much embarrassed *me*?"—"And pray," said I, "who is *he* who could venture to do any thing to embarrass you?"—"*Le Grand Frédéric*," was her

reply. She then informed me that his Majesty had her invited to dinner by the Queen; and every body being assembled before he came, when he arrived, he made one bow, at the door, to the circle, and then walked up to her, took her by the hand, and led her up to a window; where he stood to examine her countenance, with a look so scrutinizing, with eyes so piercing, that she was embarrassed in the highest degree; particularly as he never spoke till he had examined all he wished to look at; and when this was done, he said, "I had a great desire to see you, I have heard so much of you;" and began an account of what that was, in language so civil, but with a *raillerie la plus fine, que c'était presque une persiflage.* "When he had done," she added, "I did not know whether I was to feel humbled or elevated, or whether it was a good or bad impression he had received of me, or whether it was satire or compliment he meant to convey."

"*Quel homme! ne le voyez jamais, chère Mi-*

ladi; vous rougissez pour rien; il vous ferait pleurer." I felt internally that I should like to see him; and that, as the adopted sister of the Margrave, under that protection, I should not fear even the Great Frederic.

The moments we passed together fled rapidly away; and though it is delightful to enjoy the society of persons of superior endowments, how sad it is to part with them! and part with the reflection, that we may never meet again. In this case, too, how improbable that we ever should!

Warsaw lies on the Vistula, and is almost in the centre of Poland. There are many magnificent buildings, besides the palaces, and churches, and convents. The streets are very ill paved, and the greatest part of the houses, particularly the suburbs, very mean hovels of wood. It is much to be regretted that the nobility in general shew but little taste for learning or the fine arts. The different universities have not been celebrated for their

productions. Copernicus, the great restorer of the true astronomical system, was probably their greatest man.

The dresses of the Poles are rather singular; and, were it not for our partiality to short dresses, we must acknowledge that of the Poles to be both majestic and picturesque. Our Charles II. thought of introducing the Polish dresses into his Court; and, after his restoration, wore them for two years.

The Polish ladies are very vigilant over the conduct of their daughters, and intrigues are not so easily carried on here as in England; and in some districts, (which is perfectly ridiculous!) they are forced to wear little bells, both before and behind, in order to proclaim where they are and what they are doing.

I left Warsaw for my journey, M. de Stackelberg having sent me a supply of *liqueurs*, and I proceeded to St. Petersburgh.

On my arrival at this city I was presented to the Empress Catherine, who graciously sent

me word, that she would receive me at the Hermitage previously to the day which had been fixed for my reception at Court. Nothing could be more dignified than the Empress upon her entrance into the drawing-room: her countenance was expressive of good humour, and her politeness and attention to me very great. One of her first inquiries was, if I were not a Scotchwoman: this question arose from some one having informed her that I was not English.

At this Hermitage the Empress had her evening concerts and her Court, with alternately a French play or an Italian opera. Why this building, which she has added to the palace, is called the Hermitage, I cannot conceive. It consists of a long suite of rooms, filled with the finest pictures. Her Majesty has purchased from many of the best collections; and, among the rest, she had the choice of the Houghton collection from Lord Orford, which reflects disgrace upon our country for

having permitted them to be lost to us for ever. When I was there, these pictures were not well arranged; but no doubt their royal possessor intended to dispose them better.

The Empress and her favourite, the Princess Dashkoff, were the only persons who wore the Russian dress. They were very handsome dresses, and highly becoming.

I was presented to the Grand Duchess the same evening that I was presented to the Empress. Prince Potemkin was of every party; but his reserved manners, and restraint before ladies, prevented our having much of his conversation. He invited me to dine with him at an immense palace which he was then building. I sat by his side during dinner, but never heard the sound of his voice, except when he asked me what I would eat or drink; I was therefore unable to judge of his intellectual powers, or of that genius which raised him to the dignities and fortune which he

enjoyed. He was generally allowed to be a man of talents.

With Prince Repnin and his nephew, Prince Kourakin, whom I had well known when in England, I resumed my acquaintance: I had not seen them before for thirteen years. As the Grand Duchess was brought to bed five days after my arrival, I had not an opportunity of seeing her, except on the first night of my presentation. Her affability to strangers was very great; and that evening, after the representation, she sent for me. On my return, a ridiculous thing happened.—Although no less than three carriages were waiting for me, I could not get one of them for more than an hour: this was owing to the great distance of the Grand Duchess's apartments from the theatre; and the gentleman who attended me saying he should wait for me at the Hermitage, I went three different times through the whole palace, and while I was at one door, two of the carriages were at the other. Prince Kourakin, who had

conducted me back from the Grand Duchess, and who was engaged to sup with the Grand Duke, was much embarrassed; for the doors which admitted the company were shut, and I was obliged to sit in the guard-room till the Prince's servants could find one of the carriages belonging to me or my party.

The Prince went in to sup, and the Grand Duchess hearing of this circumstance, sent me a very fine pelisse, which I told the Prince I did not want, but which he insisted on my putting on; and in a few minutes I had a carriage. The most ridiculous thing was, that the Saxon minister's wife, whom I had accompanied to Court, thought that I was gone home in my own carriage, whilst my friends, on the other hand, who were in my carriage, imagined that I had returned with her; and after parading the outside of the palace from door to door, as I had done within, they gave me up and set off without me. My servants took it for granted that I was gone to sup at the

palace, where they naturally imagined me to be invited.

The Grand Duchess was tall and fair. The Duchess of Wirtemberg, who was daughter to the Duchess of Brunswick, was very pretty, and extremely like our Royal Family. I received great attentions from her: she had a fine family of healthy children.

The Empress was at the expense of many entertainments. At M. D'Osterman's, there was a ball every Sunday night; at the Dowager Princess Galitzin's, a supper every Sunday night; besides which, Count D'Osterman, who was Vice-Chancellor, had a table for sixty foreigners every Wednesday: all these were paid for by the Empress, whose royal mind suggested the magnificent idea of providing houses for the reception of foreigners of distinction.

Many of the Russian princes have a public day when they expect persons, with whom they leave a card, to dine with them.

The Empress did all in her power to promote the sciences and the fine arts; but the coldness of the climate prevents foreigners from being desirous of settling there. There are buildings and museums for the reception of rarities.

The French ambassador was a man of wit: I was much delighted with his conversation, as I was with that of the Comte Sergé de Romanzow. Mr. Fitzherbert and Mr. Ellis also added to our societies. M. de Ségur and the Duke de Serra Capriola, the Neapolitan minister, gave us some magnificent entertainments. Prince Mousken Pousken, who spoke very good English, told me that his partiality for my country was so great, that he could form no greater idea of human happiness than that of returning to England as a private individual.

The Princess Dashkoff's son was supposed to be gaining the favour of the Empress, and by that means raised the jealousy of Prince Potemkin. Being considerably elevated with wine, he went to a ball at Court, and em-

braced his partner, which is a very customary thing there with the nobility who are engaged to marry a lady; but this circumstance was then the cause of great offence, and he was in consequence banished for it, next day, to his regiment at Riga.

The nobility appeared to vie with each other in every foreign luxury. Their palaces are magnificent. At Prince Potemkin's I heard some very extraordinary music performed by men and boys, each blowing a straight horn adapted to his size. Sixty-five of these musicians produce a very harmonious melody, something like an immense organ. The music, the room, the cold—all was gigantic. In one of this Prince's palaces there is a room 300 feet in length; and on the side opposite to the windows there are two rows of stone pillars, whose height and breadth are proportioned to the size of this immense room, which is an oblong. In the centre, on the side of the window is formed a semicircle, which bow forms another large space,

independent, though in the room. This space was laid out by his English gardener into a shrubbery, with borders of flowers: hyacinths and narcissuses, myrtles, orange-trees, &c., were also in plenty. Immense stoves, concealed by the pillars, were heated for the purpose of warming this hall.

The large houses are decorated with the most sumptuous furniture. But in passing through a drawing-room where the floor is of the finest inlaid wood, you next enter, probably, a staircase made of the coarsest materials, and covered with dirt.

There were many ladies at this place for whom I have the greatest esteem, who possess many talents, and who form a delightful society. Italian and English music, with the pedal harp, are perfectly understood by them: the English poets are also read. I have frequently thought that I could trace Grecian features among the females of this country; and the acute wit of the Greeks in the men,—that plia-

bility of genius which induces them to speak so many languages well, and to adopt the arts and inventions of other more cultivated countries.

The Empress's countenance had a fine expression of this kind, and we have had no good likenesses of her in this country; for her nose was aquiline, whereas it is always represented as being rather turned up; at least in all the portraits I have seen of her: her forehead was open, and her mouth well made: her chin was somewhat long, though not so as to have a disagreeable effect. She was of middle stature, well proportioned, and, as she carried her head very erect, she appeared to be taller than she really was.

When I went to take my leave of the Empress, which I did on the morning previous to the performance of the opera, her Majesty told me that my intention of going was already known to her, but that, as we wish always to defer disagreeable things as long as possible, she insisted that I should not take leave till after

the spectacle. These words she pronounced with the most gracious smile, and inquired of me at the same time, if I was satisfied with the amusements and treatment I had received. I told her Majesty that I must be both stupid and ungrateful, not to regret infinitely that I could make no longer stay, to shew how sensible I was of the hospitality and magnificence which I had experienced.

I had an account of the celebrated large diamond which is set in the imperial sceptre of Russia, from a nobleman, who indulged me with a sight of it; and as it is a stone of such inestimable value and magnitude, I requested him to give me a written history of it. It originally was in the possession of Nadir Shah, in whose throne were two large Indian diamonds, one of which was called the Sun of the Sea, and the other had the appellation of the Moon of the Mountain. Nadir Shah was assassinated; and at that time many precious ornaments belonging to the crown were plundered, and after-

wards secretly disposed of by the soldiers who partook of the booty.

A man named Shafrass, commonly known at Astracan under the title of the Man of Millions, then resided at Balsora, with his two brothers. One day a chief of the Auganians applied to him, and proposed to sell to him privately, for a very moderate sum, the above diamond, which was most probably that called the Moon of the Mountain, together with a very large emerald, a ruby of very considerable size, and other precious stones of less value.

Shafrass was astonished at the proposal, and under the pretence that he had not a sum sufficient for the purchase of these jewels, demanded time to consult with his brothers on the subject; but the person who had them for sale, possibly from motives of suspicion, did not make his appearance again.

Shafrass immediately, with the approbation of his brothers, went in search of the stranger with the jewels, but he had quitted Balsora.

The Armenian, however, met him in Bagdad by accident, and concluded the bargain by paying him 50,000 piastres for all the jewels in his possession. Shafrass, being conscious that it was necessary to observe the most profound secrecy respecting his purchase, resolved with his brothers, on account of their commercial connexions, to remain at Balsora.

After a period of twelve years had elapsed, the eldest brother, with the consent of the others, set off with the largest of the diamonds, which he had concealed till that time. He directed his journey through Cham and Constantinople, and afterwards through Hungary and Silesia, to Amsterdam, where he publicly offered his jewels for sale.

The English Government were amongst the highest bidders. The Court of Russia sent for the diamond, with a proposal to reimburse all reasonable expenses, if the price could not be agreed upon. When the diamond arrived, the Russian minister, Count Panin, made the fol-

lowing offer to Shafrass, whose negotiator, M. Lasaref, was then jeweller to the Count.

A patent of hereditary nobility was to be granted, with an annual pension of 6000 roubles during his life, and 500,000 roubles in cash, one-fifth part of which was to be paid on demand, and the remainder in the space of ten years, by regular instalments.

Shafrass also demanded the honour of nobility for his brothers, and various other advantages and immunities; and persisted so obstinately in his demand, that the diamond was returned. He was now in great perplexity: he had involved himself in expenses, was obliged to pay interest for large sums which he had borrowed, and there appeared no prospect of selling the jewel to advantage. He was left in this perplexity by his negotiators, that they might profit by his management.

In order to elude his creditors, he was obliged to abscond to Astracan. At length the negotiation with Russia was renewed by Count Gregory

Orloff, (who was afterwards created a Peer fo the Empire,) and the diamond was purchased for 450,000 roubles, ready money, and a grant of Russian nobility. Of that sum, it is said, 170,000 roubles fell to the share of the negotiators, for commission, interest, and similar expenses. Shafrass settled at Astracan, and his riches, which by inheritance devolved to his daughters, have, by the extravagance of his sons-in-law, been in a great measure dissipated.

Having left my coach at Petersburg, I proceeded to Moscow with my suite, in the carriages of the country, called *kibitkas.* I was twice overturned; and I believe that the postilions are accustomed to such accidents, for they quietly get off their horses, set up the carriage again, and never inquire if the traveller is hurt.

I arrived at Moscow without any other particular accident; and as I had resolved not to remain at this city, I proceeded on to Pultawa, famous for the battle which proved a severe

check to the wild spirit of Charles XII. At Soumi I was indebted to Mr. Lanskoy and a brother of Prince Kourakin, who were both quartered there, for a lodging, as they obliged a Jew to give me up a new house which he was on the point of inhabiting. Mr. Lanskoy had something of that beauty and sweetness of countenance which his cousin possessed who died. She had been the favourite of the Empress, and was very beautiful.

At Pultawa there was no gentleman's house, and I stopped at that of my banker. At Chrementchouk, the General who commanded received me with great politeness. An Englishwoman who was married to a Russian, and was amongst the company at dinner, looking earnestly at me, said, "Are you an English lady?" Upon my smiling and answering that I was, she flung her arms around my neck and nearly overwhelmed me with kisses. "Forgive me," said she: "I too was born in England, and have never had the happiness of seeing a

countrywoman since I left it. I am married, have children here, and shall probably never see England again."

At Cherson I remonstrated in vain against the sentinels who were placed before my doors, and the guard which turned out as I passed the gates. I disliked all ceremony, particularly such as I was not accustomed to. The Emperor's Consul's wife wore a Greek dress, which I did not think very becoming. Captain Mordwinoff prepared a frigate to convey me to Constantinople; and the Comte de Wynovitch, who commanded at Sevastople, had directions to accommodate me in the best manner possible.

On my arrival at Constantinople, my surprise was great at the kind reception I met with. M. de Bulakow had hardly opened my letters, and read my name, when M. de Choiseul's people came and claimed me: he had been prepared for three weeks before my reaching this place, by M. de Segur, at St. Petersburg; and

from the character which I heard of him, I was not displeased that he had claimed me as his *droit.*

I was received at the Palais de France. M. de Choiseul had been ill for six months, and confined to his room. M. de Choiseul is a fine scholar, and a very polite man; and has none of that odious kind of attention which Frenchmen display, when they think to say fine things to, or admire ladies, upon the slightest acquaintance. He possessed the dignity of the *vieille cour,* with the ease of modern manners. Had I been the Empress of Russia, he could not have treated me with greater respect; nor, had I been his sister, with more regard.

His house had the appearance of a fine French hotel, built with good stone and wood, which are rare materials there. From my windows I saw the Sultan sitting on a silver sofa, while his boats, and many who were to accompany him, were lining the banks of the garden,—a most magnificent sight. We saw the Ottoman

splendour very distinctly with our telescope. The Sultan's beard was dyed black, to give himself the appearance of youth, and he might be known by that at a considerable distance: this formed a singular contrast with his face, which was extremely pale and livid. The kiosk which contained him and his silver sofa was not very large, and was like many others which were to be seen.

The women, who were very numerous, were like walking mummies. A large loose robe of dark green cloth covered them from the neck to the ground; over that was a large piece of muslin, which wrapped the shoulders and arms, and another which went over the head and eyes. All these coverings confound the shape and air so much, that any rank may be concealed under them. I never saw a country where the women may enjoy so much freedom and liberty as here, free from all reproach. A Turkish husband who sees a pair of slippers at the door of his harem, must not enter: his respect for

the sex prevents him from intruding when a stranger is there on a visit: how easy, then, it is for men to pass and visit as women! If I had been inclined to walk about the streets, I should certainly have worn the same dress; for the Turkish women never address each other by their own names.

When I went out I had always the Ambassador's chairs, carried by six Turks, like our English sedans, but highly gilt and varnished. Two Janissaries walked before with high fur caps,—the ambassadors all having Janissaries allowed them by the Porte. I was fearful every moment that the Turks would fling me down, they were so very awkward.

We frequently went out in the Ambassador's boats; and boats are hired at Constantinople as in London. The shape of them was light and beautiful; and the Turks row well, which might appear incompatible with their idleness.

Places are all obtained at Court by intrigue. The Vizier was water-carrier to Hassan Bey,

the Capitan Pacha, or high admiral; and Hassan himself was only a servant at Algiers. Each Sultaness has her creatures. The low intrigues of the ministers cannot be imagined. The Sultan had the highest opinion of the Capitan Pacha, and when he left the capital intrusted it to his care; but this he never did, unless he considered it in danger. At a fire four Janissaries were thrown into it for not doing their duty properly, "*pour encourager les autres*," as Voltaire observed on another occasion. The Capitan Pacha had a singular attachment to a lion, which accompanied him like a dog: and one day he permitted this lion to attend him to the Divan, where the ministers were so frightened that they dispersed in terror, some jumping out of the windows, while one nearly broke his neck in flying down stairs; leaving the high Admiral and his companion to settle the affairs of the nation as they pleased.

A rebellious Pacha may raise troops and live in defiance of his Sovereign. One, of the name

of Mahmoud, who was about thirty years of age, placed himself at the head of 40,000 men in Albania, and bid defiance to the Porte. Whilst I was at Constantinople an instance occurred, shewing that the confidence of the Sultan was not a safeguard against a sudden and unexpected death.—A Greek, named Petraki, who acted as a kind of banker to the Court, by his frequent access to the Sultan, raised a jealousy on the part of the ministers, who in council one day, on various pretences, desired that his head might be taken off.

The Sultan, who anxiously wished to keep it on, for reasons with which the ministers were unacquainted, strenuously opposed such a desire. The Capitan Pacha and his friends insisted boldly that they would not stir from the Council till Achmet had signed the order, which he was compelled to do with tears rolling down his cheeks. On these occasions, a person is always sent to examine the papers of the unfortunate being who is put to death, to see if

he has had any dealings with the Cabinet. Some of these were found, which he sealed up with four large seals, and desired that they might be delivered into the hands of the Sultan, being much alarmed at having seen them; for Petraki was the private agent of the Sultan, who received the money, which Petraki seemed only to obtain for places which his interest procured; and Petraki's accounts were so regularly kept, that the money he delivered, with the dates and the places, were registered.

It is not to be wondered at that Constantine chose this place as the seat of his Empire. Nature has made it all that is grand. Constantinople, at the entrance of the Bosphorus by the sea of Marmora, is the most majestic, magnificent, and lively scene, which the most luxuriant imagination can devise.

Here I met with Sir Richard Worsley, who had a person with him to take views. He shewed me a coloured drawing of the Castle of Otranto, which he proposed as a present to Horace

Walpole. I then asked him, whether he were an acquaintance of his. Upon his replying in the negative, I did not hesitate to ask him for it, that I might, as a friend of Mr. Walpole's, have the pleasure of giving it to him. He then entreated me to accept of some Egyptian pebbles, as knife-handles; and I, in return, obtained for him the permission of going in the frigate to the Crimea, which had brought me to Constantinople.

All the ambassadors, after my arrival, gave parties and balls. The Dutch Ambassador's wife was a very worthy woman; and Madame D'Herbert, the wife of the Imperial minister, was very lively, and I was frequently with her. I was much pleased with the kindness I received from every one, and with their readiness to answer every question I put: but to one person only I never applied, as I observed a stifled smile upon the countenance of every person whenever he opened his lips.

There was an English merchant who was

extremely offended at my lodging in the Palais de France, and who said, if Sir Richard Ainslie's house was not good enough for me, he had a new one, which he would have emptied, and I should have had it all to myself. "It is an affront," he said, "to the nation, for a Princess of England to lodge at the French Ambassador's!" The English merchants were very kind to me; they knew, I suppose, the respect I had for them.

After remaining some time at Constantinople, and seeing all the things which were objects of curiosity, and with which I was highly delighted, I set out for Athens with M. de Choiseul, a great part of his household, and some officers, on board a frigate prepared for us.

Having examined all the wonderful remains of antiquity there, I passed through Smyrna, Terrapin, Varna, Buccorest, and Hermanstadt, to Vienna.

From Vienna I proceeded to Helvoetsluys, and from thence to London, which place I reached in safety after an absence of nearly two years.

CHAPTER V.

My arrival in England.—Lady Berkeley approves my plan of passing some time at Anspach with the Margrave and Margravine.—I write to Lord Craven.—My arrival at Anspach.—History of the Margrave and Margravine.—Court of Anspach.

AFTER my long and gratifying journey to Vienna, Warsaw, Petersburg, Constantinople, and a short excursion into Greece, where, at each place I stopped, I was protected by sovereigns and ministers, and treated with respect, and care, and generosity, which will ever remain gratefully impressed upon my heart, I found myself again in England, for the purpose of seeing my children; and from hence went to Paris, to take measures for my stay at Anspach with the Margrave and Margravine.

Having received my mother's approbation of my intention to pass some time at Anspach with the Margrave and the Margravine, I prevailed upon the Margrave to return thither early in the spring, although in general he did not reach Franconia till the month of June. My eldest son had been in a bad state of health, and I was happy to find that he was recovering fast. I refrained from making any remarks to the tutor, for his neglect in not permitting my son to write to me as he had been promised; but wrote to Lord Craven to inform him, that he had for ever lost my good opinion, in having broken his promise that my children should write to me every fortnight: and as he had not complied with his engagement, I resolved to break mine, in not allowing my youngest son to return to England when he was eight years old. I informed Lord Craven that I was invited to pass some time at Anspach, where I was to be treated as the Margrave's sister; and peremptorily told him, that if he attempted

any thing by force with regard to my child, I should immediately go to Benham or to my house in Charles Street, and throw myself upon the laws of my country, to obtain redress for all my sufferings as a mother. This was the only instance in which I disobliged my Lord's commands; and I was certain that he would do nothing which could make me change my resolution.

On my arrival at Anspach, the joy of the Margravine at seeing me was very great, as she knew it was by my desire that the Margrave had returned earlier than usual; for she loved and esteemed him as much as he deserved, notwithstanding her general coldness.

As this period formed a new epoch in my life, I shall begin it now with a history of that high and illustrious character.

Christian-Frederick-Charles-Alexander, Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Bareith, Duke of Prussia, Count of Sayn, was born at Anspach, in the month of February 1736. His

mother was an elder sister of the great Frederic, King of Prussia, whose partiality to his nephew (for he esteemed him more than any other relative) stamped on the minds of men some idea of his merit. In his early youth, and in the decline of life, it was that esteem of which he was accustomed to speak to me; and which seemed to gratify his feelings, and was his chief pride. Soon after the Margrave's birth, his father's conduct to the house of Brandenburg, and particularly to his wife, was grievous in the extreme. Alexander was the second son of his father, but his elder brother dying in 1737, he became the heir-apparent.

As the two Margraviates were placed in the centre of Germany, it is natural to suppose that there would be mutual animosities created, by those evil-disposed persons, some of whom were willing to pay their court to the Emperor, while others were solicitous to gain the favour of the King of Prussia.

Incessant fermentations and constant confu-

sion were thus created, and matters of business were represented as affairs of a political nature: some imagined that any mischief which happened to the circles of Franconia would please the Emperor, who (as well as his brother Leopold afterwards) was as much pleased with the Margrave's care of his country, and welfare of his subjects, as old Prince Kaunitz was, who, after asking me once if I knew the Margrave, said, "Then you know the best sovereign in Germany."

The constant object of the Margrave's heart was the consideration of his country; and even in all his political matters, he showed his own disinterestedness by preferring his attentions to Austria, instead of Prussia; to which latter he was allied by the ties of blood.

Queen Caroline, wife of George II., King of England, was the only sister to the Margrave's father: she has passed to posterity in my country as the good Queen Caroline; and not without reason, for she truly deserved the character. The

concern which her Majesty felt for her infant nephew, who was a delicate child, left alone to the care of a negligent father, made her apply to the King, to ask permission of her brother to direct the education and care of her nephew. I have been informed that the King gave orders to the Duke of Newcastle to write to the Margrave of Anspach, and inform him of Queen Caroline's desire; and at the same time that the Duke of Newcastle was allowed by his Majesty the sum of 7000*l.* per annum to be employed in the various expenses of the young Prince's education, which the Queen was to regulate.

A French lady, who first became the governess of the young Margrave, was the person to whom he was much indebted, as his original nature was violent, and his temper impatient of control. She not only soon taught him to speak French perfectly, but impressed on his infant mind the first of all duties—not to do wrong. English servants, attending on his person, soon taught him to speak English well.

At the age of seven years, he was brought to the Hague, that George II., who passed through every two years on his way to Hanover, might see the child. He was turned full-dressed into a large room one evening, when the King came into it, at the opposite end to where he stood, and approaching him with a candle in his hand, said, "Let me see if you are like the family." In the year 1741 he was consigned to the care of different masters, to whom the manner of his education was prescribed. The care of his mind was entrusted to M. Bobenhausen, a member of the Cabinet Council, and president of the Ecclesiastical Senate. By those masters he was well instructed in all the liberal arts and sciences suitable to a youth of his age and rank, for the better regulation of his future life, according to the dictates of honour and humanity. Bobenhausen seems to have been well calculated for so arduous a task as that of being at the head of preceptors. He instilled into his mind the

principles of duty to God and his parents, with a strict observance of the laws, both human and divine: he gave him a desire of instruction, and formed his demeanour with affability and mildness, so that the young Prince never lost sight of his views to benefit mankind or to protect the arts and sciences. He bound those who were connected with him by his humanity, his indulgence, and the popularity of his manners. When he became a sovereign, he cultivated and encouraged all the arts, and was particularly partial to the Latin language. In every action of his life, he evinced the happy effects of his good education; but most particularly in the government of his principalities, and the administration of his own private affairs. His maxims were well digested; designed, not for ostentation, but for the regulation of life. It may here be remarked, that however liberal Nature may be in her gifts, though she grant profusely good qualities to a man, unless a wise and diligent education direct them, and

the spark of virtue be fanned by the breath of wisdom into a flame, good precepts may be extinguished, or do more harm than good, by causing base actions.

His young mind received great stimulus to improvement in the year 1748, when he travelled into Holland, with M. Bobenhausen, and Bebra, his gentleman of the bedchamber, where he remained till the year 1750.

His mother, in her letters, often declares that the reason why he so loved this seat of learning was, that he there acquired his desire of universal knowledge. He probably imbibed it filtered through maxims infused by the academicians of Erlangen, for I never could learn that he resided there very long, although it was thus generally supposed.

In his different journeys through Holland, he prosecuted his studies while he visited all the cities, citadels, and places of the United Provinces. He quitted them with his tutors, and his friend Fosterinus, and went through Switzer-

land to Venice and Rome, and then returned to Anspach, after having been expected by his parents and subjects, who received him with the greatest joy. As he had passed his time in visiting new objects, he retained during the rest of his life the love of travelling, without regard to the trouble or inconvenience attending it.

In the beginning of the year 1754 his life was in great danger. From not having been inoculated, he was attacked by the small-pox: the fear of his death filled the minds of his parents and his countrymen with terror; and his speedy recovery, with unfeigned joy.

When the Margrave had attained his fifteenth year, he was destined to be married to a Princess of Saxe Cobourg, whose family was devoted to Austria; and for this reason the house of Brandenburg did not approve the match. It was for this reason that the young Margrave was sent by his father to Saxe Cobourg, to see the young Princess; thinking that he would admire

her, and take her as his choice: but in this he was disappointed, for the young prince declared to his father that he did not like her, and begged leave to decline the proposal.

His father tried for some time, by reasoning and persuasions, to overcome the resolution which his son had expressed; but finding all his eloquence lost upon him, he contrived to have it insinuated to him by a tool of the Court, that, if he persisted in his determination, he should be confined in a state prison till he should be brought to comply with his father's wishes.

The young prince, accustomed to all the pleasures which a Court creates for the rising sun, and to every kind of exercise in which he so much excelled—to frequent journeys, undertaken either for his health, amusement, or instruction—to the smiles of beauty which were the objects of his wishes, and to that obedience which those wishes enforced—in short, to every recreation which gratified him,—conceived so great a repugnance to confinement, that, in order to se-

cure momentary freedom; he consented to eternal bondage.

In this instance, the strongest and most striking proof of his virtues and morality will appear; so firmly were they imprinted in the mind of this good man.

The Margravine, his wife, was born with an inward defect of bodily constitution; which made her so unhealthy, that at thirteen years old she became subject to fits. Mental or corporeal enjoyments of any kind she never could have possessed; she was in a continual state of bodily pain. Naturally fair, sickness gave her the appearance of a faded lily when it begins to assume a yellow hue. With the best intentions, she had not the power, even of countenance, to give expression to a feeling. Such was the person given to the most lively, the most ardent, and the most active young man; and although his own passions, the allurements of every beautiful woman to please him, the many concerted schemes of politicians to persuade him to a di-

vorce after his marriage, that he might marry a young and healthy Princess who might produce an heir to his principalities, would have been motives sufficient for the generality of men; yet nothing could seduce the Margrave from what he imagined to be a duty. Reasons of every kind were adopted; some of which were plausible, nay, even justifiable: the facility of divorces in the Protestant countries of Germany, the duties he owed to posterity, his own private interest that his sovereignty might not pass from his family at his death—all these were used in vain. "I am her husband," he replied to all these persuasions; "therefore, as long as she lives, as her husband I am bound to protect her." The cold and dignified manner in which he spoke this negative, put an end to all the hopes, and all the plots which were eternally forming around him, to urge him to shake off the bonds into which he had been forced.

In 1757, three years after his marriage, his father died; and in the year 1769 he inherited

the Margraviate of Bareith from his cousin. These two principalities were at least 500 miles from Berlin, and at the death of the Margrave would become the inheritance of the King of Prussia—a subject which was a great source of sorrow to its inhabitants; as was the circumstance of the Margrave's marriage with a person from whom there was not the slightest probability of his having an heir.

The vile projectors of Court favour to themselves, imagined that they should please the Imperial Court by fomenting divisions in Franconia, in order to lower its consequence by diminishing its prosperity in the Empire.

Some of the courtiers of Anspach, who were of the immediate nobility, were unconcerned how affairs proceeded, acknowledging no other legal authority than Austria; but the friends of Prussia observed with a jealous eye proceedings which might be injurious to their interests, and therefore, on all occasions, took care to inform the Margrave of what passed.

These circumstances, with the unshaken cold indifference of the Margravine, shewn to every person in her service, and even to her husband himself, created much uneasiness in the mind of a man who was alive to every feeling. In a woman whom nothing seemed to please, to amuse, or to excite, no sensations of interest could be raised; and plans were laid down of what was to be done in case of her death before the Margrave, which kept the Germans in a state of constant suspense and anxiety, and gave them a cast of dullness and discontent.

Our life was generally regulated by the clock. The Court assembled before dinner. We dined at three. At six the company retired till eight; when cards or conversation engaged the time till supper was announced, which was generally at ten.

The Margravine, though her health did not suffer her to take any exercise, and prevented her from enjoying amusements, yet always

dressed for dinner ; but was frequently obliged to retire to her apartment, when she would send me word that she could not appear any more that day.

The first objects of the Margrave's private delights were his magnificent studs of horses. He had himself seventy-five brood mares; and in the country separate studs, of several hundred mares in each. The stallions were draught horses for the Court carriages, and were regularly sent every year for the purpose of breeding, without expense, to those of the peasantry who were rich enough to have mares. All that was required of the proprietors of the mares and colts was to give the equerries of the Margrave a preference of the colts to be sold, at a regulated price. If these colts were not approved of, which was generally the case, or if they were not handsome enough for the Margrave's stables, the proprietor was at liberty to sell them when and where he pleased, at his own price. As numerous persons from all

parts of Germany were desirous of purchasing a breed of horses to be found in no other place, this arrangement was an eternal source of profit to people of all classes, subjects of the Margrave, who kept as many or as few mares as they chose.

The Margrave's father had purchased, I know not whence, a breed of cows, the most extraordinary in size and beauty I ever saw. There were fifty of them; and as no person there understood the art of making cheese or butter, they were deprived of these comforts. An old Swiss attended these cows, and he understood nothing of the kind. When he died, at the request of the Margrave, I sent over to England to obtain recipes for the making of cheese of every sort; but the plan was much neglected, as the better kind of people did not approve what they imagined to be an innovation. The only advantage that was derived from it was, that the Margrave had at his table good

cream, and Stilton, or Berkeley hundred, made under my direction.

I never suggested any thing to the Margrave, but did voluntarily every thing which I thought would cheer the hours of my kind and princely adopted brother. I was often seconded by his real friends, of whom there were a few at Court; and I perceived that they wished to turn his ideas aside from business, which the contradictions he received from party spirit had rendered grave and anxious.

The theatre, for which amusement I had always a great taste, would, I thought, if properly arranged, be a source of continual relaxation for the Margrave's mind. There was an old and useless *manège* at Anspach, which could easily be converted to this object. I immediately set about it; and with the Court orchestra, the performers of which were the best I ever heard, and the young nobility I selected to act, to sing, and to dance, with the as-

sistance of the best machinist in Europe, our representations became the most lively and magnificent, and afforded such pleasure to the Margravine that she never missed a performance.

Every Thursday I went into the theatre at ten o'clock, and at two the Margrave came to take me away, to return to Triesdorf to dine. I was chief manager; and with M. Azimon, who was sub-governor to the pages, and my troop, we always contrived to keep the most profound secrecy as to what we intended to represent. The chamberlains were all in league with us, and two sentinels were placed at the door of entrance, to give a signal when the Margrave was coming, and the actors and actresses left off rehearsing, to be grouped with me near the place where he entered, to receive him. Thus every new piece was an agreeable surprise.

M. Mercier, the brother of the author of the *Tableau de Paris*, was a man from whom I had received considerable civilities, during my residence there. He then kept the *Hôtel de l'Em-*

pereur, Rue Tournon, whither by accident I went to take up my abode. He had a wife and five children. As he had acquiesced in a proposal of mine rather unreasonable, I must confess, I had formed a great esteem for him.—I had told him that I would only reside at his hotel on one condition, which was, that he should bring me the names of the new arrivals, and that he should dismiss all those whom I did not choose to allow to live under his roof with me: to this, however, he consented. His wife, who by her merit and modesty, and every domestic duty, had soon raised my attention, was also an object of my regard; and I presented them both to the Margrave, who always found a pleasure in esteeming merit wherever he discovered it.

These persons I fixed upon as proper subjects for a purpose which I had long in view.

A society for the encouragement of arts and sciences of every kind was an object most desirable; and as nothing of this nature had

been established, the Margrave and myself proposed to form one. M. Mercier immediately occurred to us as a very proper person to take upon himself the office of secretary, and for that purpose I wrote to him to come to Anspach. He complied with our wishes, and brought his wife with him. The society was formed, and met every Thursday. It proved a great source of amusement to the Margrave, and became a real and satisfactory recreation; for, however brilliant a man's talents may be in any Court, as rank can only give access to the Sovereign, and that Sovereign must be necessarily deprived of the delights of conversation beyond his circle, so this establishment was an invitation from the Sovereign to men of superior abilities, who might mix in literary society, and have the satisfaction of reading their own works, or extracts from those of any persons of genius.

I have passed many happy hours at those meetings. I have listened to instructive and

amusing details, without being obliged to speak myself. The astronomer, the metaphysician, or improver of any arts, took care to collect the best materials; and the society never parted, which it was obliged to do after a given time, but that some one was too late with his Paper, which could not be read at the time; and whenever that occurred, I always made a point of addressing myself to that person, and of informing him that at the next meeting that Paper should be read first.

The Margrave would insist that I should give something of my own at these meetings, and desired me always to have some subject ready; but as I always contrived to be the last, I did not suffer my vanity to produce my compositions. I must acknowledge that the happiness which the Margrave felt at these meetings, and his pleasure at the gratification of others, produced such tranquil sensations, that, I am confident, had all his laudable intentions been repaid with the

gratitude they merited, he would never have resigned his sway during his life. Heaven probably spared him the anguish he must have experienced, had he been in Franconia, instead of England, when the French Revolution commenced.

The next year after the formation of this Society, the Margrave, who was delighted with the calm and modest virtues of Mercier's wife, whose care of her children and domestic economy likewise gratified him, proposed to me to establish a seminary and place of refuge for children of all classes, and to place her at the head.

A fine place called Davendorf, belonging to the Margrave, was fixed upon as the spot intended for this purpose. The house and gardens were adequate to his views, and this was the fatherly gift he proposed to make to his nobles and vassals. It had been left to the Margrave by a Colonel Deimar, who owed his fortune, as many others did in his service,

to the parental care of his Sovereign. I told the Margrave that this estate should be for ever given for this purpose; and that if it were ever converted to any other use, then it should revert to the Sovereign. The Margrave was pleased to say, that the manner in which I employed my time proved to him, that females of every class, to whom I should prescribe the mode of education, must make good wives and mothers. The women had been so revolutionized in Germany, and so much equalized, that, unless I had searched the establishment of St. Cyr, I could not have found one to superintend, or that suited my ideas of education; and if found there, what could have seduced a Catholic to remain among Protestants, and exchange the luxuries of France for those of Germany?—and of English seminaries, I had seen quite enough to make it impossible to suit the Margrave's ideas out of any of them.

Mercier and his wife were delighted at the

idea that she was to be the acting machine of this source of good to human nature; and she clearly knew that both men and women must be taught principle and order, before they arrive at learning from books and study.

The Margrave's real friends, to whom he communicated this design confidentially, were highly pleased with it, and intreated me, as the only person who dared to speak freely to the Margravine, to request her sanction and support to the measure. I ventured to tell her, that, whereas she gave away, by half-crowns, about 300*l.* a-year to unworthy women, who by false pretences asked her charity, if she gave but half that sum to this establishment which the Margrave had in view, it would be a blessing to orphans in want, and a pleasure to her husband. I did this unknown to the Margrave, and painted, in all the pleasing colours my heart was capable of suggesting, the satisfaction she would have in contributing to the welfare of distressed

innocence, instead of encouraging hypocrisy and falsehood. The Margravine listened with apparent satisfaction; but when I had ended my proposal, she gave me a tap with her fan under my cheek, and said, with a look of scorn, "You are too good, to trouble your head about these people." I then saw the end of all my hopes with her; and never told the Margrave what I had attempted, nor did he ever inform her that he had any thoughts of such a plan.

Some part of her speech to me shewed that she knew some people well; for when the intention of this establishment was known, not one person offered or recommended a child, or even asked to be informed of the plan or rules of it.

This strange folly so incensed the Margrave, that he said the Mercier family should not stay to be looked upon with jealousy by his *entourage;* and Mercier, still retaining the place of Secretary to the Literary Society of Tries-

dorf, retired with his family, kindly and generously treated by the Margrave, and protected ever since by me.

He died in 1823, in the month of April, at Chaillot, having enjoyed the small pension allowed by the Margrave, which I regularly paid him since the Margrave's death.

What we thought ingratitude or stupidity, or both, at that time, was only the effect of a credulity which tempts men to believe any thing strange, in any country where strangers reside. The poison of equality and democracy from France, which had been extensively circulated publicly, had begun to establish itself in all the Courts of Germany, more or less, under various forms. Since that period, the Baron de Dieskaw has told me that he was informed, and literally believed, that it was my intention to fill the Court of Anspach with English people; and, as suspicion always defeats itself, and poisons every thing around it, every thing amiable which I did or said

was supposed to be the cover to some design. My noble refusals—repeated refusals, of gifts and favours from the Emperor, the King of Prussia, and the Margrave, were supposed to be only profound dissimulation, and not a mother's heroism. Many are yet alive, who now regret their fatal credulity, which was, I am convinced, with the effects of it, the real cause why the Father of his people left them to the care of themselves.

Triesdorf was situated three leagues from Anspach, and here the Margrave generally passed the winter months, preferring it to his palace at Anspach; but I persuaded him to remain this winter here, and took the band of music under my protection. I likewise made an English garden at Triesdorf, and joined it to the garden there by a lake in the park. I never failed to dine with the Margravine, and to play with her, her favourite game of cribbage. I followed the

stag-hounds with the Margrave, a thing I much disliked, in order to please him.

I took every precaution in my power to spare trouble and expense, as I had only one maid and a boy to wait upon my son. I was desirous to prevent the possibility of any person having it in his power to say, that, under any pretence whatever, I had attempted to create dissatisfaction between the Margrave and the Margravine.

I wrote two *petites pièces* for the Court Theatre. One was called "*La Folie du Jour;*" the other, "*Abdoul et Nourjad,*" which I had previously written to please M. Choiseul Gouffier, was acted by my company with such success, that many people took drawings of the first scene, and the sentinels and boys in the street sung the favourite airs. I also translated from the English into French the comedy of "She would and She would not;" and as I always gave the Margravine the choice of what was to be acted, she generally chose that: and as I was obliged to

curtail the dialogue, it was much animated in the French.

Yet, notwithstanding all my endeavours to please, I could not satisfy the suspicious temper of the Germans, and all the good I wished to do was frequently opposed. When I reflect on the position in which I was placed, I find that it has been a *negative*, which has given me the consideration in which I have been held. I have been, like other women, flattered with the brilliancy of my talents, my figure, and all those things, to which my successes in the world are attributed; but these only raised malice and envy against me: the real causes are negatives. I never utter a falsehood—I never detract—I talk as little as I can—I never suffer sorrow or wrong to approach me without a negative; that is, without endeavouring to oppose them—I get out of the way, and let others alone to do as they please.

Germans are civil if you pass through their countries; but if you reside in them, they ima-

gine you have a plan—a scheme—and nothing can divest them of the idea. My income, though only 1500*l.* a-year, made me appear a rich person in Germany. I constantly refused presents and grants of land, and never would permit either Austrians, Prussians, or Franconians, to enter into politics with me. I never permitted any one to ask me to interfere with the Margrave or the Margravine, and would never try to obtain a favour. But the stubborn stupidity of some, far from being quieted by my conduct, attributed this to the perfection of art.—My mother's seal was counterfeited; and that in so coarse and clumsy a manner, that I soon detected it, and found that every letter had been opened and read.

To the foolish questions which were asked me at Court, I always made answer that I knew nothing about those things. I amused myself innocently, and educated my child; and as there was not one half hour in the day when every body might not have had access to me—

if unkindness and ingratitude to the Margrave had not aided and abetted the natural propensity to suspicion which infested the Germans, I should have erased all these base feelings by my conduct. I invariably said, that if the father of my children desired my return for their sakes, my first duty was to go back to England. I never informed the Margrave, not even after I became his wife, that my mother's seal had been counterfeited, and I trusted to that Providence which protects innocence, to guard me.

CHAPTER VI.

Mademoiselle Clairon.—Her conduct to the Margrave during her residence at Anspach.—Her letters to him.—Singular story relating to her.—Remarks on the French Theatre.

ACCIDENT had led the Margrave to an acquaintance with Mademoiselle Clairon, the celebrated French actress, who shone at Paris as the first female tragedian of her time. As Mademoiselle Clairon perfectly well knew how to appreciate the value of such a man, she formed the design of ingratiating herself into his favour by every means that the fertility of her powers produced. Well aware of the candour of this prince, of his noble and unaffected simplicity, of the tender and constant interest which her society must excite if her plans were

well arranged, she determined at once to effect a superiority over his heart, which she knew must, from his unfortunate situation, be vacant. She resolved, therefore, on visiting Anspach, and on sacrificing herself, as she averred, for the happiness of a sovereign, and for the glory of a nation. Under the pretence of disinterested affection, she therefore quitted Paris, to extend her sensibility over a soul which she well knew was capable of the utmost refinement.

In accomplishing this purpose, she had many obstacles to combat; the most formidable of which was, perhaps, the aversion that she must necessarily excite in the mind of the Margravine. The Duchess of Wirtemburg, daughter of the Margrave of Bareith, was also another impediment in the path of her wishes. By her utmost endeavours, Mademoiselle Clairon could never obtain an interview with her, nor would the Duchess permit her by any means to be seen. It is unnecessary to say by what ingenious plans she devised the execution of her

purpose: suffice it to say, that she gained her point with the Margrave; and from the superiority of her talents, and the assiduity of her attentions, she so far gained the regard and esteem of that prince, that he always called her *sa Maman:* and as she was willing to assume a much greater authority than belonged to a mother, she concealed her views under the specious appearance of friendship.

By no means intimidated by any opposition which she received, she at length found herself firmly fixed, and, according to some accounts, began to exert that authority which she had so anxiously endeavoured to obtain. She ventured even so far, if it is to be credited, as to assert that her arrival at Anspach was caused by the immediate request of the Margravine, or at least by her consent; and was bold enough publicly to declare, that she was established there at the earnest solicitations of those who would most have avoided her.

After two years' residence, she assumed im-

portance sufficient to say, that she had employed her time in destroying a cabal which threatened to overthrow the ministry, in correcting abuses, in diminishing expenses, and in rendering services to the country by an exact and scrupulous attention to its interests. She pretended that she was the means of procuring respect for the Margravine, by restoring an affection which she had forfeited, and by calming the mind of her august husband, who, by her endeavours, had been rendered docile and content. Thus she attempted to display the purity of her intentions, and of her conduct: but, as she really found that the Margravine diminished instead of increasing her feelings towards her, she ventured to expostulate with her by every method in her power, and to represent the value of her attachment. Although she informed the Margravine, in her own letters, that she was received by her at table, and even that she spoke of her in honourable terms, yet she admitted that, from fatal experience, she

discovered that her presence was displeasing, and that in receiving her, she did so only from the fear of incurring the anger of the Margrave. This change, as she called it, had such an influence on her destiny, that she even demanded of her the cause.

She then informed the Margravine, that, among other things, the Margravine of Bareith had been very desirous that the Margrave should procure a divorce, but that, owing to her persuasions, she had checked in its progress so formidable a measure. She had the insolence to inform her that, after passing a life of twenty years with the Margrave, and even permitting his infidelities, she had denied that regard to a person like herself, who had only their mutual interests at heart, and who would never allow him either to go out or to come home, without first paying her those respects which were due to her as a wife; and who procured for her those attentions, of which she must inevitably have been deprived had it not been

for the indulgence of a disinterested woman; "And to whom, without extreme injustice," she added, "you could never have refused your kindness and indulgence." She then recommended to her to support with courage a privation dictated by prudence, and to bless her intentions instead of blaming them.

During this time, Mademoiselle Clairon was living at the Margrave's expense, with four French servants in livery—Madame Senay her *femme-de-chambre*, a *valet-de-chambre*, and a lacquey, besides a French cook. The Margrave supplied her table with the best wines from his cellar; and, as she gave *petits soupers* to the Margrave and his friends, her people, of course, consumed more than could be properly furnished. Her expenses were enormous, and all paid from the Chamber of Finances at Anspach. These facts I had from the Maréchaux of the Court.

It was at this period of her grandeur that I made my appearance at Anspach. As it was

impossible for her to be blind to the sincere regard which the Margrave had for me, it was of course to be expected that my presence would rouse her feelings, and prompt her to attempt to work upon the Margrave by every means in her power.

One of her first endeavours was to impress upon the mind of the Margrave an unfavourable opinion of the person whom he had admitted into his confidence. She, therefore, addressed him in writing.

"Your unbridled passion," she says, "for a woman whom, unfortunately, you alone do not know—the overthrow of your plans and my destiny—your entire disregard for the public opinion—the licentiousness of your morals—your want of respect for your own age and dignity,—have obliged me to discover in you either a vicious soul, which ceases to be restrained, or a head misguided, which ought to be pitied. The habit of cherishing you, of confiding in your virtues, has hitherto made me reject every thing

which could degrade you. In consequence I have supported all; your inhumanity, your outrages, your ingratitude, have not caused a change in the line of conduct I have prescribed. By my silence, particularly on the subject of your mistress, and by leaving my house, I have at least prevented the completion of my injuries; and, as much as has been in my power, I have concealed, under a countenance always calm, and sometimes smiling, the griefs which have torn my soul. I have permitted myself to believe that I did not disapprove you, and that I regarded you as my best friend. But the fallacy is at an end: you are arrived in your States, and, whatever you may henceforward do, I no longer fear to be accountable for your actions; and yourself will, in time, allow that you have rejected the protestations of true friendship.

"The veil is fallen; I find that I have ever been the miserable victim of your egotism and your various fancies: had you been my real

friend, you would not have dismissed me for Madame de Ca—, Madame Ku—, and many others; you would not have sacrificed my letters, every word of which described my tenderness and my devotion; you would have continued to me the confidence which I have not ceased to merit; you would not have abused the prerogatives of your sex and of your rank, to oppress and to revile me; you would (whatever might have been the object of your new affection) have respected the sentiments and the conduct of one known to you for seventeen years; you would have pitied my infirmities, you would have considered my disinterestedness, and the advantages of my advice: convinced by experience of my condescension to your tastes, your fancies, and your passions, you would not have withdrawn yourself from a woman who had no other pretensions, no other sentiments, but those of the most tender of mothers and of the most devoted of friends. It is impossible for me to conceive how you

have not blushed to appear before my eyes as a tyrant wishing to assassinate me by torments. Just Heaven! are you the man whom I have held up as the model of virtue?

"I must confess, that, during the last five weeks of your abode in Paris, you have shewn yourself less dishonourable; you took care to restrain yourself: you obliged me to think that my esteem and my friendship had some weight in the scale of your happiness; but your return into the world, and the publicity which you there excited, have destroyed that moment of illusion.

"I know, not without astonishment, all that you have done for seven or eight years; but your profound and concealed dissimulation is at present known to me. I see that I have now no more to pretend to, and that our bonds are to be dissolved for ever. You applaud yourself for such conduct, without doubt; while I am left without consolation. My soul, as tender as it is unchangeable, will carry to

the grave the sentiments which I have dictated to you. I pity, I compassionate, I pardon you, and I wish you the same portion of happiness and of glory as I experience of grief and regret.

"It is with infinite pain, that I restore at your feet the remembrances which I have from you. I cannot dissemble, that this step may wound your dignity, though it is far from my intention to wish such an outrage; but alas! your proceedings have compelled me to this duty. Recall to mind, that I have desired nothing for myself, nor thought of adding to my fortune, but to increase your enjoyments. Remember you are not *my* Sovereign; and that, to obtain the title of my benefactor, you must always preserve that of my friend. I am nothing, Monseigneur: I have always admitted that without shame and without regret. But my soul is always something; and to my last sigh I will compel you at least to esteem me. Adieu!—*Adieu* for ever!"

This letter was written five weeks after the departure of the Margrave from Paris, the exact period when I wrote to the Margravine to say that I consented to remain at Anspach, and the Margrave received it a short time after his arrival at Anspach.

It is necessary to go back to the first sentence of Mademoiselle Clairon's letter, in which she says that the Margrave's unbounded passion for a woman whom he alone unfortunately did not know, had been the cause of her discovery of his vicious soul. This woman was supposed by Clairon to be a young and poor adventurer from England, who had come to seek an asylum in the Margrave's territories; and upon her first inquiries of him who it was that he admired so much, and had so frequently about him, he replied, that it was a person whom she could never see or know, even if he were to name her; but that he loved her as his child. Piqued by the firm and cold tone with which he answered her, (because he generally began to smile

when she questioned him concerning his *courses cachées*,) and struck with the serious air, which he could assume with ease when he wished to silence a remark, she made no further observation; but sent a confidential person to watch at the door of the *Hôtel de l'Empereur*, in order to obtain a sight of this English female when she should be ready to leave it at the dinner-hour. As I was in full dress, and probably had an appearance which might strike this observer, he reported to Mademoiselle Clairon that the young Englishwoman was fair and handsome. She immediately conjectured that it must be a mistress of the Margrave's; and this letter was written in the first transports of her fury: nor was she undeceived until some time after, when she discovered that this woman was of high birth, and not, as she supposed, *une chercheuse d'aventures à Paris.*

Mademoiselle Clairon had long been celebrated for the variety of her attachments. Her intrigues were universally known, but her affec-

tation of virtue was truly ridiculous. Her talents were great as an actress. I remember, when I was thirteen years old, I was taken to the *Théâtre François* at Paris, to see the performance of *Semiramis*. This character so much excited my laughter, that my mother ordered me to be taken home to the Hotel Beaufreau before the piece was finished, because my noise offended the *parterre*. I did not know that it was Mademoiselle Clairon who performed the part of *Semiramis;* but twenty years afterwards, when I was playing the part of the Sultan in *Almenorade*, my foolish memory recalled to mind *Semiramis*, and I imitated that declamation, which I then recollected. There were only twenty-five persons who composed the audience, all friends of the Margrave, who burst out into exclamations at my performance; and after the play was over, they declared that I must have seen Mademoiselle Clairon, whom, they said, I had so closely imitated. I protested that, to the best of my

recollection, I had never seen her. They insisted that it was herself, and that I must have seen her repeatedly to have followed her manner so exactly. Declamation on the French stage was quite in fashion, and I had been so particularly struck with this kind of acting, that it had lain dormant in my mind till the occasion brought it forth.

One evening, when Clairon was performing at Paris the part of *Ariadne*, being extremely unwell, and fearing she should not be able to get through the character, she had ordered a couch to be placed on the stage, to relieve her in case she should be overcome with fatigue. Towards the conclusion of the fifth act, her strength failed where she expresses her despair at the flight of Phædra and Theseus, and she fell lifeless on the couch. The quick perception of Mademoiselle Brilland, who played the character of the *confidante*, suggested to her the idea of occupying the scene by a *jeu du théâtre* the most interesting. She fell at her feet, took

one of her hands, which she bathed with her tears: her words, slowly articulated, interrupted by sighs, gave Clairon time to reanimate; her looks, her motions, penetrated her; and, rising, she threw herself into the arms of her confidante. The public, in tears, acknowledged this mutual intelligence by the greatest applauses. An ordinary actress would have caused an apology, and the piece would not have been concluded.

Mademoiselle Clairon lived to the great age of ninety; but, according to her own account, she was always the martyr of her sensibility. She was constantly complaining of her sufferings, and the great delicacy of her health. She contrived, however, during the early part of her life, to have three lovers at a time constantly in her train,—one whom she deceived; one whom she received *à la dérobée;* and one who lived on sighs. I cannot omit a circumstance which made a considerable noise in Paris at the time, and excited great curiosity.

In her suite, among fools and voluptuaries,

was M. S——, son of a merchant of Bretagne, who was about thirty years of age, of a good exterior, having received an excellent education, but whose reserve and timidity prevented him from explaining what his desires dictated. He was, however, distinguished by Clairon among the others, and allowed the honour of her friendship, according to her own phrase; whilst, by patience and assiduity, he hoped and languished for a more tender sentiment.

But whilst he was thus engaged, his affairs became involved, and a melancholy dislike towards the world ensued; and he sought, by every possible means, to abstract his mistress from society, in order to possess her alone himself. Such a vain hope, under such circumstances, was of course extinguished; Clairon saw the necessity of immediately destroying the only consolation which rendered life desirable to him. In consequence of this, he fell ill: her refusal increased his malady. At this period he recovered some property;

but soon lost his life, after his letters and his visits had been rejected. His sole request in his dying moments was, that his mistress would indulge him once more with the pleasure of seeing her. Her engagements, however, prevented her, and he died in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, having with him only a few servants, and an old woman who had attended him during his long illness.

Clairon was at the time living in the *Rue de Bussy*, near the *Rue de Seine* and the *Abbaye St. Germains*. On the evening of that day, the mother of Clairon and many friends were at supper with her. She had just finished a song, when, as the clock struck eleven, the most piercing cry succeeded. Its doleful modulation and its length astonished every one present. She fainted away, and remained in that state a considerable time. Some endeavoured to joke with her when she recovered, by saying that the signals of her rendezvous were rather too loud: but the pallid hue of

her countenance, and the tremor which remained, put an end to these remarks, and proved that she was ignorant of what it might be. She entreated some one of the party to remain with her during the night. Her friends reasoned with her on the nature of this cry; and it was agreed for some of them to watch in the street, in order to ascertain, if it should be heard again, what was the cause and who the author of it.

Her friends, her neighbours, and even the police, heard the same cry, at the same hour, always underneath her windows, and appearing always to proceed from the air. She was convinced that it was made only for herself. She rarely supped in town; but when she did, it was generally heard, and sometimes even in the streets, when she was returning home from any party. All Paris was acquainted with this history, and it was a subject of general conversation. After various scenes of this kind, it ceased for some months, and she ima-

gined that she had got rid of it; but she was mistaken.

Having proposed to accompany Madame Grandval to Versailles, to see a spectacle which was to be exhibited there, she found a difficulty in obtaining lodgings. At three o'clock in the morning, she offered that lady to partake of her bed-room, which contained two beds, that had been prepared for her in the Avenue of St. Cloud. She accepted her proposal; and when she got into bed, Clairon prepared to enter hers. Whilst her *femme-de-chambre* was undressing her, she said pleasantly to her, "We are now at the end of the world: it is dreadful weather; the cry would find a difficulty in reaching us here." It instantly pierced their ears. Madame Grandval imagined that the region below had thrown out all its terrors: she ran *en chemise* from the top to the bottom of the house; and none in the house dared to close their eyes the remainder of the night.

Seven or eight days after, whilst in conversation with the society which generally surrounded her, when the clock had struck eleven, it was followed by the firing of a gun as it were directly into her windows. Every one heard the report, every one saw the fire, but the window received no injury; and all concluded that some person had made an attempt upon her life, that he had failed, and that it would be necessary to take precautions for the future. One of her friends flew to M. de Marville, who was lieutenant of police, and his particular friend. They came immediately, and inspected the houses opposite to Clairon's. The street was filled with spies of all kinds; but all their vigilance was ineffectual. Her own house was thoroughly examined; and yet, notwithstanding every precaution, this noise was heard for three months, the light from the explosion was seen, striking always at the same hour, on the same pane of glass, and no one was ever able to discover whence it pro-

ceeded. This fact has been marked down in the registers of the police.

She now began to be accustomed to this extraordinary phenomenon, when one evening, it being very hot, she opened the window, and, with a gentleman then present, went out upon the balcony. The clock struck eleven; the report went off, and they were both, from the shock, thrown into the apartment, where they were taken up for dead. The day following, being requested by Madame Dumesnil to be one of a party to a nocturnal feast, which was to be given at her house at the Barrière Blanche, she took a *fiacre* at eleven o'clock, with her *femme-de-chambre.* It was a bright moonlight night, and they arrived at the Boulevards, when her *femme-de-chambre* asked if it was not here that M. de S—— died. After all the accounts that they had given her, she said it ought to be (pointing with her forefinger) in one of those two houses directly opposite to us. From one of them, at that

very instant, came the report of a gun similar to that which had pursued them: it passed across their coach, while the coachman, imagining they were attacked by thieves, drove on as fast as he could. They arrived at the place appointed, hardly possessing their senses, and overwhelmed with terror. This was the last time of the fire-arms.

After these explosions there succeeded a most violent clapping of hands, given with a certain degree of time, and then redoubled. These applauses, to which she had been accustomed from the public, did not induce her at first to think much of them; but her friends did for her. One evening they imagined they were watched: it was eleven o'clock; the noise was made under her apartment. It was heard, but no one was to be seen; it could be nothing but a consequence of what had been experienced. To this succeeded melodious sounds; and it appeared as if a celestial voice accompanied her, which it frequently did, from the

Crossway of Bussy, and finished at her own door. At length every thing of the kind ceased, after a period of two years and a half.

The house which she occupied at Paris being too noisy, and desirous to be where she could repose in greater calmness, she took a house in the Rue des Marais, which, though small, had been inhabited by Racine for forty years, with his whole family, and where he had composed his immortal works, and in which he had died: it had also been occupied by Lecouvreur.

When she had resided there some time, a servant informed her that an elderly lady desired to see her apartments, and what they contained. As she had always a great respect for age, she immediately admitted her. An emotion so powerful at the sight of this lady, as she had seldom experienced, made her regard her with considerable attention; and this was the more excited when she perceived that she herself was equally the object of attention. Clairon requested her to be seated: a silence ensued—

but their eyes explained a mutual curiosity. The lady knew who Clairon was, but Clairon did not know her. She felt it necessary to break the silence, and addressing Clairon, said that she had for a long time had the most earnest desire of seeing her; and as she never went to the theatres, nor knew any one of her acquaintances, nor wished to explain by writing, fearing lest a letter might leave doubts upon her motives, and thereby meet with a refusal, she had taken the means of a personal interview, for which she begged to apologize. After various compliments, she said that she wished to know whether the apartments which she inhabited were really such as had been described to her, that she might, from place to place, follow her unhappy friend in all his hopes and despair. "It seems, Madame," said Clairon, "that the agitation in which I appear before you, and which each of your remarks increases, makes it my duty to inquire who you are, and of whom you speak; in short, to

know what it is you want of me: for my character cannot consent that I should continue any longer to be the dupe or the martyr of whoever you may be. Speak, therefore, or I must leave you."

"I was, Madame," she replied, "the only particular friend of M. de S——, and the sole person by whom he would be seen for the last year of his life. We counted the days and the hours in speaking of you; sometimes painting you in the most angelic form, at others under the most hideous. I continually urged him to forget you, while he protested that he would love you beyond the grave. Your eyes, which I see full of tears, allow me to inquire, why you have rendered him so miserable? and why, with a soul of such sensibility, you have refused him the consolation of speaking to or of seeing you only once more?"

"We cannot command our affections," replied Clairon: "M. de S—— had merit and inestimable qualities; but his sombre character,

and his despotic temper, made me dread his society, his friendship, and his love. The friendship which he inspired made me attempt to bring him to sentiments more tranquil and more moderate; but I was unable to succeed, and I remained firm in my resolution, persuaded that his folly proceeded less from the excess of his passion, than from the violence of his character. I refused to see him in his last moments, because the sight would have torn my bosom; because I feared to appear too barbarous in refusing what he required, and that I should be too unhappy if I granted it. These, Madame, were the motives of my conduct; and I flatter myself that I shall not incur blame for what I have done."

"To blame you," the lady replied, "would be an injustice: a sacrifice could only be expected from oaths, from ties of blood, or from obligations; and on this latter point it is not you, I know, who stand in this situation. I can assure you that his soul was penetrated

with what he owed to you; but his passion consumed him, and your last refusal hastened his death. He counted every minute, when, at half-past ten, his servant came to announce decidedly that you would not come. After a few moments' silence, he took my hand, and, with a force of despair which terrified me, 'The barbarian!' he exclaimed, 'she shall gain nothing by her cruelty; I will pursue her even after my death, as I have persecuted her during my life!' I attempted to calm him;—but he was no more."

At the time of Clairon's celebrity at Paris, she was the contemporary of Baron, Dufresne, and Le Kain. Baron had the advantage of being a pupil of Molière. He had spirit, an imposing figure, and passed his life in the society of the most illustrious men of France. Being accustomed to the best company, unaffected manners and great dignity became familiar to him, and he observed them in all his parts. It was to him that the first rudi-

ments of good acting were to be attributed; and he subsequently arrived at the greatest eminence in his profession.

Dufresne, more dazzling than profound; noble, but never terrific; full of ardour, but without order, or any of those high traits which characterise a great genius,—owed his success to the supreme beauty of his person, and the fine tones of his powerful voice: and the public then did not require what now is necessary for an actor.

Le Kain, originally a simple artisan, with a figure unprepossessing, and even displeasing; with an ill-shaped form, harsh organs, and feeble temperament, — burst forth from the workshop to the stage, and, with no other guide than genius—without any other assistance than that of talent—without other resource but art,—displayed the greatest actor—the finest, the most imposing, the most interesting of men. I speak not of his first essays, nor his last efforts: in the one he doubted, he

tried, he deceived himself; in the latter his powers seconded his intentions. For want of means, he was often slow and declamatory; but in the zenith of his perfection none ever approached him. He excelled most particularly in the tragedies of Voltaire; and, like the author, he soared continually — noble, sensible, profound, terrible, and sublime. In those of Corneille, he was not equally great; and the parts in Racine were too simple for his talents. He was master of many languages—had studied much; but without art he would never have reached such a summit as to overbear his physical defects.

In England our manners permit the most revolting truths upon the stage. Richard the Third is performed there with all the horrid defects of human nature. In Paris, at that time, all that was not dignified and noble would have been rejected; and the *parterre* would have laughed to see a humpback and distorted legs on the person of one who was to excite terror or pity.

Every one knows that the greatest monarch may be as ill-made, as ugly, and have as common an air, as the lowest peasant of his empire; that his corporeal wants, his physical evils, his familiar habits, may place him on an equality with every other man: but the respect which his rank creates, whatever he may be, the sentiment of love or fear which he inspires, the splendour with which he is surrounded, will always render his aspect imposing.

The theatre is only a representation of what passes in the world. The purity of expressions which are employed in tragedy, the importance of events, the dignity of the personages, prove that nothing there should be arbitrary; that nothing of indecency, and which has a trivial appearance, should be allowed: that it is not in popular and licentious manners that models should be sought for, and that it is impossible to unite in the same cartoon a Raphael and a Calot.

The antient Greeks and Romans must have

lost much of the effect of powerful acting by the custom of using masks. The terror, the suffocation of rage, the bursts of anger, the cries of despair, could but ill accord with a plastered face, on which no passion could be depicted. All the movements of the soul should be displayed on the physiognomy: the muscles which extend, the veins which swell, the skin which reddens, prove an interior emotion, without which it is impossible to exhibit great talent. There is no part which does not require great management of countenance; to listen well, to show by the motions of the eye the soul which moves within, is a part of acting as necessary as that of speaking.

Among all the productions which distinguished the age of Lewis XIV. the *Comédie Française* was the most honoured of all the other establishments of which that glorious reign laid the foundations;—that alone was the one which was completed. It was not chance which formed it. Lewis in disseminating a general emulation

in the fine arts, created, if I may be allowed the expression, the great Corneille and the inimitable Molière. These two great geniuses, each formed for the theatre, produced a school for fine taste and good morals. The first became the modern founder of tragedy, the latter that of comedy. Corneille, the legislator of the heroic stage, was the parent of that of all other nations. Molière, a model of wit, possessed the only means of correcting morals, and gave lessons of morality to all the nations of Europe. His pieces were translated, and universally represented.

Many authors laboured after these great men, and furnished the French stage with most excellent pieces. Their numbers now are so considerable that the French can produce every day a different performance; that is to say, can furnish a moral lesson to the public on every vice or defect which may injure the order of society—a fertility which is not to be met with in other theatres, where they are obliged to repeat their old plays.

This theatre, thus enriched with these productions, has spread its theatrical colonies over other nations, to bring back to Europe that order of the stage from which authors had so far deviated. I do not say that the French comedians are good missionaries, but only that the greater part of their pieces are good; for between the morals and the moralist, there is the man; and French actors are men.

Almost a whole nation, and all the foreign princes, have adopted the theatres of Corneille and Molière. There is scarcely a prince in the North who has not in his pay a French company, and Italy has adopted the custom.

The piece entitled the *Barbier de Seville*, which made so much noise at Paris, is trifling. A barber should never be the hero of a play, though he may be the subject of a scene. The spectator ought to be informed in a piece of a character who is known in society. A barber never enters into the society of the *beau monde*, but, confined to his shop, he never loses sight of

it. A comedy which should have for its title the Tailor of London, or the Groom of Paris, would offer such a disadvantageous idea of the subject, that it would fail by its offence to the ears before its representation. It is true that Molière and all the French authors of comedies have made use of valets to form or to unravel a plot or an intrigue. A valet may be said to be naturalized on the critical theatre; the scene is as it were his native soil, because he is always there in the suite of his master, who is generally a principal personage in the piece. A barber, on the contrary, is a stranger; he might be allowed to appear at intervals, if the author has need of him, but ought never to be the hero.

Besides this, the comedy is a bad one in itself; its diction is not pure, and it is on this that the fate of a piece must always depend. M. Figaro, the barber on whom the whole intrigue devolves, who always makes the *plaisant*, is a very bad *plaisant*. His character is de-

ficient from beginning to end; whether he rises above his situation, or whether he descends below his profession. The intrigue of the piece is as trivial as the subject.—A guardian who falls in love with his ward, whom he wishes to marry,—old, coarse, morose, and disgusting, as most guardians are; and a young lover, handsome, amiable, and who adores her, and would carry her off,—is an old subject, worn threadbare, and exhausted.

The lover, to whom the author gives the name of Count Almaviva, assumes different characters; he becomes a soldier and a musician, in order to present a *billet-doux* to his mistress. These intrigues are not worth the trouble of sitting three hours in a theatre, to listen to the follies of an author who deviates from all theatrical rules.

The *Glorieux* of Destouches was received with universal applause at its first representation. All Paris ran to see an actor who possessed that air of *fierté* and *hauteur*, and of

self-sufficiency, which prevailed at that time in the capital. This character was of exotic growth, for vices as well as virtues have their origin. In monarchical governments, they adhere always to the Prince. Louis le Grand, in giving a new lustre to the French nation by an excess of luxury, drove every class of citizens from their ordinary routine.

Destouches, a man of genius, a good citizen as well as author, wishing to expose this ridiculous folly, presented his *Glorieux*. There was at this time on the French stage one of those unique actors—the great Dufresne, a man whom nature had expressly formed for the stage, and who owed nothing to art, because true genius is always independent. Whether his talents had spoiled him, or whether the public applause had produced the effect of turning his head,—he was as vain as the part he had assumed. In this piece he furnished the portrait of the painter: we always act well when we represent ourselves. This actor gave great credit

to the piece, which in itself was good. It has ever since been played with applause, yet it fails in the title. There is no glory in being proud, vain, or audacious: glory represents virtues, and not vices. He who gives himself up to pride, to impertinence and vanity, is a vain, not a glorious man. It is essential that authors who give characters for the stage should designate them by their proper titles.

After Mademoiselle Clairon had found that all her endeavours to undermine me in the affections of the Margrave were ineffectual, and that her object had been totally defeated, she determined to make a merit of necessity,—to arm herself, as she said, with reason, and to console herself for her sufferings by calling to her mind those comforts which she still possessed.

CHAPTER VII.

Prince of Bevern.—Danish theatres.—De Bievre.—Blanchard the aëronaut.—Comte de Goertz, late minister of the Great Frederic.—Anecdotes.—Prince Kaunitz.—Remarks.

THE Prince of Bevern, who was generalissimo of the King of Denmark's army, was on a visit to the Court of Anspach, after he had been at Berlin on a mission of some importance. He had served as a volunteer in the seven years' war, under Frederic the Great. After the taking of Dresden by that monarch, three or four thousand of the Austrians, who were made prisoners of war, enlisted in the Prussian army rather than be sent into confinement. They were divided into regiments, and one was given to the Prince of Bevern. On the check which

the King of Prussia received from Count Daun, before Prague, all these Austrians deserted, to a man; the Prince was left alone. He was at a loss to know how to acquaint the King with the circumstance, but took care always to be in his sight. At length the King inquired of him what he wanted, and where was his regiment. "Sire," said the Prince, "they have all deserted and gone off."—"And you may follow them!" said the King.

It would have been much more worthy of those three august monarchs, the Emperor of Germany, the Empress of Russia, and the King of Prussia, to have divided the Danish dominions among them, than to have torn in pieces the kingdom of Poland, already dissevered by intestine divisions. Had a general arbitrator been appointed, he might have given the Island of Zealand to Russia, and the Sound with the West-India Islands to Prussia: the Danish fleet and Norway, with a free trade up the Baltic, between Norway and Prussia: to the Emperor,

Holstein, Jutland, and all their dependencies on the Continent, with eternal oblivion to Danish politics.

The Prince of Bevern was very amusing with many anecdotes relative to Denmark. A true Norwegian holds a Dane in the utmost contempt. As an instance of the fear the Dane lives in with regard to the Norwegian, he related the following anecdote:—

The King's body guard was composed of Norwegians, all fine, tall, well-looking men, who were not obliged to serve longer than three years from the time of enlisting, at the expiration of which they were permitted to go home, if they demanded a discharge. During Struensee's administration, it happened that the time of thirty men was expired, and they petitioned for a discharge to pass to Norway, as was customary. This was not only refused, but they were made to understand that they should serve as long as was thought proper. To this they made no observation; but secretly

providing themselves with powder and ball, one morning, after the officer on duty had discharged the company, they drew up in form, preserving the utmost silence. Their officer demanded the reason: they informed him they desired to speak with the King; they were determined to see him, and relate their grievance to him alone, or perish in the attempt to a man. They then loaded their pieces, marching off in order through the guards at the palace towards Fredericsburg, where the King was. They had not advanced two hundred yards from the gate, when an old woman followed them, and informed them that one of their company was stopped at the gate. They marched back again, and, with their pieces and bayonets presented, demanded him. He was immediately delivered up. The alarm became general. They proceeded forward; the city gates were shut, and the citizens almost gave themselves up for lost, as either on the point of being sacked or put to the sword.

A detachment of horse was sent in pursuit,

to bring them back dead or alive. These they received in order, with presented pieces and bayonets, with a menace that if they advanced a step towards them they must abide the consequences. Intimidated by the resolution they displayed, the horse retired within the walls. They then marched on through the guard at the palace gate, where they arrived about twelve o'clock, and drew up in the court-yard inside. They immediately demanded an audience of the King: Struensee made his appearance, and requested to know what they desired: they replied, they did not know him, but were determined to see the King; and if his Majesty did not choose to see them, they were resolved to force their way into his presence, or perish in the attempt.

Struensee hastened to his Sovereign, and presently returned with an answer, that His Majesty was ready to hear them: they were then admitted, with all their accoutrements, into the royal presence. Resting upon their arms, they made known their grievance, and

insisted on a discharge from the King's own hand. They not only obtained this, but a refreshment after their march, with the addition of a small present of money. They then retired back to Copenhagen, and the next day set off for Norway.

As I had always a great taste for theatricals, I inquired of the Prince in what manner the Danish performances were conducted. I learned from him, that the expenses for the theatre at Copenhagen, the Italian singers and dancers who there find a most comfortable retreat, as well as in England, with French tailors, milliners, &c. must be very great; to which might be added the avidity with which the Danes embrace every thing that is foreign. The *Bal Paré* given by the King once a fortnight in the theatre, on which occasion the whole stage and benches were removed, was an entertainment worthy of a monarch. None were admitted but people of distinction and character, except foreigners; and in that case a ticket was

procured, on application to the master of the ceremonies, at free cost.

The whole company appeared in dominos, unmasked, with *chapeaux bras* and swords. About ten o'clock, the King and Court came in, with dominos also; and the King opened the ball with the Princess his sister-in-law, and continued to dance for five or ten minutes, when country-dances began. At the other end of the room, some more of the company began to dance minuets; so that there would be several couples dancing at the same time to the same music, and two sets of country-dancers, one where the King was, and the other composed of those who chose to dance. The basset bank was opened, and the table spread with cards and ducats. The profit of the table was the perquisite of a nobleman in low circumstances, as a kind of sinecure, and who made a good living from it. On one side of the room there was a large table spread with a cold collation, and the King's wine, which was served there as a refreshment.

But from the description which the Prince gave of the performances at the theatres, they must have been very low. Such was the state of poetry amongst them, and the barrenness of invention, that their exhibitions chiefly consisted in translations from some of the *petites pièces* of the French, seemingly as characteristically performed as translated. The language could not have been brought to any degree of perfection, or standard for translation, or for conveying that delicacy of sentiment which bespeaks true comedy; nor for those bold and daring flights of fancy and imagination which rise to the action and language of tragedy.

The ingenious Mr. Percival Stockdale has, I think, incontestably proved, in a work entitled "An Enquiry into the Nature and Genuine Laws of Poetry," that the English language, from its infinite variety, unequalled strength, the expansion, exuberance, and ardour with which it fills the imagination, is superior to that of all others in the world for poetry. "The

French," he says, "has not gradation and tenderness enough to express the pathetic, nor boldness and energy to reach the sublime." He adds that the High-Dutch is hieroglyphic of the unwieldiness of the Germanic body: and that it is certain physical causes which operate powerfully on the human mind, of whatever substance that principle is formed. "I believe," he says, "that no education will enable a native of the equator or of Greenland to distinguish himself by his mental faculties." Voltaire says, that "the German, and all languages derived from it, are only fit to be addressed to a horse."

I asked the Prince for an account of one of the best plays which the theatre afforded, in their own language. He informed me, that a new play, entitled "The Death of Balder," was one which had the greatest run, and was generally allowed to be a performance of the first rate. He described Balder as the son of Odin, tutelar god of Norway, and invulnerable, till

the Fates should make him otherwise by the commission of some crime unworthy of his divinity. Balder falls in love with the wife of another man—a thing very customary in Denmark—and attempts her honour notwithstanding her acknowledged virtue. She acquaints her husband with it, who consults the Destinies to make Balder mortal, in order to satisfy his revenge in killing him. From the description of the piece, I found the scene of the husband meeting the Fates to be wholly and aptly taken from Macbeth meeting the three witches. Balder at length is mortal, and killed by the husband. At that instant the sun rises eclipsed. He described the sun as an immense round machine, on which was painted a face with gilt beams, drawn up by blocks. The machinery must have been dreadful; for he described Odin as being swung up across the stage in another machine, called the moon in increase, bewailing the death of his son. By his account I could only conceive two hammocks on board a ship,

slung transversely, and put upon a full swing at the time. I laughed heartily at the Danish theatricals.

Monsieur De Bievre, the famous French punster, came to Triesdorf in his way to Italy. I had never known him before: he was very agreeable; but he died at Triesdorf of the small-pox, the infection of which he had brought from London with him. I remember one of his puns whilst with us.—The Margrave and some others were conversing about the Court of France, when a remark was made,—if France became disturbed, what would Louis XVI. do? they had heard that the only good talent which he had was that of being a fine locksmith: "*Ah!*" said De Bievre, "*mais il ne trouvera pas le clef de cette énigme là.*"

We had written a play called, I think, *Le Séducteur;* he wished much to see my actors. I shall never forget the terrors of the Countess d'Aldfeldt, and a few more, at the idea of per-

forming before him. I was obliged to use all my energy to scold them out of it.

Blanchard came over to us, and elevated a balloon; De Bievre galloped after it, and we all accompanied him, for the Margrave was determined to be present at the descent. Such a dangerous ride I never took before or since—we followed the wind. The Margrave ordered a beautiful medal to be struck of pure gold, weighing about thirty guineas, with *basso relievos* well executed; and this gave me an opportunity of being of some use, as the Maréchal de la Cour was extremely perplexed, for he had no doubt but that the Margravine would present the medal to Blanchard: "And you know," he said, "*Miladi*, that I dare not even ask that he should come into the drawing-room; and if I tell the Margrave this, he may feel displeased." I wished that all parties should be gratified; I therefore went to the Margravine, and told her that I had a favour to ask—that I wanted to have a very long conversation with the

aëronaut about the means of directing the balloon; and that, as the Margrave had cast a medal which he wished him to receive, if she would not present it, I begged that I might be permitted. I saw she looked rather indignant when I came to *if*: "But," she said, "arrange it, my dear, with the Margrave, in your own way—just as you please."

I then attacked the Margrave, saying, "You know, Sir, I have no time to speak to any one long: the Margravine has granted me the pleasure of presenting the medal to Blanchard; so let me talk to him in the second drawing-room, as I have much to say to him, having thought about flying in the air very often:"—and I added all the nonsense about the bliss of balloon-conveyances I could muster.

Blanchard was appointed about one o'clock, and we conversed for nearly two hours after I had given him the medal. About a year and a half after this time, I received a letter from him to thank me for some hints I had sug-

gested to him concerning the direction of the balloon. I am certain I do not recollect what observations I made; but it must have arisen from my asking him a thousand foolish questions. Ignorance, indeed, from its constant inquiry, has frequently produced something new to those who have lost their combinations by being too abstract on the subject.

The Comte de Goertz, an old minister of the Great Frederic, who was named, by his successor the late King of Prussia, *Ministre accrédité aux Cercles de Franconie*, frequently came to Triesdorf. On his first visit, the nobility told me he was a man of such haughty manners, that he never deigned to speak to any one but the Margrave and Margravine; and they added to *pauvre Miladi*, " He will sit next you at dinner, and will not utter a word." I resolved to make the attempt of rousing him to conversation. When he had finished his soup, I said to him, " *Il n'y a personne que j'envie autant que vous, Monsieur le*

Comte!"—"*Moi! Miladi, moi! Et vous m'enviez?*"—"*Oui, Monsieur,*" I replied, "you have not only been honoured with the confidence of the greatest man of the age, as his Minister, but have enjoyed his society in private. Your memory must retrace that in such a manner, as to make us humbler mortals appear unworthy of your condescension. I do really envy you." I cannot forget his smile: he ceased to eat to talk incessantly to me, and repeated many anecdotes of his illustrious master,—while the Margrave and Margravine, and all the Court, were looking at us with astonishment, and afterwards inquired what talisman I had used to make him so conversable? I told them, if the remembrance of the great Frederic's conversation had sealed up his lips, the only way of opening them was that which I took—to speak of the admirable qualities of his former master: and the old man was so delighted, that he sent William Spencer to me; and when I went from Ratisbon to Vienna,

down the Danube, two years after my marriage with the Margrave, he betrayed the greatest solicitude for my safety, by hiring the boat for me and recommending me to the care of the people.

I have often endeavoured to account for the absurdities and contradictions which are to be found in the Germans, but in vain. Most of them are born with excellent ears for music, but with no taste for the fine arts. They appear to be always above or below human nature.

I remember, when I was obliged to have a Spanish male dress made for me, the Court tailor brought the clothes for me to try: the waistcoat was at least four inches too long for me; my breeches were not long enough; and when I pointed out to him repeatedly that it would be impossible for me to wear them, he said, "*Ça, il fait rien!*"—"*Comment?*" said I with great emphasis: he replied, "*Si la culotte est trop courte, la veste est trop longue, et cela*

revient à la même chose;" and as I knew nothing could drive it out of his head, I sent him away, gave my suit of clothes to another performer, and had quite a new one made for me.

At another time, a nobleman of the Court, looking at some copies that were hanging in my room, of the Cardinal Virtues, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds for the University of Oxford, asked me what they were; to which I answered, "*Les Vertus Cardinales, copiées en petit d'après ceux en grand, que le Chevalier Reynolds avait fait.*" After looking at them some time, he said, "*Sont-ce des Cardinaux de Rome ou des Evêques Anglais, car ils sont de très belles figures?*"

M. de Brenkenhoff, who had been attached to Frederic, was one day speaking of the Pomeranian dominions, which formed part of that King's empire. In a report which he made to his master with regard to the state of the nobility there, he found that in one village,

called Czarnidarmo, which did not contain more than one hundred and forty or fifty acres of cultivated land, the community was formed by twelve noble families, consisting of fifty-nine persons; and that the cow-keeper and the crier were the only persons in the village who were not noble, but that their wives, however, were born nobles. What an idea of nobility!

Old Prince Kaunitz had many peculiarities, which only set off to greater advantage his amiable qualities. He was one day found by a foreign minister in the body of a carriage, placed in one of his own rooms: he was lining the inside of it, because the coachmakers, he insisted, did not know how to do it properly. I can easily imagine this, as I have frequently myself snatched a spade or rake from an awkward gardener, whose want of taste could not execute what my ideas of beauty had imagined.

At his own table he was particularly partial to venison; and such attention was always

paid to him, that no one presumed to be helped twice from the dish which was placed before him. A young English officer, who was unacquainted with this etiquette, one day sent up his plate for a second slice of venison, which was placed before the Prince, who, looking at me, hesitated whether he should help him. Upon such occasions I generally look down; but on this I fixed my eyes on his, and said, "*Excusez, un soldat Anglais aime le cerf, et n'en trouve pas souvent.*" He then smiled, and helped him with much politeness. His niece, Madame de Clary, and all the company, who were very attentive to what was passing, were delighted with me.

This officer, whose name was Mulcaster, was a brave rough soldier, and an honest spirited man, and had defended Fort Elizabeth when the French were near taking Jersey and Guernsey. On being once sent for to criminate an innocent wife, from whom his friend wished to be divorced *sans rime ni raison*, and who de-

pended on him to speak in court what was necessary to effect it, Mulcaster gave evidence, on the contrary, that cleared the injured wife's reputation, and that covered the husband's conduct with confusion, and obtained for himself the greatest credit. I should, therefore, have been sorry if poor Mulcaster had not had his venison, and should have been much displeased with Kaunitz. As Mulcaster did not understand French, my phrase had the complete good-natured effect.

I was excessively amused one day after my marriage with the Margrave, when, travelling in a private carriage of my own, without my coat-of-arms, and unattended, I stopped at an inn, and was shown into the only apartment which was unoccupied. Having ordered my dinner, just as I was sitting down I perceived a well-dressed lady standing in the yard, observing a dragoon who was cleaning one of the troop-horses. Having inquired who it was, I was told that she was the Major's wife of the

regiment, and that she was waiting till some apartment should be ready for her reception, as there was not one vacant. I immediately told the landlord to say, that, if she would do me the favour, a lady was just sitting down to dinner and would be happy in the pleasure of her company: with this she immediately complied, and we passed a very pleasant *tête-à-tête*. When our repast was finished, and I found it time to depart, I inquired for the reckoning, which being brought, the lady offered to pay her share, imagining that it was a *table d'hôte*, though very small. I prevented her from doing this: she with much politeness then inquired to whom she was indebted for this civility. I then informed her that I was the Margravine of Anspach. Her modest confusion may be easily conjectured: she apologized for the familiarity she had assumed, and begged my pardon a thousand times. I took her cordially by the hand, and, with every good wish to her, departed.

Voltaire remarks, that in petty States there are more discords and disturbances than in great monarchies. I do not think his remark holds good. He observes, that in the former, the sovereigns, when they wish to dispose of any enemies, have easier means of getting rid of them by poison or assassination. Under the government of so good a man as the Margrave, such measures were never to be apprehended: he was too easy in forgiving injuries. Poison was certainly resorted to in former times, even to destroy the monarch; and every prince in Europe had an officer, whose province it was to secure his master against such destruction. A lady was appointed to that office by Queen Elizabeth, and the form was to give to each of the servants a mouthful to eat of the dish that he brought in. Poison must have been frequent in those days, to make such a regulation necessary. To vouch still more clearly the low ebb of morality in those days, it seldom happened that a man of figure died suddenly,

but poison was suspected. Men conscious of their own evil dispositions are prone to suspect others. The Dauphin, son to Francis I. of France, a youth of about eighteen, having overheated himself at play, took a great draught of iced water, and died of a pleurisy in five days. The death was sudden, but none more natural: the suspicion, however, of poison was universal, and Montecuculi, who attended the young Prince, was formally condemned to death, and executed for it; for no better reason than that he had at all times access to the Prince.

Murder and assassination are not only destructive in themselves, but, if possible, still more destructive in their consequences. The practice of shedding blood unjustly, and often wantonly, blunts conscience, and paves the way to every crime. This observation is verified in the antient Greeks: their cruel and sanguinary character rendered them regardless of the strict rules of justice. Right was held to depend on power, among men as wild as

beasts; it appeared to be the will of the Gods, that superior force should be a lawful title to dominion; for what right can the weak have to what they cannot defend? Were this maxim to obtain, a weak man would have no right to liberty nor to life.

Sforza, Duke of Milan, was assassinated in the cathedral church of Milan, after the assassins had put up their prayers for courage to perpetrate the deed. It is a still stronger proof how low morality was in those days, that the Pope himself, Sixtus IV., attempted to assassinate the two brothers Lorenzo and Julian de' Medici; choosing the elevation of the Host as a proper time, when the people were busy in their devotions. Nay, more; that very Pope, with unparalleled impudence, excommunicated the Florentines for doing justice upon the intended assassins. The most sacred oaths were in vain employed as a security against that horrid crime: it was very customary for a Sovereign to entice to his Court his enemy, by

a solemn assurance that he would do him no harm, and then to murder him during the gaiety of a banquet. But these instances were nothing compared to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, where many thousands were butchered with treachery and inhumanity. I recollect reading of one of the principal performers in this sanguinary drama, who, being asked by his confessor to make atonement for his sins, and particularly for those committed on that occasion, declared that his services to God on that day, for the number of deaths he had caused, were a sufficient atonement for every other crime.

An opinion was formerly universal, that the innocent may be justly involved in the same punishment with the guilty: this is of itself irrefragable evidence that morality once had very little influence, when opposed by revenge. There is no moral principle more evident, than that punishment can only be inflicted with justice upon the guilty; and yet, in Greece, the involving of the innocent with the guilty in

the same punishment was authorised even by positive law. By an Athenian law, a man committing sacrilege, or betraying his country, was banished with all his children: and when a tyrant was put to death, his children suffered the same fate. The punishment of treason in Macedon extended to the criminal's relations: it was the same at Carthage. Even Cicero, the greatest philosopher of his age, in the most enlightened period of the Roman republic, and a great moralist also, approves the practice. In England, in early times, every one knows that murder was retaliated not only against the criminal, but against his whole clan—a practice so common as to be distinguished by a peculiar name, that of deadly feud.

In an enlightened age, the clearness of moral principles exempts the imagination from confounding the innocent with the guilty. There remain traces of a contrary mode, however, as late as the time of Henry IV. of France, where the sentence pronounced against Ravilliac for assassinating that monarch ordains

"that his house be rased to the ground, and that no other building be ever erected upon that spot." Was not this, in imagination, punishing a house for the crime of the proprietor?

The laws of the Margraviate were administered with a justice and impartiality which inspired confidence and esteem for the Sovereign. His law officers and magistrates were just and strict: mercy was ever ready in the hands of that benign man, who always extended it where it was deserved. In some countries, law, following religion, has exalted ceremonies above the substantial part. In England, form has been so much adhered to, as to make the most trivial defect of words fatal, however certain the meaning may be. The misspelling of a letter has been adjudged to be fatal to an indictment.

I remember a story of a King of Spain, who, being carried off his horse by a hunted stag, was saved by a person at hand, who cut his belt. The judges thought proper to obtain

him a pardon, though he had been condemned to a capital punishment, as one who had lifted his sword against his Sovereign.

In great States there is great corruption, and ministers, in a despotic Government, who are subject to no control but that of their master, commonly prefer their own interest, without regard to his honour. Solyman, Emperor of the Turks, though accomplished beyond his predecessors, could not escape the artifices of his wife and of his Vizier. They poisoned his ears with calumnies against his son Mustapha, his heir, and a young prince of great hopes. They were not in hazard of detection; because no person had access to the Emperor but by their means; and the concluding scene was, an order from the Emperor to put his son to death. If a great monarch thus lie open to the artifices of his ministers in his own palace, his authority, we may be certain, will be very slight over the governors of his distant provinces. The corruption of a Court spreads through

every member of the State, and individuals grasp at money *per fas aut nefas*, to lavish it upon pleasure.

The desire of accumulating property, in its nature, is a blessing, but degenerates into a curse when it transgresses the bounds of moderation. Before money was introduced, the desire seldom was immoderate, because plain necessaries were its only objects. But money is a species of property of such extensive use, as greatly to inflame the appetite. Money prompts men to be industrious; and the beautiful productions of industry and art, rousing the imagination, excite a violent desire for fine houses, ornamented grounds, and every thing gay and splendid. Habitual wants multiply, luxury and sensuality gain ground, the appetite for property becomes headstrong, and must be gratified at the expense even of justice and honour.

Wealth, whether acquired by commerce or conquest, produces these ill effects. As these

increase, social affections decline, and at last vanish. This is visible in every opulent city that has long flourished in extensive commerce. Selfishness becomes the ruling passion; friendship is no more; and even the ties of relationship are little regarded. Every one studies his own interest: and thus, in the progress of manners, men end as they began. Selfishness is no less eminent in the last and most polished state of society, than in the first and most savage state.

Hesiod says, that God has placed labour as a guard to virtue. Integrity, therefore, ought to be found amongst the industrious. I approve every regulation that tends to prevent idleness. The prevention of poverty and idleness would do more good than all the executions or transportations in the world. By what unhappy prejudice have people been led to think, that the Author of our nature, so beneficent to man in every other respect, has abandoned the indigent to famine or death, or the unfortunate to destruction? We need but inspect the

human heart, to be convinced that persons in distress are his peculiar care. Not only has he made it our duty to afford the relief, but has added the passion of pity to enforce the performance of that duty. No man esteems it a duty to relieve wretches reduced to poverty by idleness and profligacy; they move not our pity, nor do they even expect any good from us.

I am sure that there is more distress in London among the poor than any where else in Europe, and more drunkenness, both in males and females. What can be expected from the offspring of such parents? they are early instructed in vice and robbery, and it is well known that children are sent out in the morning by their parents, either to beg or steal; and if they return home without success, they are severely punished for it. From this cause, a thief, or a pickpocket, is highly accomplished at fifteen. Thousands and thousands of instances could be given of their perfection in this kind of education. Thieves are well

known, and their resorts, at all the public-offices; and it is a very common thing for a Police-officer to walk into the room where thieves assemble, and in a quiet way to tell the person who has committed some particular crime, that his person is wanted, and he will walk quietly away with him to appear before the magistrate without the smallest hesitation.

I have heard an amateur of prize-fighting say, "that being present at a scene of this kind near London, he had taken out his watch, which was extremely valuable, to keep time during the contest; when a sudden rush was made upon him, and in an instant his watch and seals were gone. He made application to the director of these combats, who caused an investigation to take place amongst those concerned in the art of picking pockets; and in a few days the gentleman's watch was returned to him, upon his putting into the hands of the person who brought it to him five guineas, as a compensation for the trouble that had been taken;

and he was told that they would take care such a circumstance should not occur again to a person who was so much the patron of pugilism.

A nobleman whom I knew, was riding on horseback down Oxford Street, and whilst speaking to a friend whom he met, he had his watch taken from his pocket: he made a similar application, and recovered his property. The robbery had been committed with such adroitness that he did not perceive at the moment that he had lost it. He was requested to go to a certain spot, where he would meet a person described, and was told, that if he put five guineas into that man's hands without asking any questions, his watch would be given up to him. This he did, much, I suppose, to his astonishment.

I knew another gentleman, who had met with a similar robbery, and who was also an amateur of the art. The person to whom he applied for the recovery of his property, upon hearing of the circumstance, frankly told him, that "It

could not be one of us, for we certainly should never have thought of robbing you to whom we are so much indebted; but," added he, "I will inquire, and in a few days you shall hear from me again." Upon their next meeting, the watch was not only restored into his hands without remuneration, but even accompanied with an apology, that it had been done by a young hand to whom the gentleman was not known.

I have always observed, that young people, when early corrupted, have become cruel and inhuman; their imaginations, fixed on one object alone, refuse admittance to any other; they are strangers to pity, and devoid of feeling; they would sacrifice father and mother to their smallest gratifications. On the contrary, a young man brought up in happy simplicity, is drawn by nature towards the tender and affectionate passions in the first moments; his heart is moved by the sorrows of others; he is filled with joy at the sight of his companions; he is alive to the shame of displeasing, and to the

regret of having given offence. If his youthful ardour renders him lively, impetuous, or angry, the moment after, his heart, filled with goodness, shows his readiness to repent of his fault, and he would on any terms purchase pardon from those whom he has wounded. His pride humiliates him, from the tenderness of his sentiments. He quickly feels offended with himself, and even, in the height of his indignation, a word or an excuse disarms him. Youth is not the age of hatred or of vengeance; it is that of commiseration, of clemency, of generosity. And I will venture to maintain, that a youth properly brought up, and who has preserved his innocence to twenty, is at that age the most generous, the most amiable, and the best of men. Experience will prove the truth of my maxim.

What characteristic traits do all nations present to our different views? Here are Germans, a people whose corruption in the States, in general, among the great, has seldom affected the moderate class, and where the indifference

of the former for their country does not prevent the latter from having their regard;—a people with whom the spirit of alternate revolt and fidelity has never deviated since the days of which Tacitus speaks. The cold phlegm of the Germans, which is proverbial, and that total absence of feeling, which is generally attributed to them, sometimes assume another character: as an instance of devoted gratitude for a good and kind action, I cannot refrain from mentioning the following anecdote.

The Marquis de Langey was entrusted with a commission to the Princes of the Empire; the beneficent disposition of De Langey, during this journey, extricated him from a danger to which his life had been exposed, and under which he must have fallen, had he not been especially preserved for other negotiations, more suitable to his rank, and more consistent with his glory. The Emperor had been informed, by his secret emissaries in France, of the journey proposed to be undertaken; and his desire of being revenged on the Marquis for the part he had

previously taken against his interests, determined him to resolve on his death. His spies had had the address to have his portrait taken without his being aware of it, and had sent copies of it to be distributed on the various frontiers of Germany, with orders to seize upon him at any risk. The Rhine particularly was guarded in the most cautious manner, through persons who were strictly enjoined to gain possession of the Marquis, who could be recognized from the portraits which were given of him. Having arrived at Andernac without any obstacle, he there resolved to pass the Rhine. Providence, which had conducted him, had so disposed things, that the first person by whom he was recognized in that city was a gentleman of Germany, whom he had obliged on a previous conjuncture.

This gentleman had carried arms in France, and after an engagement in which he had lost his baggage and money, was unfortunately reduced to extreme distress. On this occa-

sion he had addressed himself to De Langey, and though totally unknown to him had requested his assistance, in a tone of modesty which proved his misery. De Langey, touched with pity, and remarking in his countenance that candour and openness which always accompany truth, drew from his pocket six pieces of gold, which he presented with a gratification which rendered his donation the more estimable. The gentleman received his kindness with every demonstration of gratitude, and an anxious expression that he might not die without having an opportunity of proving his sincerity; little imagining that an occasion would soon present itself.

He had received from the Emperor the principal commission of observing the progress of the Marquis towards the Rhine, and all the other guards placed there for that purpose were subordinate to his command. He had accepted it without being conscious that the person to whom it related was his benefactor, because De

Langey, in obliging him with so much grace, had positively refused to acquaint him with his name. He had a faint idea at the time of his receiving the portrait, that it had some resemblance to his benefactor; but whether it was not sufficiently exact, or that the copy was imperfect, he had never given himself time or trouble sufficient to afford it the consideration it deserved; and it was only at the first instant that he perceived De Langey in the street, that he recollected his person, and that he had received strict orders to take him either dead or alive.

His innate generosity did not for a moment permit him to deliberate on the step he was to take; his only fear arose from those who had similar orders with himself, and this fear prevented him from immediately embracing the Marquis. He therefore attempted to address him in French, requesting that he would accompany him into a neighbouring house. De Langey, who did not recollect the gentleman,

and who mistrusted every one, doubted at first whether he ought to shew that complaisance for an unknown person; but his good fortune inspired him a moment after to listen to what had been proposed to him. He followed the gentleman into the house, and permitted him to close the door of the apartment. Finding that he was not known, he immediately discovered himself, and informed the Marquis that he wished to prove to him that he had not conferred an obligation upon an ungrateful man. He then displayed before him the design which was formed against his life, and showed him the order; he endeavoured to make him comprehend the impossibility of following the route he had proposed, without being either taken or killed, and concluded by urging him most strenuously to return to France, offering at the same time to facilitate his retreat by every safe and secret means in his power.

De Langey, after having thanked his friend, replied to him, that he considered his life due

to his country; that the King his master had given him orders as to the line of conduct he was to pursue; and that, in accepting this employment, he had foreseen that death was inevitable, unless averted by some miraculous interposition of Providence, and that nothing but death or imprisonment should impede his progress.

The gentleman, overwhelmed with an intrepidity so heroic, and finding all attempts to dissuade him from his purpose were in vain, showed that the example of virtue which De Langey exhibited was too noble not to be imitated, even at the expense of his life; and that he was resolved to participate in the glory which De Langey was determined to acquire, by facilitating his journey. He then pointed out to him that, wherever he might proceed, he could not avoid a discovery, unless he adopted the precautions which he would give him. He recommended him to send back the only servant who accompanied him, and to receive

from his hands a confidential valet, who should meet him at night, and should continue to attend him during the darkness, when they should pursue their undertaking, and he should lead him to repose the day following in a country-house, where he might rest in safety. The same valet was to accompany him in this manner every night, and procure him similar accommodations, till he had arrived at his point of destination. De Langey, knowing by the expedient which his friend proposed, his sincere desire of serving him, suffered himself to be guided by his advice and assistance, and experienced the gratification of perfect success, in the ultimate completion of his commission and his safe return to France.

Such an event renders it unnecessary to dwell upon the subject of gratitude or generosity. It composes its eulogy; it produces the example, and imposes the duty. Here is an epitome of every virtue, greatness of soul, firmness of mind, prudent confidence, wise precaution, ardent zeal for our country, inviolable fidelity for our

King. One of the ancient philosophers being asked what decayed soonest in man, replied, *A benefit received.*

In some men there is a certain kind of constitution, which with some energies will make a fortune. It is a certain promptitude of decision, which dictates that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points: with such men to act and to resolve are one and the same. They seize that moment for execution which others lose in deliberation. Charles XII. of Sweden had this character, which made him appear at the same time rash as well as bold. Cromwell had much of this decision. Bonaparte had more of it than any other character ancient or modern; and, if Louis XVI. had possessed it, he might have saved his throne and his life. Lord Thurlow possessed it in his walk of life; he had more talent and decision than any lawyer who presided on the woolsack. His nerves were strong, and his head clear.

Great men are like comets, they move in an

eccentric orbit, and are created to effect certain purposes, which are not distinguished by little minds. Thus they are frequently not understood; misrepresented by knaves, and misunderstood by fools. They are censured for the good which they do, and accused for ills in which they have no share. Great men often obtain their objects by means beyond the ideas of a common understanding, and even in direct opposition to the methods which the mass of mankind would pursue.

Great talents are always eager for investigating truth. This is not to be found in humility: it lies concealed in solitude, and delights to dwell in silence; and, in order to possess it, a man must exile himself from the midst of men. Yet, throughout the long space of years, a few rare genuises may be discovered, who, amidst the arduous toils of government, have been occupied in seeking after it, and have met the reward of having found it.

Such in Rome was that Consul, as virtuous as

he was eloquent; such was in England the Chancellor Bacon, who advanced before his age in knowledge, and taught to future ages the route which they were to take; such in France was the Chancelier de l'Hôpital, the benefactor of his nation by his works, and the honour of his age by his intelligence; such also was Daguesseau. By what fatality was it that these four illustrious men experienced such reverses and disgrace? Was it that nature had bestowed on them their talents at this high price; or to console the vulgar, that she had placed this great distance between them?

It is remarkable that these four great men were born to be unhappy. Cicero was exiled by his enemies, for having saved his country. Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England under James I., and perhaps the greatest of philosophers, was accused of having suffered himself to be corrupted by bribes; and condemned in a very heavy fine, and to lose his dignity

both as Chancellor and as a Peer. At this time his memory is revered. The Chancelier de l'Hôpital, who had been incessantly engaged in repairing the ruins of the state, shaken by civil wars, became suspected by Catherine of Medicis, and was obliged to retire from Court. M. Daguesseau was twice exiled. — These examples may serve to console the unfortunate.

It is a mistake that a desire of power is the mark of a great mind, when even the weakest have been charmed by its captivations. It was a curious remark made by Lord Thurlow to a body of the dissenters, who waited upon him by appointment, to request his vote for the repeal of the Test Act.—After he had heard their sentiments in a long harangue, with more than his ordinary patience, when the speech was concluded, he thus addressed them:— "Gentlemen, you have requested me to vote for the repeal of the Test Act. I shall not vote for it. I do not care whether your

religion or mine has the ascendancy, or whether any religion, or none: but as I know, when you were uppermost, you kept us down; so now that we are uppermost, we will, by the help of God, keep you where you are."

CHAPTER VIII.

I accompany the Margrave into Italy, after a residence of some time at the Court of Anspach.—Court of Naples.—Ferdinand.—Sir William and Lady Hamilton.—Our Amusements.—Anecdotes.—Arts and Sciences.

DURING my residence at Anspach for five years, the Margrave took two journeys into Italy. In the winter following my arrival at Anspach, the Margrave wished me to go to Naples with him, in order to pass a few months there: I of course acceded to his proposition, and we set off, with my youngest son, Keppel. We were received at Court with the greatest delight, for the Margrave had always been held in the highest estimation by the King of Naples. The Queen also, who at that time

was ill, showed me a great partiality, as I was allowed to attend upon her; and, by my attentions, I truly gained her heart.

Ferdinand IV. was in his person tall and muscular, active in his undertakings, capable of undergoing immense fatigue, and, to all appearance, formed for a long life. His nose was immoderately long, like that of his father, Charles III. King of Spain, and of his brother, who succeeded, Charles IV. His features were coarse and harsh; yet the general expression of his countenance was rather intelligent, and perhaps even agreeable, although, separately taken, every feature was ugly. His conversation, his deportment, his manners, were, from an unpolished simplicity, rude in their nature, though rather pleasing; as they removed from the mind what is always to be expected from a sovereign,—that habit of disguise, artifice, and concealment, which accompany the possessor of a throne. If he did not converse much with strangers, yet he always

appeared to say what he thought; and, although destitute of art or elegance, he did not betray a want of understanding or of information. He reminded me of a rustic elevated by accident to the crown; but then it was an honest well-intentioned countryman, not entirely unworthy of such an honour. There are pictures of their Majesties at Kensington Palace, in the apartments of the Duke of Sussex.

The Queen of Naples, who was sister to the Emperor Joseph, appeared much better calculated to represent the majesty of a throne, and to do the honours of a Court, where she had first imbibed the rudiments of her education. It was natural to her. Though her face was neither beautiful, nor her person lovely, yet was she not altogether deficient in either point: her figure might be esteemed too large, but it wanted neither dignity, grace, nor attractions.

Her Majesty soon took such a fancy to me, that she made me pass most of my evenings with her *tête-à-tête;* while, in the mornings, I

frequently accompanied the King in his hunting or shooting parties, of which he was extremely fond. My adroitness in killing game, my skill in riding on horseback, and the indifference I showed about my person in rain, in wind, or whatever might be the fatigue, endeared me much to the King. Sir William Hamilton, who, early in life, had experienced the kindness of my relations to him, returned that kindness in my person, by saying such handsome things of me at Court that I became a universal favourite.

The Margrave, I think, was never so happy as during our stay at Naples: as he excelled in all manly exercises, he was not a little gratified to display me as one accustomed to these sports. The King had never seen a side-saddle, and was much amused with it, and extremely jocose on seeing that method of riding.

From Sir William Hamilton I learned that the King's education had been entirely neglected, purposely, by his father; for Charles,

alarmed at the imbecility of his eldest son, the Duke of Calabria, who on that account had been set aside in the succession, ordered particularly, on his departure for Spain in 1759, that this son, who was the third, should not be allowed to apply to severe studies, or attend to any thing which required intense application.

Before the present King had attained his seventeenth year, a wife was provided for him from the Court of Madrid. The Archduchess Josepha, one of the daughters of the Empress Maria Theresa, was selected for him. As she was agreeable in her person, and amiable in her disposition, the young Ferdinand expected her arrival with the greatest anxiety and impatience. But unfortunately the fatal intelligence soon reached him from Vienna that she had fallen a sacrifice to that scourge of mankind, and which disorder had been so destructive to many branches of the Royal Families of Europe—the confluent smallpox. He manifested as much sorrow as could be expected from one who had never beheld

the object of his hopes: but he was sadly disappointed at being prevented from enjoying his usual exercises out of doors, as it was necessary to observe the decorum of mourning on such an event.

As the policy of the Court of Austria directed it to an union with the Court of Naples, the Archduchess Caroline was substituted in the place of her sister, and was soon afterwards conducted from Vienna to Naples. She was then only sixteen years of age, and had many charms, although not regularly handsome. They were married in the year 1768.

The Queen herself, so great was the King's partiality for hunting, was often obliged to attend him in his expeditions. The immense quantity of game preserved in the royal parks and woods at Caserta, Caccia Bella, and Astruni, exceeds all credibility: wild boars, and stags, and deer of every kind, were slaughtered without mercy. The King never missed a shot, and would cut up the animals after they

were killed with all the skill of a butcher. The Queen was often obliged to witness these scenes.

His Majesty's skill on the water was equal to that on land: he harpooned, or caught fish, and was regardless of cold, hunger, fatigue, or danger. He was generally attended by a number of the inhabitants of the Lipari Islands, who have always been particularly skilful as fishermen.

Placed at the extremity of Italy, and enjoying a delicious climate, upon shores to which the Romans retired when conquerors of the world, to partake of luxuries not to be attained in any other quarter, and which still are covered with the remains of Roman magnificence or Grecian splendour,—where all the productions of the Levant, blended with those of the Mediterranean, are to be found,—Ferdinand had such means of happiness as rarely fall to the lot of mortals. His popularity was great; perhaps his indifference to public business removed him from the odium consequent on such engagements; while the Queen, who

possessed an active mind and considerable talents, as well as love of power and ambition, assumed a share in administration: not that Ferdinand was indifferent to the welfare of his subjects, or regardless of the prosperity and security of his dominions, but his minister indulged his natural propensities, and was glad of every opportunity of keeping him remote from public affairs.

Sir William and Lady Hamilton constituted for a time the great pleasure of the Court. Sir William had been brought up from early life under his late Majesty George III., to whom after his accession to the throne he became equerry. He had entered in his youth into the army, and was present at the battle of Fontenoy, and another engagement. His superior understanding and philosophic turn of mind made him a most interesting man. In every branch of science and polite literature he excelled, while the versatility of his character constituted the most extraordinary composition.

After having explored the wonders of Vesuvius, he would dedicate his leisure to the sports of the field with the King; and when he had attained the age of seventy, he preserved an undiminished ardour. In his person he was tall and thin, of a dark complexion, with an aquiline nose. He was the son of Lady Archibald Hamilton, who enjoyed a distinguished place under Frederic, late Prince of Wales.

Though a finished courtier, he had none of that servility of manners, or that species of adulation, which is generally to be met with, but he preserved an independence which seemed to qualify him particularly for the diplomatic profession. No foreign minister ever enjoyed in so peculiar a degree the confidence and affection of the King of Naples, which he proved by every instance of personal regard, and which even extended to the British nation.

Our time passed in every enjoyment which the luxury of an Italian Court could afford, and in every species of amusement for which

the country is celebrated: we had the best musicians and the best dancers.

The theatre of St. Charles is one of the largest and the most magnificent in Europe. If we imagine one of those amphitheatres which the Romans erected to contain a whole nation, some idea may be formed of the grandeur of this: it consists of one hundred and seventy-two boxes, of six ranges in height, without including that of the King, which forms a superb and magnificent hall. These boxes will contain about two thousand persons; and the space for the pit is equally capacious. Each box is illuminated with a brilliant lustre; and on the grand gala days seven or eight hundred flambeaux add to the splendour, forming at once, to the eye of the spectator, a scene hardly to be paralleled.

The music of Nicolai Piccini, my favourite composer, enchanted us, while the dancers were the best that could be selected. It is impossible to give an idea of the splendour of

the masked balls given by the King, when the whole house is united to the stage. A vast hall appears, as it were, upon entering it, filled with lights, and containing from four to five thousand masks—all well dressed.

The King and Queen appear at all these balls in habits of masquerade. To give a description would fill an entire volume: it seemed as if all the world were masked, and the four quarters of the globe doing honour to the amusements. Characters of every nation appeared to be there assembled, with monsters, satyrs, slaves, and sorcerers. I have been credibly informed, that, during the carnivals at Naples, above forty thousand masked habits have been either hired or sold; and if a calculation were made of all the expenses attending these festivities, the amount would be found most enormous.

We were surrounded at these scenes by all the beauty of Naples, the ladies sitting in their boxes unmasked. I was greatly amused one

evening in seeing the ballet of Henry IV., when that great sovereign made his appearance in the midst of a troop of figurants, leaping and capering like a buffoon. I was surprised to see this King, who was an honour to his Government when alive, diverting the pit of a theatre in Italy after his death. I only waited to see the Duke de Sully, his Minister, that grave and serious character, dance a *pas de deux* with Henry—he who never made a *faux pas* during his life in his administration; but in vain—the *maître de ballet* had forgotten him, and by this means he escaped the royal pantomime.

In the midst of the applause at this dance I heard a young Italian thus eulogize the monarch: "*Per Dio, Arrigo era un gran principe!—Quanto felici esser dovevano i Francesi, quando avevano per loro Re un così bravo ballerino!*"

It may be from want of taste, but I was never a very great admirer of Italian music,

although Piccini, Jomelli, and Sacchini must undoubtedly be exceptions. The sweet simplicity of the former can never be too highly estimated; Piccini's style is comic music, and he excites more laughter than weeping. Sacchini is soft, tender, and harmonious. It is to be lamented that so great a professor should have lived in such an age, where he was obliged to accommodate himself to the corruption of the times. Paesiello copies much: he regards music as a country abandoned to pillage; all that comes within his grasp is a good capture. In writing, if we attend to the imagination of others, we never have an imagination of our own. Jomelli had a genius made expressly for music, and he brought it to perfection. He was forced to follow the torrent of his notes. He might be placed in the rank of legislators of music, if in his time there had been any capability of legislation. He composed on every principle, but those principles wanted reform.

True music does not consist in declamation,

of which the Italians are so fond: the more it approaches nature, the more of sensibility it affords. A proof that the *naïve* expression is the only true one, is, that since music has been composed, the other modes have been continually changing, while the simple never varies. The full song, or the Gregorian, a melody which affects the soul without disturbing it, is a model of perfection. I am always angry with our Henry VIII., when I reflect, that he deprived us of this harmony when he separated us from the Church of Rome.

Dancing I have always considered as a most delightful and healthy amusement. But it has been remarked to me by the *Père Elisée*, that dancers seldom attain long life—I mean the ballet-dancers at the Operas. By exhausting nature in the early period of their youth, they prevent her from ripening her force.

The extravagant ideas of the ballet-masters are beyond description. Will it be believed that at Naples it was proposed to give a ballet, the

subject of which was the annals of Tacitus,—an heroic ballet, where all the Roman Empire was to dance. We there should have seen the foundation of Rome, the conquest of Africa, the affair of Cannæ, and the destruction of Carthage, executed in *caprioles*. Hannibal and Scipio might dance a *pas de deux*. This sublime spectacle might terminate by the death of Julius Cæsar, who should fall under the hands of Brutus in a cadence, and expire on the stage to the sound of violins; and Cicero, by redoubled *entrechats*, might address the Senate with all his eloquence.

If he had succeeded, he proposed to give, the next season, the Triumvirate in a *pas de trois*,—a surprising pantomimic spectacle, which would decide the fate of the universe in gambades; and Marc Antony would dance a minuet with Cleopatra.

Noverre was the first who endeavoured to give a new idea to the art of dancing. Till his time they were accustomed to dance with

the feet; he proposed they should dance with the head, and to prepare the eye with the revolution which he premeditated, he published a book containing principles for sentiments at the sound of the violin. This book is full of spirit; it only wants good sense. In reading it, the author is to be considered as a man asleep in the middle of a scene, who has a fine dream on dancing, but who, when he awakes, discovers nothing but bad figurants to develope his plans.

An old Sicilian nobleman, who had formerly figured away much with the figurantes, remarked to me that the female dancers had never any genius. He gave me a physical reason for it; "It is," said he pleasantly, "that their minds fall into their limbs, and their greatest understanding remains in their feet." But there is this contradiction to his assertion, that where the question is concerning their interest, they are eagles whose genius soars to rise to a rapid fortune. Mademoiselle Coupé, the figurante, retired from the Opera with all

the honours of the dance. The *entrechat* procured her 25,000 livres per annum. Mademoiselle Vestris, in following the Graces, attained a brilliant fortune. L'Allart ruined only one prince: to be sure, it was not her fault that she did not proceed further in the art, for he was the only one in France to ruin; her companions had already exhausted all the others. Mademoiselle Guiman held a Court, besides *spectacles:* she was possessed of surprising moderation; she spent for the Prince de S— only 100,000 livres for her table, and 50,000 for her *menus plaisirs.*

A French lady one day asked an Italian female friend of mine, why she permitted the addresses of one of her *soupirants*, who resembled a cat, and what she could do with such an animal: she replied, that she retained him *per non guastarmi la vita.* She had the ingenuity to preserve something which was good for nothing.

At Naples, where the Government supplies

nothing for the ease of its subjects, and where none are rich, because relative luxury conducts every one to poverty; where public misery is concealed under national pomp; where indigence inhabits the palaces of the great as well as the cottages of the poor,—every one hurries after spectacles, diversion, and games; and here is implanted a general taste for all public amusements.

If a million of money were distributed at Naples, this sum would only serve to render the inhabitants more unquiet, less economical, and less retired: they would then have new interests to defend; they would be infinitely more poor than before this acquisition. Opulence does not consist in the riches, but in the manners of a nation.

I was much pleased one evening, at a concert, with the *naïveté* of a lady who was singing an air of Jomelli without the notes, and which was very difficult. She began tolerably well; but as she proceeded, the difficulties in-

creased, and her memory failed: she stopped short suddenly, and cried out, "*Questo ultimo passo è troppo bello, mi sospende i sensi, mi rapisce l' anima; non lo posso eseguire.*"

Many of the female singers at Naples, I am confident, neither knew how to read or write. I was one day at the house of one of these performers by profession: after many entreaties that she would favour us with an air, from which she excused herself on the plea of having had a violent cold for a month past, and a swelled throat, which prevented her from singing, she complied with our request. In taking the music-book to place it on the pianoforte, she turned it, as if by mistake, upside down, so that on opening the first leaf, at the bottom of the page the words "*fine dell' Aria*" were written with the letters reversed. As I perceived the mistake, I took the book and placed it right. The lady was piqued, and, not wishing to appear ignorant, took the book rather abruptly, and placed it again as it was before.

" *Sappia*," said she, " *Signora, che questa è un' aria Ebrea, cavata dalla Sinagoga dei Giudei, che comincia per il fine.*" I immediately apologised, and avowed my want of knowledge, as I had no idea that Moses was acquainted with Italian music, or that the Rabbis sang *ariettes.*

After this air of Moses, I went one day to visit another of these singers who enjoyed great reputation. She had scarcely received me, when her master made his appearance, who informed me that the lady had learned music for more than six years, and had never, till she came under his instructions, been able to accomplish any thing excellent. She replied that she had learnt music for ten years; but he insisted that it was all time thrown away: " For," said he, " I teach my pupils to sing without seeing either the music or the words,—a method very different to that of other professors, who are altogether ignorant and *ignorantissimi.* For it is a mistake," said he, " to suppose it is necessary

that either one or the other is required; for in the theatres, who ever sees either the notes or the music? If, therefore, they are not necessary in the theatre, why should they be so in a private room?"—"Well, Signor," said the female singer, "*Vado à cantare un' arietta,*"—when she immediately took one by chance without regard to the words; for, according to her method, she did not want them. "*Quest' aria è quella del misero Pargoletto—il tuo destin non sai.*" As I was placed behind her, and could read the words of the air, I could see that the air which she had placed before her was, "*Son in mar, non veggo sponde, mi confonde il mio periglio,*"—words which suited her powers. I, however, took care not to discover the mistake; for as the Virtuosa the other day had sung a Hebrew air, which began at the end, I said to myself, "This may be a Chinese air, of which the words, "*Son in mar, non veggo sponde, mi confonde il mio periglio,*" may perhaps mean, "*Misero Pargoletto, il tuo destin*

non sai:" for in China every letter is a figure which represents the sign of the thing which they wish to express; and as I did not understand Chinese, I suspended my doubts. Had Lord Macartney been there, he might have resolved them.

The French, naturally gay, yawn and gape at an opera at Naples; and the Italians do not fail to sleep profoundly at that of Paris. I remember a Venetian, who was present at the representation of a spectacle called *Les Fêtes Vénetiennes*, asked a Frenchman who was in the same box with him, a moment before the conclusion of the opera, "*Signore, quando si canta?*"—"*Eh, mon Dieu!*" replied the Frenchman in anger, "do you not hear the singing? —they have been at it these four hours."—"I beg your pardon," said the Venetian; "if I have asked that question, it is because, in my country, *non è cantare questo, ma si chiama salmeggiare.*"

A little singer, who was going from Naples

to Rome, in order to form an engagement at the theatre there, was by accident shown into the same room at an inn upon the road where three strangers, of different nations, happened to be at dinner. They insisted on the lady's partaking of the repast, and became so agreeable to her, that at length she was prevailed upon to repose herself for a few days there, as she discovered that the journey was too fatiguing and the roads bad. As she was very lively and *enjouée*, they very naturally all fell in love with her. Many delightful things passed among them, and each finally proposed to pay his addresses. As the lady was determined to accept one only, she thought herself at liberty to make choice of him whose offers were most advantageous, particularly as it is a rule to do so at all the theatres.

She therefore insisted that each of them should put down his proposals in writing; and the next day she found on her toilette three letters to the following effect.

The first was from an English lord, who candidly confessed that, struck with her charms, he anxiously desired to have an heir, and that he would, with her permission, make choice of her for that purpose; and, as he was very rich and without heirs, he should leave them and herself all his property.

The second was a Spaniard, who told her, that of all the stars which shone in the firmament, she was the most brilliant; that her eyes were two suns which gave light to the world, and that her countenance was more fair than the moon at night. That since he had seen her, his heart had been consumed by flames: he had not the audacity to demand at once her favours, but hoped progressively to obtain them after a period of ten years: at the end of that age he hoped he might be happy enough to possess her. In expectation of that felicity, after which he sighed, he in the mean time begged her acceptance of a thousand doubloons.

The third admirer was a Frenchman: from him she learned that he had only one Louis-d'or to carry him, his horse, his dog, and valet, to Rome. "However," said he in his epistle, "I offer you this, and shall be content, in the mean time, to die with hunger on the way, provided I could make a good repast with you this evening after supper." He then concludes without reserve, recommending her to dispose of him whose purse was empty, but whose heart was filled with the desire of possessing her.

It is not difficult to guess to which of her three lovers she gave the preference: the doubloons of the Spaniard had their effect.

Naples has been much happier in painters than in architects: it is become a colony to the school of Bologna, by the works with which Lanfranco, Domenichini, and Guido, have honoured it. It has produced artists who might, in many respects, stand forth as competitors for every grace and talent, if their national taste

for the brilliant and *stravagante* did not make them quit the circle wherein the Carraccis had circumscribed their lot.

Artists and the Dilettanti have much reason to regret the loss which Naples has sustained in regard to paintings. Every one knows how numerous and well-chosen were the collections made by the Farnese family,—a house which, for half of the finest age of Italy, reigned as sovereigns, and enlightened the world by the arts and sciences. The princes of this house, equally jealous of these riches as of their power, had decorated their palaces at Parma and Placentia with the finest productions of the most celebrated schools. The last of these princes dying without heirs, the succession to his dominions devolved upon Don Carlos and Don Philip, by right of the Queen of Spain, their mother Elizabeth Farnese, the last of the name.

This fine collection, soon after this event, was packed up with much precipitancy, and sent

to Naples, where the palaces of the King, already overloaded with paintings, could not receive these additional riches. A magnificent palace was then erected for them at Capo de Monti, a delightful hill which commands part of Naples, its port, and two bays. This palace was destined to receive the Parmesian collection; and until they could be conveniently deposited, the cases of books and pictures were thrown into the first cellars that were finished. The palace, when nearly completed, was found to want water, and no power of hydraulics could furnish a resource to supply it. As nothing was attended to but the palace, the pictures were suffered to remain in the cellars till they were greatly damaged.

The Neapolitan taste does not shine in any respect so much as in the construction of pyramids, or obelisks, erected in the squares adjacent to the principal churches. It is computed that there are three hundred churches in Naples, inclusive of the private chapels, and those

of other congregations; whereas in Rome the number does not exceed thirty.

The city of Pæstum, which was built by the ancient Dorians, was discovered in 1755, by a pupil of a Neapolitan painter, who was visiting his friends at Cappaccio. In one of his excursions he reached the hills that surrounded the antient territory: the only habitation he perceived was a thatched farm, belonging to a farmer, who cultivated the best lands, and kept the others in reserve for the pasturage of his cattle. The ruins of this ancient city composed part of these reserved lands. From the hill where he made this discovery, he also perceived these ruins; which having approached, he saw with astonishment the ramparts and gates still partly subsisting; streets, whose lines might be traced; public edifices and temples, whose solidity time had not been able destructively to penetrate. All these edifices, raised doubtless by the Dorians, who were the founders of Pæstum, testified the greatest anti-

quity, by the resemblance of their respective proportions and constructions to the remains of the antient Egyptian architecture which still subsist in Upper Egypt.

Upon his return to Cappaccio, he consulted the tradition of the neighbourhood with regard to these monuments; and he learned that this spot had never been inhabited or cultivated within the memory of man; that the farmer whose habitation he had discovered had been prevailed upon to settle there, about ten or twelve years before; that, having dug in the ruins that surrounded the habitation, he found great treasures, which enabled him to pay a quit-rent for this desolated land.

When the pupil returned to Naples, he eagerly imparted to his master what he had discovered, and the enthusiasm with which he spoke excited the painter's curiosity, who repaired to the spot and was completely satisfied. At length, Pæstum emerged from that obscurity to which it had so long been condemned:

the curious repaired thither in multitudes, and its ruins were depicted in the most interesting shape. The Count de Gazola had the plans and elevations taken before his face, and he engaged the best artists in Naples to engrave them at his own house: he afterwards conducted the King to the ruins, where he had the rendezvous of a great hunting-party.

The tomb of Virgil is a lanthorn, about twenty feet high, supported by arches that were formerly ornamented with columns. This edifice is on the eastern side of Pausilippo, whence is a view of the two Bays of Naples, the port, the castle, and part of the city longitudinally, being opposite to Mount Vesuvius. It was doubtless raised to a greater height than its basement would have required had it been erected upon the surface of the earth, that it might be seen from these various places. It commands the entrance of the famous Grotto of Pausilippo; and by means of excavations that are daily carried on in this

part of the mountain, it commands it so far, that it is but two feet distant from the brink, a precipice thirty fathoms deep; and these excavations, if continued, must inevitably destroy it.

The external surface of the cupola, by which it is terminated, presents a great prodigy, which has much inspired the Neapolitan poets: this is a laurel, with which the edifice is exactly crowned, and which always flourishes though every traveller takes a sprig. Thus Virgil's laurel is always flourishing, and always in vigour. Addison is doubtful whether this was really the tomb of the great poet; and this has been the opinion of other learned men. Some have thought that his tomb is in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius. I am inclined to think, from what I can collect, that his bones were conveyed to Naples, by order of Augustus.

Naples itself offers but few antiquities. The position of the Paleopolis and Neapolis, between which, according to Livy, the Consul Publius

posted himself in his campaign against Hannibal, is even unknown.

The palace which the King inhabits, erected by the Spanish Viceroy, upon the plan of the Chevalier Fontuna, a celebrated Roman architect, is not to be ranked in the general class of the Neapolitan buildings: it deserves a distinguished place amongst the edifices of Rome.

Italy, where Grecian literature was transferred by the exertions of Boccaccio and of the Florentine Republic, was a country most adapted to revive all the beauties of the fine arts. Nature itself appears to have been pleased to endow these magnificent countries with gifts of a similar kind. She has multiplied in each picturesque situations; she has raised majestic rocks, sunk delicious valleys, and adorned them with refreshing cascades. She has ornamented them as for a festival, and has produced the richest vegetation under skies of the most benignant kind. Whilst she has been bountiful to each by the prodigies of her powers, she

has also bestowed on their inhabitants similar qualities; if we could recognize the primitive character of a people previous to the changes which they have experienced in government,—qualities common to both Greece and Italy, whose germ is still concealed, but ready to produce a lively and brilliant imagination, a sensibility rapidly excited, and as easily extinguished,—an innate taste for the fine arts, with organs proper to appreciate and display whatever is finest of its kind. In their rural festivals they show a taste which drew forth the genius of Phidias, of Michael Angelo, and of Raphael. They adorn their hats with odoriferous flowers; their cloaks are made in a picturesque manner, after the fashion of the ancient statues. Their language is figurative and full of fire; their traits express all their passions, and they are susceptible of the most ardent love, and of the most vindictive rage. No festival appears complete to them, if the moral faculties of man are not engaged in them,—

if their churches are not ornamented with taste, and if harmonious music does not elevate their souls to heaven. Their other diversions partake of the same character. When they have pinched from their little pittance, it is not to squander it away on rude and unpolished pleasures; but they carry it as a tribute to the theatres, to the *improvisatori*, to history-tellers, who rouse their imaginations and who excite their feelings. Italy is the only country where the labourer and the shepherd, the wood-cutter and the vine-dresser, fill the halls of spectacles with their wives and their families. They are the only people who can comprehend tragedies which represent the heroes of antiquity and the fables of poetry,—to the remembrances of which they are not strangers.

However the glory of the modern Greeks may be diminished by the oppression under which they have laboured, and from which, it is to be hoped, they will shortly be emancipated, their history derives its greatest lustre

from those illustrious heroes whom it has produced. It is impossible to contemplate the Greek nation, and not to recollect that their ancestors have frequently risen above the powers of human nature. After they lost their liberty by the overwhelming power of the Romans, the conquerors became conquered, and Greece preserved an empire over their enemies by their philosophy, their love of learning and the arts. They thus, in some measure, revenged themselves of their defeat, and in their turn caused the Romans, with all their pride, to submit to them. They became their disciples, and were taught the language of Homer, of Pindar, of Demosthenes, which had been graced with all the beauties of their poets. The orators, who had already charmed Rome, repaired to Greece to obtain that delicate and refined taste, that sublimity of talents, and those secrets of art, which bestow on genius a new force, and which enchanted while it embellished.

In those schools of philosophy, where the most distinguished Romans divested themselves of their prejudices, they were taught to respect the Greeks: they returned to their country with gratitude and admiration, and taught the victors to lighten their yoke; as they feared to abuse the rights of victory, while, by their benefits, they had distinguished Greece from the other provinces which had submitted to their arms. What a glory for literature, to have been the cause of sparing a country which had cultivated it, from the evils which even its own legislators, its magistrates, and its commanders, could not guarantee!

There was a period in the annals of Italy when the writings of the most celebrated men were filled with panegyrics on the female sex. At no period, perhaps, was there ever known so many princesses of such distinguished merit. The Courts of Naples, of Milan, of Mantua, of Parma, of Florence, formed so many schools of taste, in which reigned an emulation of talents

and of glory. The men were distinguished for arms or for policy—the women for their acquirements and their graces. There were few of these little Courts which did not boast of men of letters of high reputation. In a country which forms only one great State, there are but few talents, because there is only one capital, one Court, and one centre: the distant provinces have neither the same activity nor the same taste. In a country like Italy, divided into a number of little States, and where every city forms a capital, the mind developes itself and is extended. That must surely be one of the causes of the superiority of Italy,—that which made their misfortunes in policy, created their glory for talents. All those men of genius, who piqued themselves on their talents, dared to venture to entertain a lively passion for great princesses,—witness Boccaccio at the Court of Naples, and Tasso at the Court of Ferrara; but others, who possessed imagination in the place of love, sub-

stituted gallantry of wit for the passions, and, adopting Platonic ideas, which at that time prevailed, composed for those princesses, in a metaphysical style, respectful hymns under the name of eulogies. These kind of writings were only the objects of vain curiosity—they resembled the ruins of Gothic palaces. They had all the same subject, and contained the same praises: all the women were prodigies of beauty and of virtue. This taste pervaded Europe: the French had most of *naïveté*—the Italians more research — the Spaniards more imagination. The lively character of the former people led them to compose in a martial strain, as they were more accustomed to fight than to think; the *finesse* of the Italians furnished them with research, as their minds were more exercised, by their intercourse with strangers, by the mixture of their manners, by the assemblage of their political interests; while the pomp and imagination of the Spaniard led him to a pride of antiquity, to a genius fired by the heat of

their climate, and particularly by their union with the Moors and Arabians, which effected a powerful influence on their manners and on their language, by their manner of describing objects and their different views in seeing them.

The number of paintings that have been discovered in the ruins of those cities which have been swallowed up by the fury of Mount Vesuvius, amount to more than a thousand; and I may add to these many hundreds. The largest of those from Herculaneum are a representation of Theseus, the vanquisher of the Minotaur; the birth of Telephus, Chiron, and Achilles. It is much to be regretted that these paintings are not the productions of some greater masters, as they are not sufficiently expressive of the characters they represent. But the most beautiful of the kind are those of female dancers, the Bacchuses and the Centaurs. A great number of these were discovered in the year 1761.

It is a satisfaction to the curious to know

that these designs were executed chiefly by Grecian artists; as they were usually engaged by the Romans, in early times, in works of this kind. On some of these paintings the name of the Grecian artist is inscribed. They were probably executed by freed-men, whom the Romans still maintained in their service.

With regard to the execution of these paintings, they were done first only in a simple colour, and the figures were traced in the same manner: this colour was generally red, vermillion, or brown; and sometimes, instead of red, they made use of white.

The most numerous monuments of these kind of paintings are the vases of earth, the greater part of which are done in a single colour.

It may be advanced as a general maxim, that the manner of painting adopted by the ancients was more lively and expressive than that of the moderns, because all oil-colours lose their freshness and brilliancy. The first outlines were

always preserved, even after they had finished their figures with the natural colours. They traced with their pencil the *contours* of the objects they meant to represent. This may be observed from a large portion of wall found at Pompeii, where the outlines are still preserved. Thus the ancients differed from the moderns in their modes of drawing the outlines in fresco, the latter making use of a pointed tool for that purpose. In the greater part of antique paintings executed upon walls, the light and shade are placed by parallel touches, and frequently by strokes of the pencil crossed. The most beautiful paintings of Herculaneum are executed upon a black ground, and are particularly distinguished by the exquisite liveliness of their design.

It is to be remarked that the greater part of these paintings are not executed upon moist lime, but upon a dry ground, which is very visible by some figures, which are raised off in scales. On the paintings of Chiron and Achilles,

the Doric ornaments were executed before the figures. Our artists proceed as the nature of the work requires: they first compose their figures, and then proceed to the other parts; but in the paintings in question the case is reversed.

I have executed many busts myself; and among others, one of the Margrave, which is generally allowed to be extremely like him.

The Etruscans, after the Egyptians, appear to have been the most ancient people who have cultivated the arts, and they carried them to a considerable degree of perfection before the Greeks took them into consideration. The disposition of this people seems to have been more gloomy than that of the Greeks, if we may judge from their religion and customs: this disposition might be proper for meditation; but it causes too strong sensations, and the senses are not affected by those soft emotions which raise the mind to a taste for the sublime. They were fond of divination, and that gave them an idea of terror and superstition.

With regard to the form of the Etruscan figures, and the symbolical attributes of their gods, it is easy to distinguish a resemblance with those of the Greeks. The formation of their gods was done in a way peculiar to themselves; they were very extravagant, but the Greeks also had fantastical forms. The imaginations of the poets were exalted above common bounds, creating extraordinary images, either to attract admiration or to excite the passions; and these images made a greater impression upon uncivilized people, than the most beautiful and finished paintings. The Etruscans have always represented their supreme gods with dignity, in giving them analogous attributes. Wings are the attributes given in general to all their deities. The Minerva of Etruria has not only wings on her head, but on her feet. Chariots are also represented with wings.

Besides their vases, they executed figures

and statues of bas relief, engraved stones and carved bronzes. Two known statues of this kind were in the Barberini Palace. They exercised their skill also in making goblets, which were used in sacrifices for water and wine. Some of their engraved stones are very fine.

The tombs which were cut out of a soft stone, about twelve miles from Civita Vecchia, contained urns formed of the same materials. In some of these sepulchral caves the ceilings are made after the manner of the ancient pavements, composed of small squares arranged like the scales of a fish. These ceilings are supported by square pilasters shaped in the stone. Some of the pilasters are ornamented with large figures. Some of these tombs contain many interesting subjects. The greater part of the friezes represent battles, or attacks upon the lives of individuals. Some of them represent the doctrine of the Etruscans with regard to the soul after death. On some of these friezes are seen genii, black and winged,

with a serpent in one hand and a hammer in the other, and drawing a chariot upon which is placed the soul or the figure of the deceased. Sometimes other genii are seen, who strike with long hammers a naked figure, thrown from the chariot and stretched at length upon the ground. Some urns represent Kings with crowns; and women clothed, their heads covered with a large hat. The painted ceilings represent women dancing, disposed in an awkward attitude after the Egyptian style.

Many paintings that have been discovered are not well preserved, either because they have been formerly neglected, or because they have been changed by the air: it is found from experience, that the external air, when admitted into the subterraneous vaults, which have been inaccessible during the space of several ages, not only destroys the colours, but also the covering of wall or plaster prepared for their reception.

It is undoubtedly owing to these accidents

that the different paintings, the coloured designs of which are preserved in the library of the Vatican, in the cabinet of Cardinal Albani, and in other places, have been so greatly injured. The originals from which the designs of the Vatican are taken are found in great numbers in the baths of Titus.

It appears from history, that originally there were two distinct Grecian colonies in Etruria; the first, six hundred years before Christ, called Pelasgi, who came from Arcadia and Attica. The second colony arrived about three hundred years after the time of Homer, and about as many before that of Herodotus. They subsequently penetrated into every part of the interior of Italy. This part of Italy, where they first settled, was called Magna Græcia. They aferwards formed an alliance with the Phœnicians.

Winkelmann is of opinion, that the Etruscan works are evident proofs that these new colonies introduced into Etruria their method of

writing in Greek characters; and that, not content with having civilized the Etruscans, who were still barbarous, they taught them their mythology and history, and inspired them with a love of the arts by causing them to flourish in that country. It is evident that the generality of these works present the same mythology as that of ancient Greece, and the same events.

If the Etruscans had been acquainted with the art of writing, we should see the historical facts of their own country represented on their monuments, instead of those of Greece. It is probably from their ignorance of writing, that they were unacquainted with the exploits of their ancestors and the revolutions of their country. We may judge of the character of this people by the bloody combats at funerals and public shews,—customs first practised by the Etruscans, and then introduced by the Romans. The sepulchral urns of the Etruscans represent these combats in honour of the dead,—objects

which were held in honour by the polished Grecians.

Neither was this the case with the funeral urns of the Romans, executed without doubt by the Greek artists: in general they offer a more agreeable picture. A great part of these representations are fables, with allusions to human life or pleasing images of death;—as Endymion asleep, or Hylas taken away by the Naiades. Sometimes we see dances of the Bacchantes, and festivals of marriage. It seems, in general, that the ancients were desirous of diminishing the horror of the destruction of their bodies by gay ideas of human life. At Roman funerals it was customary to dance before the body of the deceased. There are monuments, also, which represent the most common events of life.

A short time after the foundation of the Roman Republic, the Etruscans sustained bloody wars with the Romans; and these were so dreadful, that a short time after the death of

Alexander the Great, the whole nation was subjugated by the Romans, and after the death of their last king, was changed into a Roman province; and the Etruscan language itself, after being gradually transformed into the Latin tongue, was at length entirely lost.

About five hundred years after the foundation of Rome, two thousand statues were transported from one city alone, and there is every reason to suppose that other cities were plundered in the same manner. After these facts, it is easy to conceive that Rome, enriched by an incredible number of Grecian statues, and filled with a multitude of Etruscan works, should every day furnish antique monuments without being exhausted.

We intended to have protracted our residence at Naples till the month of April or May; but an unexpected circumstance occurred, which caused us to change our determination.

One day, whilst I was dressing for dinner, a

servant of the Margrave's came to me, and told me that the Margrave desired to speak with me. I went into his room, and found him much disturbed: he ordered the servants to leave the apartment; when, taking me by the hand and kissing it, he said, "You have conducted yourself like a sister indeed; but I have one request to make to you (he held a letter in his hand, and that hand shook with anger): I must go to Berlin *incog.*—will you go with me? it is the only sacrifice of your time I will ever require of you."

The Margrave told the King of Naples exactly what he intended to do, with his reasons for his conduct. He informed me that an infamous plot had been formed at Anspach, to create mischief and discontent. As he had never been to Berlin to his cousin since his accession to the throne, he chose to go without the knowledge of his Ministers; nor did he ever communicate to me the contents of that letter. I requested him to be calm, lest

his Chamberlains and other people might observe his agitation, and told him that I was ready to give him any proof of my esteem and gratitude in my power; that we would talk about it in the evening, when the Court and my child were at rest.

The Margrave was born ardent—perhaps violent—but his moral virtues checked every evil propensity, and no man ever deserved so much credit as he did in conquering his passions; and I may truly say, that except in me and in two other subjects of his, he never met with any treatment but ingratitude for all his princely and virtuous deeds.

At this time the death of the Emperor Joseph was expected every moment: his brother Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, was to succeed him. The Margrave resolved to impart in confidence to the Grand Duke the subject of this letter, and what were his intentions with regard to the King of Prussia.

" This circumstance took place at a time when

the Grand Duke was enjoying the Carnival at Paris, and was just three days before its conclusion. We were there; and to my great mortification, our pleasures were to end. The Margrave wrote a note to the Grand Duke, who in half an hour came, on foot and unattended, wrapped up in a cloak, with a lanthorn in his hand.

After a quarter of an hour's *tête-à-tête* had passed between the two Sovereigns, I received a message to inform me that I must join them. I was received by the Grand Duke with that cordiality which I have always experienced from the Austrian family; when the Margrave said, "We both wish you to hear our conversation:" and turning to Leopold, observed to me, "We can never have a better witness to our opinions than yourself, upon matters that concern the peace and welfare of mankind."

I observed, during this conversation, that there was some particular reason which made the Margrave conceal the contents of this letter

which he had received, from me, and I guessed that I was mentioned or hinted at in it.

The Grand Duke left us after making us promise to come to his ball and supper. The Margrave had ordered all his suite at Naples to proceed to Roveredo, a town on the frontiers of the Tyrol, intending to meet them at that place; but when the carriages arrived at Florence, my sensible child, whom I had left with Mr. Pavini, the Grand Duke's secretary, told the company that he only was to go with them to Anspach, and that the Margrave and myself had taken another road into Franconia. It was with difficulty that I could persuade the Margrave to confide in Keppel's extreme youth, being then only between ten and eleven years old, and he objected to his knowing the place whither we were going; but I knew his disposition, and was certain that he would have been in despair if I had not informed him of the place of our destination. I represented to him the amusement he would have

in hearing the various conjectures of his fellow-travellers; and told him that the secrecy he would observe, would be an eternal honour to him, and a proof to me that my opinion of his discretion was just, and that he merited my confidence.—He observed his word, and from that moment has never deviated. This little digression I think due to the feelings of a mother towards a child who has uniformly conducted himself in the most honourable manner.

Leopold was a prince of deep reflection, sound judgment, and enlarged capacity; his management of his Italian Sovereignty, which was prudent and beneficent, showed that he aspired to a truer reputation than can be acquired by the mere splendour of royalty. He had a very numerous family, yet notwithstanding was celebrated for his gallantries, which had such an effect upon his constitution, that he survived as Emperor of Germany, to which dignity he succeeded in this spring, only

two years. He was suspected of being poisoned; and after his death, his body was opened by his physician, M. Agusius, who did not scruple to declare that he entertained no doubt of this circumstance. During the last year of his life, his faculties became much impaired; his memory was weakened, and he could hardly recollect any thing from one day to another. His determination not to engage in the war with France was the cause given for his destruction; and it was reported at Prague, that the party which dreaded the effects of his defensive system, as most injurious to their tenure of power, removed him in this manner; while the others accused the emigrants of having caused his death, as the only means left them of regaining their estates by forcing an immediate rupture between the Austrian and French Governments. He died at Prague, on the 1st of March, 1792, to which city he had repaired for the purpose of being crowned King of Bohemia. The poison was said to

have been administered to him in sweetmeats which were presented to him by a lady at a masquerade. Every endeavour was used to conceal the circumstance, but in vain; it was even pretended that he had destroyed himself by drugs or incentives which he had prepared in his own laboratory, as he was much addicted to chemical processes and researches.

CHAPTER IX.

We return to Anspach, after paying a visit to the King of Prussia at Berlin.—We reside three months at the Palace.—Illness of Lord Craven at Bath.—Death of the Margravine.—Sir William Hamilton informs me by letter of the death of Lord Craven.—Lady Betty Germaine.

THE Margrave dispatched a courier from the last place we slept at, towards Berlin, to acquaint His Majesty of our intended arrival.

It was the etiquette of the Court of Prussia for all princes in the line of succession to the throne, to repair to Berlin, to pay their respects to the King on the demise of his predecessor. The Margrave had never been to his cousin: the reason for such an omission I could never learn, but he seemed displeased whenever it

was hinted to him. Old General Treskaw, a most respectable military commander, who was *en chef* at Anspach, and a confidant of old Frederic's, by whom he had been strongly recommended to his nephew, requested me to represent to the Margrave, that it was not right that he should remain without performing this duty, as he was the only relation who had not been at Berlin; and he urged me to use my influence with the Margrave: but this I begged leave to decline.

Upon our return to the Margrave's dominions, he deposited me safe in my English garden at Triesdorf,—a residence in which I delighted; and, without sitting down, he went to the stables, ordered a horse to be saddled, and with the Chamberlain galloped off for Anspach, where the *Secrétaire du Cabinet*, Mr. Schmidt, was confined by illness to his bed.

From General Treskaw I received an account of what passed. The Margrave went to the man's bed-side, and, shaking his whip over

his head, he said, "You rascal, give me the key of your bureau!" This was given to him immediately, when the Margrave himself opened all the drawers: he took one letter away; which letter I afterwards saw. He remained till it was time to return to dinner at Triesdorf.

The Margrave had ordered our return to this place so, that we arrived at ten o'clock in the morning. The nobility, Chamberlains, and all the Court, were at Triesdorf; and as soon as they knew of his sudden departure for Anspach, they came to the English garden, and waited in the large circular room till I had embraced my child and changed my dress. On my entrance into the room, I found a circle of men, whose countenances betrayed the terror they felt; and my surprise on this occasion amused me afterwards not a little. Their fears increased when I told them that I was perfectly acquainted with the motives of the dreadful journey I had undergone; and that a letter, which the Margrave had received at Naples,

was the cause of our return; but that I had never seen it, nor was I informed of its contents.

Some of them immediately began to assure me, that they entertained the highest possible respect for me: and one of them acknowledged that he had been persuaded by Mr. C. Schmidt, that my reason for staying at Anspach was for the purpose of placing Englishmen in the Margrave's service of every description; but added, that he had long seen that it was a falsehood invented for the purpose of creating an enmity against me.

I listened with that calm contempt which I always feel at things beneath my comprehension.

When we met at dinner, I found the Margrave perfectly composed; while the Margravine's joy at seeing me gave me infinite satisfaction, and her questions respecting Berlin occupied the time while the Margrave pursued his usual custom of passing two hours where all ranks might see him.

Soon after, Mr. Schmidt, the secretary, was dismissed; when his character was perfectly discovered, with the nature of which I had long been acquainted. I considered him as a tiger-cat, grinning only to scratch. He was clever in business, and laborious, but always amused himself with laughing at the folly of people. He pretended to like rural amusements, because they pleased the Margrave. He talked of books to the librarian—of natural history to Mr. Schæuf—and of heraldry to the nobles.

He soon took a dislike to me, because when, during the two first years I was in that country, he watched every opportunity for an excuse to come to ask me if I had no business—nothing to communicate to him in which he could serve me; he was always at my commands—I told him that I had nothing to engage him in, and that I had no trouble of any sort to give him. As I saw him continually in the open air with the Margrave and his suite, I observed that his amusement was to watch my countenance at

what passed; and his satirical turn of mind made him smile when he saw that I refrained from laughing myself. He enjoyed the confidence of the first Minister and of the Margrave for a long time; and of course all others paid him the greatest respect, whilst he was amusing himself at their expense: and as his sole desire was to please the Margrave, he seemed studiously to admire and encourage talents and industry, that all matters of business might be left to him.

As I detest all tiger-cats, I had never bestowed a thought on the man till the event happened which I have related; and which was followed by the Margrave's telling me one day that, among other things, he was sure Schmidt had poisoned the minds of all his Court against me; for, in a letter from one of his Ministers (whose name I shall not mention) from Bareith, he had been advised to be on his guard against the *Ultramontaine*,—a name it seems they had given me in their correspondence. "The

wretches!" said the Margrave; "you, whose conduct proves that, as a mother or a sister, your whole time is occupied in creating delight here, where dullness and monotony have taken up their abode." Much more, and often, did that amiable Prince say to me, which I trust his residence in England proved that I deserved.

I am thoroughly persuaded that the unjust suspicions of people against me induced the Margrave, among other causes, to resolve to cede his dominions to the King of Prussia; as he imparted to me after his journey to Berlin. This resolution I combated with all the arguments I could adopt.

That summer the Margrave informed me that he had received an invitation from the King of Prussia, to go to Berlin, to pass the Carnival there with the Royal Family; and that I was also desired to accompany him, as the King's adopted sister.

As a proof of my unwillingness at any time to interfere in the arrangements of the Mar-

grave, I may state that, the year before these circumstances took place, Lady Cecilia Johnson's son, who had been some time at the academy at Erlangen, wished to be put on the Margrave's establishment at Anspach; and the Margrave, ever too partial to the English, would have acceded to his request; but as I was sure what construction would be put upon such a thing taking place, I declared boldly to him, that if he placed one Englishman at his Court while I was there, I should be under the necessity of quitting it. When I made this declaration he smiled, and, with his usual kindness, kissed my hand, saying, "You are too disinterested and too good."

That year and the following we passed our time tolerably, although the disappointment the Margrave had met with in his ideas of the establishment at Davendorf, for the purpose he proposed, and the discovery of the plans of his misled courtiers, had given him much uneasiness; and he did not attend as much as usual

to the employment in his English garden, which had hitherto afforded him much amusement.

Before our departure for Berlin, the Margrave had presented the Margravine with a place called Schwanegen,—a country residence twelve miles from Anspach, where his mother had ended her melancholy life. The Margravine had fitted it up anew, and took me over to see the arrangements she had made; and she appeared in better health and spirits than I had ever seen her.

When I took my leave of her, her manner of embracing me had something in it very affecting: it seemed, as it were, a foreboding that we should never meet again: she had certainly a presentiment that this was our last parting. After the uncommon length of time which she kept me after supper, to say the most kind and flattering things to me, such as, "Dance minuets—show them what dancing is," and many other pleasantries, she called me

back from the stairs when the Grand Marshal was handing me down.

It was usual with her, when I took leave of her at night, to make a curtesy to me, and to every body round her, and then retire to her own apartment. But that night she stood as if she were fixed to the ground, and lost in thought; and, instead of turning towards the door which led to her room, as customary, she walked forward through the second drawing-room and through the dining-room. A general bustle prevailed; and, as I had loitered to bid adieu to those in the second room, it was on the fourth step of the staircase I was descending that I was called back, on the top of which I saw the Margravine; and, hurrying up to her, I asked her what it was. "To bid you once more good-bye," she said; and, placing her hands on my shoulders, she kissed my forehead. I bowed my head on her breast for the last time.

There was something so novel in her con-

duct, that the Marshal, who handed me down, and the courtiers who followed, were struck with astonishment, and a dead silence ensued. I then withdrew into my apartment.

Upon my arrival at Berlin, I found myself in the Princess Amelia's palace, where the pages and domestics of the King were in waiting. We reached this place late, for our carriage had broken down and delayed us. I went to bed fatigued, and was dropping asleep, when my door opened, and a female servant with two wax-lights ushered in the Margrave, who coming to the side of my bed, said, "You are to dine with the King at two o'clock to-morrow, and to be presented by him to all the Royal Family as his sister." It was then past one o'clock in the morning: I began to feel a little discomposed, when the Margrave, taking my hand, said, "You must go;" and immediately left me.

A little before two on the following day I made my appearance before His Majesty, with

a violent nervous head-ach, when all the family were drawn up in a formidable line, whilst the King, holding me fast by the hand, named each member of the Royal Family to me. The Margrave was standing by the Queen.

Next day the King came in person to the palace allotted to us, and said to me, "This is yours. You are my adopted sister, as well as the Margrave's."

This palace had been built by the Princess Amelia, the great Frederic's sister, as a residence for herself. It was done on a French plan: the entrance was a large octagon room, on each side of which a door led to an apartment on the right and left, so that the Margrave and I were as if in two distinct and separate houses.

After I had resided here a short time, the Margrave told me that I was to be present at the subject of the conversation, for which purpose he had expressly come to Berlin; and that, to avoid suspicion and curiosity, the con-

ference was to be held in my apartment. Upon the arrival of His Majesty, who came as if to pay a visit to me, the Margrave was ready to receive him, and I was seated near a window that looked into a garden.

Here they conversed on the proposed intention of the Margrave to give up his principalities to Prussia. I never uttered a syllable; and they repeatedly met here in order to discuss this important matter.

One day the King said to the Margrave, "We must be very amusing, for our sister is often obliged to suppress a smile;" and turning to me, "Can you deny this," added he: "now, pray tell me the cause."

I replied frankly, as I hope I have always spoken to Sovereigns, that the idea which floated on my mind was, that they never would come to any arrangement, unless a Minister of Finance was entrusted with the secret, and could arrange matters between them; for the disinterestedness of both Sovereigns was so

great, that each wanted to give up all pecuniary advantages, and when they came to that part of the business, all idea of calculation was lost between them.

The King and the Margrave were so diverted at my answer, that they both laughed; the King most heartily, who said to the Margrave, "She is right; we must have Bernsprunger:" and Bernsprunger was employed; who, as far as I can judge, adjusted things to the mutual satisfaction of all parties.

During our stay at Berlin, which lasted three months, we were continually engaged in the hurry of dress and parties. I lived entirely with the Royal Family. The Duke of Brunswick Oels, uncle to the late Queen Caroline of England, was given to me as my cavalier. The Margrave's near relationship to the King obliged him to attend to the Queen.

The Duke of Brunswick Oels had wit and humour, and soon found he might amuse all his relations by teazing me; nor did there pass a

day in which he did not find some pretence to show off his raillery, at the expense of my negatives; but at the same time with so much politeness, that although he shone, he roused me to answer him, and we thus afforded excellent sport to the Royal party.

He said, that it was in vain for me to attempt to conceal my thoughts by looking down; it was all I could do to prevent a smile. I told him he was perfectly right: to hear two Princes wishing to settle a pecuniary affair, while the generosity of both caused each of them to give up every thing to the other without indemnity, was a circumstance which led me to think that a trio might have been performed some weeks under my window, unless some Minister of Finance had been called in to conclude the arrangement.

Bernsprunger, who was an able man, for some time came often to my apartment, and lingered frequently talking to my boy, but with evident signs of wishing to disclose something

which seemed to labour on his mind. I said to him, "You look as if you had something which you wish to say to me, but are afraid of mentioning: you are not surely afraid of me?"—"I hope not," he answered;—he then said, that he was charged by the King with a commission of so delicate a nature that he was afraid to begin the subject.—I replied, that there was nothing with which the King could charge him that I could not answer to.

He informed me that the King was surprised that his cousin intended to give up every thing, and that he never named me or my child; that, as he would have no possessions or estates but in Franconia, His Majesty wished me to accept a gift of lands for myself, and titles for my child. I told Bernsprunger, that my situation as a mother, and as a wife not parted by law from my husband, made it impossible for me to accept of any thing out of England; and with regard to titles for Keppel, in case of the demise of his two elder brothers

without legitimate male heirs, he became a peer with a large estate: that I refused all the gifts the Margrave had offered me, and that he might be certain that my gratitude and veneration for him always kept me about him; and that, in whatever situation I might be placed, my duty as an adopted sister, and my feelings for his great partiality to me, would make it my study through life to increase his comforts and happiness: that I entreated the King not to think that it was pride, or the fear of future events, that influenced me to refuse his offers; and that my thanks were due to His Majesty as much as if he had given me millions; but that I trusted in Providence for its protection during the rest of my days: and I requested, as the only favour he himself could confer on me, that he would not acquaint the Margrave with what had passed.

A few days after this I received news from England, that Lord Craven, who was at Bath for the benefit of the waters, had suddenly been

seized with a fit. My brother, Lord Berkeley, had been so enraged at my not expressing a wish to live under the same roof with my husband again, that he protested he would never forgive me: but I had informed him that my resolution was fixed, and nothing should make me alter it; and that I retained Keppel about me, in order that one of my children might know what their mother was, and might be able to contradict the falsehoods which were invented against me.

When Lord Berkeley saw the period pass by at which Keppel was to return to England, he went to Lord Craven, who never told him of the letter I had written to him; but when Lord Berkeley advised him to stop the payment of my jointure, to compel me, as he said, to return, Lord Craven replied, "God forbid that I should ever do that: whose fortune might she not have where she bestowed her society?"

Lord Berkeley then tried another manœuvre. When I first left Lord Craven, I sent him word

he might have the diamonds he had given me when he came to his title. This he had refused. I had intended to have left the chief part of them at the banker's; but Lord Craven's agent, a Mr. Hill, told me that if I did so, his Lordship's mistress would soon make him send for them, and, as we were not separated by law, nothing could prevent the banker from giving them up.

I then left the diamonds with Lord Berkeley, who chose to adorn my eldest daughter with them the day she was presented at Court, thinking (foolish man!) that I should return and claim them. He was mistaken, however. This conduct of Lord Berkeley's led me to think that I should expect more persecution from him; I therefore put my son, under a feigned name, at Harrow, and persuaded the Margrave of the propriety of this step.

Mr. Hill was one of the greatest eccentricities I ever saw; his was a character that I have never seen, except in Englishmen. When I

was only nineteen years old, he told Lord Craven one day, who had put him into a passion by not seeming to care for the accounts he had brought him, that that young lady of his (meaning me) would manage his income, if he would give it up to her, which he recommended him to do. "Let her manage it," he said, "and do you take pin-money yourself." This man in every respect showed the highest opinion of me: and yet, like Lord Berkeley, because I would not write to ask to live with Lord Craven again, two years after he had parted with me, he became my most bitter enemy, and certainly altered that part of Lord Craven's will, in which he had provided for me handsomely and properly; as my daughters have since declared to me, that when their father made an alteration in his will, his fits had rendered him quite inadequate to such an act. His will had originally been made when my son Berkeley Craven was born, thirteen years before the period of Lord Craven's illness.

After we had quitted Berlin, we stayed one day at Bareith, which place the Margrave disliked. I had been there before with him to a great review of troops, and where he was for the purpose of being near Stept, a town on the Maine, in order to embark fifteen hundred men for Holland.

Count, afterwards Prince Hardenberg, and General Treskaw, met us at Bareith, and imparted to us the intelligence of the death of the Margravine, which took place at Schwanegen, her country villa, where her brother, the Duke of Saxe Cobourg, who had not seen her before for ten years, was upon a visit to her.

The subject of her interment was a matter of perplexity. The Margrave's mother was a Royal Princess of Prussia, and had been buried with royal honours; the Margravine was not Royal: and it became a question in what manner she was to be buried. The Margrave and Count Hardenberg asked my opinion. This subject puzzled me, and I requested time to

reflect. Count Hardenberg gave me the night for consideration, as the hussar was to set off at nine the next morning. I appointed him, at half-past eight, to come to me, when I informed him, that as the Margrave was a Prince Royal at Berlin, his consort was also Royal, and that thirty years of union with the Margrave gave her a right to every respect that could be paid; and if any fault was found, I begged that it might be attributed to me: that I made it my request that she should be interred with all the honours which were conferred upon the Margrave's mother. The courier was dispatched with the orders, and we remained a week at Bareith. When the body of the Margravine was embalmed, the source of all her complaints was discovered.

We passed three months between Anspach and Triesdorf, surrounded by mourning; and in June the Margrave declared his intention of going to England, whence only he meant to disclose the purpose of his resignation of the

Margraviate to his people. Count Hardenberg, the Margrave's Minister, was entrusted with the arrangement to be made beween the two Sovereigns, and except him and myself no one had an idea of the Margrave's intentions: had it been known in the principalities, the Margrave was so beloved by the soldiers and peasantry that they never would have suffered him to depart.

One circumstance will show the ingenuous and indefatigable spirit of the Germans, who are in general supposed to be slow and indifferent about things which are of no consequence to themselves.

The Count de Goemengen, to the infinite regret of the Margrave, left his service, because the Margrave had dismissed M. Seckendorf, a Minister of Finance; who being of the immediate *noblesse*, it was not thought fit by Goemengen, as he was himself noble, that he should retain his situation, when a man of the rank of the financier was excluded from office. But

the cause of the dismissal of the Minister of Finance was, that when he was sent to England by the Margrave, to receive the money due to his troops which he had sent to America, he had converted a large sum of money to his own use, instead of paying it into the coffers of the State.

The Margrave, as usual, instead of putting the defrauder in prison, or at least of banishing him from his dominions, permitted him to remain at Anspach. The consequence of this lenity was, that the wretch took every opportunity in his power to plan mischief and to torment the Margrave, and to join the party against the *Ultramontaine.*

Upon the death of the Margravine, this M. de Seckendorf wrote to Madame Schwellenburg, the confidential friend of the Queen of England, to inform her that the Margrave intended to marry the Princess Royal of England; but as no such intimation came officially, Madame de Schwellenburg wrote to M. de Seckendorf, to

know why no proposals had arrived. To this he wrote in reply, that a pair of fine eyes at the Court of Anspach would prevent the possibility of the Margrave's marrying as long as their influence continued.

This was all discovered by Mr. William Spencer's being sent to me by the Count de Goertz from Ratisbon, where the former was Minister from the Court of England. He told me, that if the Margrave was to marry, as it was reported he would, I, as the adopted sister of the King of Prussia and the Margrave, must employ my rhetoric to persuade him that a Princess of the House of Brandenburg would be the proper object of his choice. I shall not mention what was the reply of the Margrave to his mediator; and leave it to Mr. William Spencer himself to tell how he was received by the Margrave, when he found him with me, and I had told him of the purport of his errand.

It is impossible to describe the anger of the

Margrave, that any report of his marrying again should be spread abroad. He shut himself up with his Minister; had all his letters intercepted; and the correspondence between Madame Schwellenburg and M. Seckendorf cleared up all the mystery. — Seckendorf thought he could not wound the Margrave's feelings in a more tender point, than in representing me in an odious light to the Queen of England; and from this invention arose all the Queen's conduct towards me.

Lord Craven's death took place six months after the decease of the Margravine. He had gone to Lausanne, accompanied by his four daughters, and the present Lord Craven and his tutor. Upon his Lordship's death, which took place there, a physician, who differed in opinion from the rest concerning the cause of his complaint, requested permission of his son to have the head examined, as he constantly affirmed that the cause existed there. From a blow which he had received on the head in

hunting, from a large branch of a tree, eight years before, a deposit of blood was found upon the brain.

Sir William Hamilton, who was returning from England to Naples at this time, found, I know not by what means, that there was no truth in the reports concerning Lord Craven's ill health; and guessing that all the falsehoods were invented and propagated only to torment me, as his Lordship died just as Sir William was passing through Switzerland, the latter wrote me word of his death.

Lady Betty Germaine, my great aunt, had lent Sir William Hamilton 300*l.* on his first entering the army, which she never would be repaid; and his constant attentions and kindness to me originated in the gratitude and reverence he had for her Ladyship, who died at the advanced age of ninety-seven, two years after my marriage with Mr. Craven.

On the day of my wedding she sent me a hundred guineas newly coined, and a little

note in the purse that contained them, on which she had written—"For my dearest niece, Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, the last time I shall ever write that name."—At the same time a widow of a great uncle of mine (Colonel Colleton) sent me 500*l.* to add to my wedding clothes.

CHAPTER X.

The Margrave and I proceed to England on our journey to Lisbon.—Our arrival there.—We are waited upon by the Ministers.—The Queen of Portugal writes to me.—Character of the Queen.—Don Pedro.—The Prince of Beyra.—The Princesses.—Marchioness of Tavora.—Anecdotes.—Opera House.—Marquis de Pombal.—Count d'Oeyras.—Count d'Ovedos.—Duke de Foins.—My marriage with the Margrave.

As we had formed the intention of going to England on our way to Lisbon, the Baron and Baroness Deskaw accompanied us thither, and Mastefield, the son of the Grand Ecuyer. We were detained at Calais by the French three days, for Louis XVI. had left Paris in his flight, and we were not permitted to stir till he was brought back from Varennes.

As we had determined to go to Lisbon, we

hired a packet for the purpose; and when the Margrave and I were about to sail, the captain came to inform us that some extraordinary event must be pending, for he had received an order not to sail till a messenger should come to give him dispatches with his own hand,—a circumstance, he added, which had never occurred before, as dispatches were always received by the mail.

When the messenger arrived we set sail, and were seven days before we reached Lisbon. Upon our arrival, the captain took a boat and went on shore, and thence proceeded to Mr. Walpole's (the embassador's) house in the country.

Pinto, who had been Minister to England some years, and was then Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Court of Portugal, waited upon me, and brought with him the son of the Marquis of Marialva.

All the foreign Ministers, with the exception of Mr. Walpole, paid their respects to me; and

there appeared to be a solicitude on my account which was very extraordinary.

I subsequently discovered, that when the Margrave informed the English clergyman of his intention, the man was so alarmed that he went to Walpole to inform him of it; and from him he learned that he knew of Lord Craven's death five days before I had intelligence of it, but which, like a base sycophant, he kept from me.

I received a letter from the Queen of Portugal, in which she desired me never to send for my letters to the post-office, as she herself had given orders that they should not be delivered, being once arrived, into any hands but mine. One of her Ministers being alone with me, I requested him to tell me why I was treated with so much kindness; he said he could trust to me, and would tell: he then informed me that the Queen, soon after my arrival, sent for Pinto, and asked him if I was the Lady Craven who married so young, and of whom Mr.

Faulkner, when at Lisbon, had told her such delightful things. Pinto answered to her Majesty, "*Il n'y a qu'une* Lady Craven."—"Then," said the Queen, "I will protect her; for the Queen of England, as a mother, should protect and not persecute her:" and she then told Pinto that Walpole had received orders not to wait upon me; and that it was reported at Lisbon that Lord Craven was in perfect health, but that I artfully would say that I expected news of his death every day, in order to live as I pleased.

Previously to this conversation I had refused balls and large parties, saying that I did expect such news; and, as I was not parted from Lord Craven, I thought it would be highly reprehensible in me to lead a gay and dissipated life, when expecting by every post to hear of the death of my husband.

But envy soon amused itself at my expense, and there were two distinct parties in the great world at Lisbon: all the good and spirited

people, with the party attached to the Queen of Portugal, were for me; while the base and corrupted levelled the shafts of their malice against me.

In the month of October, however, the veracity of Lady Craven obtained a complete triumph; for the weather having been bad, I was prevented from going to the post-office for my letters,—a thing I always did myself: the first time, therefore, when I was able to go again, I found five there apprising me of the death of Lord Craven.

The climate of Lisbon made my hair grow very long and extremely thick; and the salubrity of the air refreshed and invigorated my constitution.

Maria Frances Isabella, Queen of Portugal, was the eldest of the three daughters of Joseph, King of Portugal, who having no male heir, she was married to her uncle, Don Pedro, only brother to the King, by dispensation from the Pope, to prevent the Crown from falling

into another family. She ascended the throne at the death of the late King, on the 24th February, 1777. One of the first acts of her reign was to remove from power the Marquis de Pombal,—an event which appeared to excite great joy throughout the kingdom, from the oppressive and arbitrary measures which he adopted during his administration.

The predominant feature in the mind of the Queen of Portugal was a spirit of superstition, which probably had arisen from the impressions which she had received from the tragical catastrophe of the Duke d'Aveiro and his associates, whose fate she imagined to be unmerited and unjust. To her reflexions upon these horrible executions, which the reproaches of her Confessor had increased, may be attributed the subsequent alienation of her understanding. Their innocence has been since clearly established.

In all the duties and departments of private life, the Queen's conduct was most exemplary.

In her person she was taller and thinner than either of her sisters, and of a pale complexion, which had a peculiar melancholy cast. Her features were strong and prominent.

However unnatural the union of the Queen with her uncle might be, they had been patterns of connubial felicity. Although the measure had been contrary, perhaps, to Nature, it had nevertheless been fruitful, for they had two sons and one daughter. The desire of preventing a dispute in the succession to the Crown dictated this species of incestuous marriage; but though it may be sanctioned from antiquity, it can plead no excuse among the Sovereigns of Europe.

It appears that so far from any compulsion having been used to accomplish this match, the Princess, from her early youth, entertained a strong attachment and partiality for her uncle.

Don Pedro was several years younger than the King, and not, like him, inclined to cor-

pulency. His complexion was sallow; and he is said to have been equally destitute of elegance, grace, or manners: nor was his mind endowed with any of the gifts of Nature. His features had no expression of intellect, his faculties were contracted, and he was not fitted for affairs of State. At Court he had been considered as a mere cypher; neither had he enjoyed any capacity, civil or military. His disposition was friendly, and he was religious. On the death of Joseph he was made King matrimonial, under the name of Pedro III., in a way similar to Darnley on his marriage with Mary Queen of Scotland. He died in the year 1786, having survived his brother about nine years.

The Prince of Beyra, eldest son of the Queen and Don Pedro, was tall and manly, though his face was pale, and his countenance very delicate: his sight was defective, whilst his expression indicated intelligence. His capacity and understanding were universally admitted;

and many instances of his liberality and goodness of disposition are related.

This Prince, unnatural as it may appear, had married in 1777 his own aunt, who was then upwards of thirty years of age, as she was the eventual heir to the throne of Portugal. They lived together many years, but never had any issue. There does not appear to be any excuse for this disgusting match, particularly as the Portuguese women seldom have children unless they are married before they are eight-and-twenty. The extraordinary spectacle of a youth of fifteen marrying his aunt at thirty, was displayed in the family of Braganza. This Prince died in 1788.

Her Majesty had two sisters, Anna Frances Antoinetta and Maria Francisca Benedicta, the latter of whom was married, as I have just mentioned, to her nephew the Prince of Beyra.

All the talents of the female part of the family were said to be concentrated in the second sister. Her person was shorter and

thicker than that of the Queen; her countenance was more agreeable, and her complexion better, with a much greater expression of animation: her mind was superior to bigotry, and she passed much of her time in the pursuits of literature; her understanding was cultivated, and her mind expanded. In addition to these solid endowments, she possessed great skill and taste in music, and a fine voice. Although thus accomplished, she was doomed to remain unmarried.

The third sister was much younger, but low in stature, and much inclined to *embonpoint*. Her face was handsome—her eyes dark and expressive—her features small and delicate—her countenance rather round—and her complexion fair. A marriage had been set on foot for her with the Emperor Joseph II., who had recently become a widower by the death of his first wife. This was, however, through the intrigues of Spain, prevented from being accomplished.

The dreadful earthquake of 1755 had impressed on every part of Lisbon the most awful traces of its ravages. Many edifices still remained in the condition in which that tremendous visitation had left them. The accounts of this earthquake have been recounted, with full particulars, throughout every country of Europe: about 40,000 persons were supposed to have perished at the time. The King, Queen, and Royal Family, were not at that time at the Palace at Lisbon, but at Belem, which is two miles lower down on the same side of the river. The King, who was in the apartments below, leaped out of the window of his chamber on perceiving the first shock; and his daughters, the Princesses, who were not dressed, as it happened early in the morning, were obliged to follow him in their bed-clothes. Nearly an hour intervened between the two shocks. The ancient Moorish city, called the Alfama, which is situated higher up the river, as well as Belem, which is lower down the

Tagus, received, comparatively speaking, but little injury. The principal buildings in each remained nearly undemolished.

The circumstances which laid the foundation of the overthrow of the Queen of Portugal's understanding, were the dreadful attempts upon the late King's life. The Duke d'Aveiro, who was descended from the Royal Family, was a man whose talents were of the ordinary stamp, and whose courage was very equivocal; but his disposition was vindictive, ferocious, and ungovernable. He was capable of any undertaking for the purpose of gratifying his revenge. The King narrowly escaped assassination, as several shots were fired into his carriage, which led the Duke to suppose that His Majesty was killed. Four other armed conspirators were posted near where the carriage was to pass; and, but for the cool intrepidity of the coachman, who turned aside his mules and drove a different way, the King would have fallen into the snare which was laid for him.

The old Marchioness of Tavora was at the bottom of this enterprise, which conducted the principals engaged in it to an ignominious death. The King had, it appears, refused to raise the Marquis of Tavora to the ducal dignity; and this refusal, with a personal dislike to his Majesty, had prompted him and his confederates to the atrocious undertaking.

Had these conspirators, instead of waiting till his Majesty had passed, fired as he advanced, they would inevitably have destroyed him. He was, however, wounded: the ball passed between his side and his arm, and tore the flesh of both, but did no further injury.

The Duke d'Aveiro and the Marquis de Tavora, in order to conceal their guilt, after the circumstance had taken place, repaired daily to the King's apartment to inquire after his health, expressing the greatest abhorrence of the treason. They were admitted into his presence, and the Court remained a long time unsuspicious of the authors of the plot.

The Marquis de Pombal, from some inadvertent expressions of the Duke d'Aveiro, was led to believe that he was an accomplice; and from other circumstances he was induced to imagine that the Marquis de Tavora and his two sons were also implicated. They were all arrested and brought to trial.

The Duke d'Aveiro and the three latter were found guilty and broken on the wheel; while the old Marchioness, in consideration of her sex, was sentenced to be beheaded. She ascended the scaffold with the greatest firmness and magnanimity, worthy an honourable cause.

The meeting of the conspirators had been held in a summer-house of the garden of the Marquis de Tavora's Palace at Lisbon, and was discovered by a female who fell a victim to the Marchioness, whose inhumanity knew no bounds when her vengeance was called forth. This unfortunate young woman had overheard a part of their conversation:

she was a Portuguese of high extraction, but reduced, and lived in the service of the Marchioness; she had been attracted by curiosity, perceiving lights in the summer-house, to approach the place. She was discovered by the Marchioness; and next morning her body was found in one of the streets of Lisbon, scarcely cold, with the blood-stained sheet in which she was covered, and various wounds inflicted by a dagger.

The young Marchioness de Tavora, daughter of the Duke d'Aveiro, and wife of the young Marquis, alone escaped, and was immured in a convent.

This attempt, with another which afterwards took place on the life of the Sovereign, and the many punishments which resulted from them, had this dreadful effect upon the mind of the Queen.

The Portuguese are not so great a nation as they were before the House of Braganza mounted the throne: they appear to have

degenerated in their virtues, though certainly many exceptions are still to be made. Their degeneracy is owing to the weakness of their monarchy, which renders them inactive; and that inactivity has proved the source of their pride. They are a very superstitious people. Probably from their connexion with England they may gain a higher spirit of independence.

The Portuguese ladies are small in stature—their complexion is olive—their eyes generally black and expressive: they are both modest and witty, and are esteemed generous. Magnificent in their dress, but awkward in their manners, they keep their servants at a great distance, and expect a homage which is, perhaps, only due to Royal personages. The furniture of their houses is grand beyond conception, and they maintain an immense number of domestics, as they never discharge any who have served them or their ancestors with fidelity.

The celebrated diamond which is in the possession of the Crown, is esteemed the largest in

the world, although I was informed there, that it is not the most valuable.

In our excursions we visited the monastery and church near Lisbon where the Kings of Portugal are buried: they are magnificent beyond expression. The chapel of St. Roch, also, is probably one of the richest and finest in the world: the paintings are of Mosaic work, curiously wrought with stones of every colour. I drank a wine at Court called *Colares*—it is the Port wine of the country unadulterated, and made particularly for the nobles: it is never sent abroad. The flavour is like Hermitage, but rather more rough; the Portuguese who drink it esteem it much, and say that it is the most wholesome of any wines in the country.

At Cintra, a village a small distance from Lisbon, situated near the mouth of the Tagus, in a country where every beauty of Nature is displayed, and which is one of the most delicious spots in Europe, is a most magnificent Palace, in which the unfortunate Alfonso was

imprisoned, and where he terminated his melancholy existence. About five leagues from this place to the north, near the Atlantic shore, is another Palace, the expense of building which amounted to four millions sterling: the name of the place is Maffra. In that edifice are united, as in the Escurial at Madrid, a palace, a convent, and a church. The church occupies the centre, near which are the cloisters, with the cells for the monks: it forms a mixture of superstition and profusion. The aqueduct of Alcantara, about a mile from Lisbon, supplies the capital with water: in grandeur it rivals the works of Rome, and crosses a deep ravine, from one mountain to another, upon arches, the centre of which is three hundred feet high and ninety broad. It escaped the dreadful earthquake of 1755. The Castle of Belem, the Fort of Bougie, and the Castle of St. Julien, are all places which at different times have received their miserable victims. In the subterraneous abodes of the latter was

confined the celebrated Jesuit Malagrida, an Italian, who was accused of having known and encouraged the attempt upon Joseph's life by the Marchioness of Tavora, to whom he was Confessor: he was a long time imprisoned in that fortress, and at length burned at the stake. He was more of a visionary and enthusiast than a man of talents: he was seventy years of age when publicly executed. The Queen, on her accession, liberated all the other prisoners concerned in that plot, of whom there were many confined in the different fortresses, of every rank.

The Marquis de Pombal, who was removed from power at the death of the King, had been created first Count d'Oeyras, and, when at the zenith of his power, had displayed a rage against the ancient nobility of Portugal in a very extraordinary manner. — He exasperated his Master against the whole Order, by representing them as a factious body, and was permitted to tyrannize as he thought proper.

Among the first whom he arrested and sent to prison was the Count de Ribere, whose crime was unknown.

Cagliaris, the Captain of the King's Guard, was his next victim,—a man of abilities, integrity, and resolution. He was arrested when ill of an ague and fever, and in that condition conveyed into a damp dungeon, situated on a rock at the mouth of the Tagus, the spring-tides in which often overflowed the cave where he was confined. Death relieved him from his sufferings, no attention having been paid to the physician's representation of his danger.

D'Oeyras had made a law which constituted it to be treason to speak ill of the Minister. A regiment of dragoons was allotted him as a guard for his person, as had been practised in France by Cardinal Richelieu.

Not content with suffering Cagliaris to be sacrificed, he banished his widow to a solitary habitation, after having buried the body in the most obscure way. She was not permitted to

return to her country, and her two sons were confined, probably for life, in the Castle of St. Uval. Cagliaris had two brothers: one a Knight of Malta, who happened to be in Paris at the time; the other was then in Portugal: the latter he banished to Mertola; and the former was ordered to return home, but, aware of the Minister's power and unrelenting temper, he refused to obey.

The next victim of his fury was the Count d'Ovedos, of the Blood Royal, a nobleman advanced in years, and so zealous of his country's and his Sovereign's dignity, that he had greatly impaired his fortune in their cause. The Count never loved the favourite; and the King, having observed that Carvalho's house had escaped the earthquakes, which his Majesty attributed to the kindness of Heaven in return for the Minister's virtues and goodness, the Count d'Ovedos, who happened to be present, jocularly said, that if it were a mark of Heaven's approbation of the Minister's virtues, the pro-

stitutes of Lisbon must be equally esteemed paragons of virtue, as the street where they lived, the *Rua Suza*, had not suffered.

The Count d'Ovedos (who had suffered immensely by the earthquake, having lost two whole streets through the calamity) for this speech was cast into prison. The aged nobleman was cruelly used when arrested by the magistrate. The latter went to the Count's house before his hour of rising, and understanding, as he expected, that he had not risen, burst into his bed-room, drew his poniard, and, laying his hand on the Count's breast, told him he was the King's prisoner, and that if he stirred he was a dead man. The Count, waking, told him that it was not his weapon which alarmed him, but the King's commands compelled his submission. The Count had been a soldier from his cradle.

The Duke de la Foins, a Prince of the Blood, and the next heir to the Crown after the extinction of that branch of the family then on

the throne, was sent also into banishment. The cause of his exile was variously accounted for: some imagined that it was owing to a passion he entertained for the grand-daughter of the Marchioness of Tavora, who was beheaded; others, that he advised his eldest brother, as heir to an estate settled by the King, Don Pedro, on the second branch of the Royal Family, not to relinquish it. He resided some time in England under the title of the Duke of Braganza. Many others fell victims to the Minister's cruelty.

The Opera-house at Lisbon is very grand: we frequently visited it, and were seated in the Royal box; and on a Sunday there were bull-feasts, which were celebrated in a large amphitheatre, capable of containing many thousand spectators. Prodigious dexterity was shown by the horsemen, while those who fought on foot displayed the most extraordinary coolness and agility. But I shall leave a description of this scene to my account of what I saw at

Madrid, though I never received any gratification in amusements of a barbarous nature.

As, by the death of Lord Craven, I felt myself released from all ties, and at liberty to act as I thought proper, I accepted the hand of the Margrave without fear or remorse. We were married in the presence of one hundred persons, and attended by all the English naval officers, who were quite delighted to assist as witnesses.

CHAPTER XI.

We proceed to Spain.—Our arrival at Madrid, and reception there.—Charles IV.—Royal Palace.—Madrid.—The Escurial.—The Theatre.—Spanish Manners.—Spanish Women.—Napoleon and the Spanish Princes.—Josephine.—Escoiquiz.—Duchess of Chevreuse.—We leave Madrid, and pass through France on our return to England.

AFTER the event which took place at Lisbon, the Margrave and I proposed to return through Spain and France, as I dreaded a long sea-voyage for the Margrave in winter,—he having been very sick on the passage in the summer.

We arrived at Madrid, where I received the congratulations of all my Spanish acquaintances and connexions in the most flattering manner.

In paying to the Margrave all the respect due to his rank, they seemed to try (which was not necessary) to make him feel the value of his wife.

At that time Charles IV., a man of uncouth manners and singular countenance, was on the throne of Spain, and Count Florida Blanca at the head of the administration.

The Royal Palace stands on an eminence, on the western side of the city. This structure is spacious and magnificent, consisting of three courts which command an extensive prospect: each of the fronts is 470 feet in length, and 100 in height. There is no palace in Europe fitted up in a style of greater magnificence. The great chamber of audience is hung with crimson velvet richly embroidered with gold. It was ornamented with immense looking-glasses made at St. Ildefonso, and the tables were made of the finest marble.

The Palaces of the Grandees are more remarkable for their spaciousness than their

structure: those of the Dukes of Alba, del Infantado, and de Medina Celi, deserve the most attention. The old and modern streets of Madrid are copiously mixed with ill-contrasted buildings. In the modern quarters, the streets of *San Bernardo de Fuencarral* and *de Alcala*, with some others, may be justly esteemed among the finest of Europe; yet their beauty is contrasted with some wretched and mean habitations.

The environs of Madrid are far from being pleasant: they consist of an open ill-cultivated plain, full of mouldy heights, and sometimes planted with olive-trees; but in the immediate vicinity of the city, and especially on the banks of the Manarenes, there are kitchen-gardens and nurseries, which in some measure variegate the dreary landscape.

The lofty mountains of Guadarrama, north-west, afford, perhaps, in other respects, the only picturesque point of view in the whole district. Madrid may be said to be like an island in the

middle of the ocean,—having neither country-houses nor villages, suburbs nor avenues.

In the morning, by ten o'clock, all the bells in the city are ringing, the guards mount, and the procession for mass sets forward. At one, people dine: a great deal of saffron and many love-apples, with oil and pimento, afford a rich luxury, with the La Mancha wine, old Xeres, and Malaga.

La siesta, or the afternoon's nap, produces a deadly silence in the streets: all the window-shutters are put up, or the curtains let down; and even the industrious porter stretches his length along his mat and falls fast asleep.

At four, every body repairs to the bull-fight, to the Canal, or to the *Prado;*—all is gaiety and life. At the close of the afternoon, when evening sets in, every Spaniard says prayers of salutation to the Virgin, and all the bells ring again. They then hasten to the theatres and the *tertulias*, and the squares fill with every kind of music and dancing: the crowds con-

tinue till near one in the morning, when they disperse, and nothing is heard but the solitary tinkling of some remote guitar.

When the situation of Madrid is taken into consideration, and its elevation above the sea of two thousand feet, in the vicinity of a ridge of mountains of great height, we may conceive that the climate must have a peculiar effect. The air is excellent, and has a purity, lightness, and stability, not to be found in the North of Europe. The winter months are very mild, excepting February; but the heat in the summer is intolerable. The only precaution necessary for foreigners, is to protect the head from the heat of the sun, and to wear flannel shirts. They who eat flesh and fish moderately, and take no suppers, need not dread the disorders incident to the capital.

Madrid contains seventy-seven churches. It is a matter of surprise that in such a city there is not a beautiful building of this kind of architecture; although the steeples are neat, and

many have handsome domes, they are all either too small or too enormous.

The insides of the churches compensate, however, in splendour and richness, for the defects of the outside. There is hardly a residence of a Catholic prince whose churches contain so many treasures, images, and valuable altars as Madrid; and the elegant paintings of the Spanish and other masters are a real gratification to the sight.

The theatre, rendered so famous by Farinelli's powers, (the back wall of which communicates with the garden, and may be taken away at pleasure,) deserves attention: the decorations are by Amiconi. By the side of the theatre, in a small garden, stands an equestrian bronze statue of Philip IV.: it is the work of the celebrated Florentine Pedro Tacca, and remarkable for the exact division of the equilibrium. Philip IV. insisted on the artist's representing him in a gallop: Tacca, with the assistance of Galilæus, sustained a mass of

18,000 pounds merely on the horse's hind feet, —a most expressive attitude. This statue, four times larger than life, cost 40,000 doubloons.

Another curiosity is to be found in the garden, near the porcelain manufactory:—it is a group of bronze, representing Charles V. trampling upon the monster Rage. The armour of the statue may be entirely taken off; and the whole stands upon a pedestal of marble. At the entrance of an adjacent house is a statue of Philip II. The walks in the garden of *Buen Retiro* are undoubtedly the most beautiful in Madrid. It commands a full view of part of the city, the *Prado,* and the adjoining country. The purity of the air, the refreshing coolness, and vicinity to the *Prado,* attract a number of daily visitors, particularly persons of fashion,—for all ladies may appear in French dresses; and the Count Aranda made a regulation that every lady was to unveil herself upon her entrance there, while the gentlemen, according to an old custom, take off their hats for a short time.

The celebrated public walk in the eastern quarter of Madrid, traverses it from the gate of Recolétos to that of Atocha, and is in extent three quarters of a league: its alleys are again crossed by five of the principal streets. From the street of *Alcala* the *Prado* presents a very striking appearance. The palaces and convents, with their contiguous gardens and fountains of stately marble, contribute to heighten the impression.

Although the palaces in Madrid are not so numerous as in other capitals, yet the houses of the Grandees, called *Casas de los Grandes*, are remarkable for their great extent. Those of the Dukes of Alba and Berwick, with a few others, demand every attention: but since English and French taste have prevailed, their decorations and furniture have become more estimable. In the Duke of Medina's palace are to be found a beautiful collection of antiques, a fine gallery of arms, and several masterpieces by Espagnolet, Vandyke, and others.

In the Palace of the Duke of Santistevan is a great choice of pictures by Lucca Giordano,—the subjects taken from the Bible and from Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered; with the portrait of the painter himself, and original drawings of those and many other of his performances.

Many pictures by Rubens grace the house of the Duke of Infantado, and several Spanish masters adorn his apartments,—particularly two grand battle-pieces, with figures of mother-of-pearl, with coloured embellishments. The battle-pieces of Alexander Farnese in Flanders, and the Conquest of Mexico by Cortes, are both remarkable from their strict exactness as to the costume.

In Prince Tio's Palace is a fine collection by Teniers, Lucca Giordano, and others. At the Duke of Medina Sidonia's are most superb paintings by Guercino, Vandyke, Solemina, Louis Tristan, and others, without mentioning many unknown which are permitted to rot on the floors of several palaces. In the Duke of

Alba's Palace is the celebrated Venus of Correggio, a Holy Family by Raphael, another Venus by Velasquez, the portrait of the ferocious Duke of Alba by Titian, and many other pieces; but these invaluable works are huddled together in a mean Gothic saloon. But as a more refined taste has begun to dispel the senseless luxury of ancient times, the Palaces of the Grandees may become temples of the arts.

The Botanical Garden and the Baths at the west end of the city are well situated. Along the banks of the Manzanares, where the river is shallow, these buildings are placed; and among the meadows that surround it young girls sportively chase each other, and their songs resound from the different baths. Many a gallant here participates with his favourite Dulcinea, having previously disguised himself among the arbours of the tall and shady trees.

Not far from the New Palace is the *Armeria Real*, or Royal Armoury: it is a considerable edifice, the whole first floor forming a gallery

where the ancient armour is placed; and several wooden horses are there, similar to those in the Tower of London, with their different riders. Among them is Charles V. in the same armour which he wore before Tunis,—many knights in complete armour and saddles, including those of Gonsalva de Cordova, called the Great Captain,—and the armour of Queen Isabella.

The Royal Cabinet of Natural History is an establishment in the *Calle de Alcala*, near the magnificent custom-house. Its erection is owing to Charles III., who purchased the collection of Davila, and annually augmented it with articles purchased from South America.

The King's Library is a poor building, and contains about 180,000 volumes and about 2000 manuscripts. A cabinet of coins is added to the library, containing an important collection of the Emperors of the East and West, with the Samaritan coins discovered by Tycher and Bayer, and the rich collection of the Abbé

Rothelin. This library is open every day. There are also five public libraries, inclusive of those of the Duke of Medina Celi and the Duke d'Ossuna, to which admittance is easily procured. There are twenty scientific establishments, such as for botany, mineralogy, &c. with the Royal Spanish Academy and the Royal Academy of Arts

One of the most excellent establishments, which shows the spirit of its humane founder, is the *Monte de Piedad*, or Royal Pawn-house. Here the distressed person brings his pledge, and receives a loan without a fee;—no deductions, and no peremptory terms for redeeming pledges,—every thing is calculated for the benefit of the poor, and not for the advantage of the Government. The benevolent disposition of an individual formed the existence of the institution: he placed a double real into a box, as the first and only fund; and as soon as the redemption of souls from purgatory and the interest of the priests were joined to the esta-

blishment, contributions poured in from every quarter. The fund was augmented by the accession of rich and noble members; and the capital has increased by legacies, donations, and contributions: and no interest has been ever taken. It was established in the year 1724.

The Amphitheatre for bull-fights is situated before the gate of *Alcala:* it is a large circus, with seats rising one above the other, and having a number of boxes on the top, all crowded with spectators. At three in the afternoon all hasten to the *Toro*—all ranks and all the different costumes of Spain are here found united. When the circus is cleared, the solemn entry begins;—the Alcalde, with his Alguazils in long curled wigs, heads the train—then follow the Picadores, or squires, on horseback, in the dress of the ancient Spanish knights, and the flag-bearers, with many-coloured waistcoats, and decorated with ribbons—then the invincible Matador, or bull-killer, the hero of the fight, brandishing his sword, and attended

by a group of harlequins—slaves in disguise, and merry-Andrews of every description, close the rear. On a signal given by the Corregidor, two timid Alguazils proceed to the stall, and, with averted faces and trembling hands, unbolt the door, to give way to the bull, rushing impetuously forth with rage and fury. The most boisterous noise and uproar ensue, and hats, cloaks, and handkerchiefs, are waved by every spectator. In the meanwhile the squires, or Picadores, have taken their station facing the stall, and, with their horses turned sideways, expect the attack of the infuriated animal. The latter rushes suddenly upon the foremost man, to toss both horse and rider into the air; but the horseman gives the bull a stab in the neck with his pike, turns his horse, and gallops back, amidst the applauses of the amphitheatre.

The bull pursues his adversary, and is encountered by a second Picador. He, perhaps, is not so successful—he may miss his aim and break his pike; when the beast rips up the

side of the horse, the rider falls, and, without the assistance of the pedestrian combatants, he must pay the forfeit of his life. He is rescued, however, by the pedestrian combatants, through their endeavours to attract the attention of the bull towards a piece of red taffeta, or a small red flag, without pike or sword.

Nothing can exceed their dexterity in enticing the bull by the display of these dazzling colours, and by the cry of *Toro! Toro!* They know how to escape the danger by leaping over the planks that surround the amphitheatre; for the animal pursues, and when he comes within their reach they suddenly drop their flags, and find themselves, by their leap, in perfect safety. In this manner the discomfited Picador succeeds in mounting another horse; and, as his honour is attacked, he must avenge the insult. He gallops with impetuosity against the bull, and inflicts a wound; while a nimble flag-bearer endeavours to make the animal abandon the pursuit of his adversary.

The Corregidor then gives a signal,—trumpets and kettle-drums are heard,—the Picadores retire, and the flag-bearers alone begin to show their skill. Holding a flag or *bandillera* in each hand, and scarcely an inch distant from the animal's horns, they endeavour to get at him sideways: they follow his motions cautiously, till they perceive the favourable moment, when the armed points of their *bandilleras* are struck into his body, and the rockets which they contain go off, while the bull runs furiously about the circus. When the scene becomes tedious, the multitude call for another bull; when the Matador steps majestically into the circus, and makes a bow to the assembly. His silken cloak shivers in the air, and his naked sword glitters in the sun. When he approaches, the bull appears to know his dreadful antagonist, and both stand opposite each other. A dead silence prevails; and when the bull makes a motion, the Matador throws open his cloak, and in an instant the fatal blow is given, while the

roaring animal falls at the feet of his conqueror. The amateurs then enter the circus, and the bull is examined, and his wound probed, while the victor is loaded with encomiums. After this the door of the circus is opened, and three mules, decked with bells and ribbons, flying, enter at full gallop, and drag away the slaughtered animal—the area is again smoothed, and the seats are resumed—trumpets and kettle-drums again announce the arrival of the second bull, and the spectacle is repeated with little variation. If the bull is not sufficiently fierce, they bait him with blood-hounds; and, if extremely wild, he will kill a vast number of horses.

They employ also figures of men of straw, with lead on their feet, whom the bull will toss a dozen times into the air, and then they always appear upon their feet again;—monkeys, which leap between his horns, and which make grimaces at every vain effort of the animal to throw them from their seats;—harlequins with large balloons, flag-labourers disguised as

women, with large fans—and often a black man, who jumps upon the bull's back, and draws a thong of leather, full of iron spikes, round his muzzle, while he holds the thong at both ends with his teeth, and plays on the guitar. At last comes a bull called the *Embolado*, because he has leather balls on his horns: he is given up to the amateurs, and never killed by a Matador except in cases of the greatest emergency.

These fights regularly take place twice a week during summer. At each course eighteen bulls are started,—six in the morning, by way of experiment, and twelve in the afternoon for the real feast; and in proportion as the heat increases, the more furious the animals become. The receipts from these fights are given for the benefit of the General Hospital. They amount in general to about two thousand piastres, and the expenses about one thousand. A Matador receives from sixty to eighty, a Picador from fifty to sixty, and a Chilo and Bandillero from twenty-four to thirty piastres.

Madrid has two theatres,—the Prince's and that of the Cross. The former is the largest, but its entrance is inconvenient and dirty,—on which account the latter is preferred. Their insides have the appearance of that of a church. The *coguela*, where none but veiled ladies are admitted, perfectly resembles a choir of nuns; the *aposentos*, or boxes, are like a row of church pews; and the *gradas*, or benches, seem to be seats in the nave of a church. Besides these, there are the pit for the common people, and the *lureta*, or seats near the orchestra, for people of fashion.

The machinery of the Spanish theatre has been much improved of late years. The actors I found far from being so bad as I had imagined: in tragic parts, I must confess, they appeared extremely unnatural; but in comic ones they were truly masterly. The women, in particular, display great powers: the men please best in the *saynetes*, or little farces, in which the national spirit is strongly blended

with Nature. Besides these two theatres, there is an opera-house, in which performances are given twice a week entirely by Spanish actors, and sacred music and oratorios in Lent. There are many private theatres, very elegant, in the houses of the nobility. At the public theatres a foreigner may see Hamlet, Merope, Julius Cæsar, and Alzire, with many excellent original pieces of various kinds.

The ladies of Spain are handsome, particularly in the eyes of those accustomed to see the southern nations. A witty Frenchman used to say that the Spanish women were queens,—probably alluding to their pride and love of domination. Their sparkling eyes—the pale sallow complexion—the delicate frame—the wild vivacity of their motions—must not be compared with the roses and lilies, and the softness, of the northern beauties; but then we may nevertheless do justice to the romantic Spanish women, who breathe every voluptuous sensation.

In the early period of their youth the Spanish women are fascinating: their charming mixture of temperament, their reserve, and their modesty, make them truly amiable. In maturer years they endeavour to please by vivacity, by their shape, and by their wit. It is a pity that these qualities are blended with violence and selfishness, and a spirit incompatible with the character of gentleness. They are wild and impetuous, capricious and obstinate, and swerve from one extreme to the other, by incessant transitions; either everything or nothing,—their character knows no moderation.

Women of this description are certainly not formed for matrimony. A Spanish woman considers her lover as her husband, and her husband as her slave: from the one she receives presents, services, and attentions of every kind; from the other the same, and her maintenance also.

The Escurial, the boast of Spain and pride

of its monarchs, the building of which cost more than any other palace in Europe, surpasses all description. The windows of the east front are in number 366, and those in the west front 200: the building is an oblong of 640 feet by 580: the height of the roof is 60 feet. The apartments are decorated with every surprising variety of sculpture, paintings, and tapestry, and exhibit a most wonderful display of ornaments of gold and silver, gems and precious stones. Besides the palace, there is a church large and richly ornamented, with a mausoleum, convent, college, cloisters, and a library valuable for the ancient Greek and Arabic volumes of manuscripts which it contains. Paintings in fresco adorn the apartments above the shelves, the subjects of which are taken from sacred and profane history, or have relation to the sciences.

There are also large apartments for all kinds of mechanics and artists. The exterior of the palace is surrounded by extensive walks and

fountains; and large parks and gardens add to its magnificence.

The mausoleum of the Kings and Queens of Spain is called the Pantheon, because it is built upon the plan of that temple at Rome; as is the church upon the model of St. Peter's.

Philip II., who erected the Escurial to commemorate a victory he obtained over the French, but with the assistance of the English forces, dedicated it to St. Laurence; and, as that saint was broiled upon a gridiron, he built it in that form. This figure is multiplied upon the doors, windows, and altars of the building, in every part: such a gloomy idea could only have originated in the bigoted brain of Philip. The King's apartment is in the form of the handle of this gridiron. Although the outside has a sombre appearance, the inside is composed of different kinds of architecture, which are certainly masterpieces; while the statues and pictures rival those of Italy itself.

What changes have taken place in Spain

since my visit to that country! Bonaparte, at the Treaty of Tilsit, had engaged the Emperor Alexander not to interfere in any designs which France might have relative to Spain. Charles IV., relying on the good faith of him who nourished in his breast the contemplation of the best means of acquiring the riches of both hemispheres, was at ease with regard to his designs. The Emperor had insinuated that his army was directed towards Denmark, and imposed upon the Cabinet of Madrid by his secret agents and emissaries. Thirty thousand French soon penetrated into Spain. The Prince of Asturias was indignant at the influence which Godoy, the Prince of Peace, held over the Royal Family: he projected the destruction of that favourite; but he imagined that Napoleon would consent to assist him in that enterprise. The Emperor was projecting, at the same time, to give the elder daughter of Lucien Bonaparte to him in marriage. A secret agent received orders to sound the Prince on the subject, and to suggest to

him the propriety of addressing the Emperor for the purpose of procuring him a wife.

The heir presumptive of the Crown of Spain consulted the Emperor upon the choice to be made. A correspondence was set on foot between them to this effect; but it came to the ears of the King, who was disgusted at the conduct of his son. From that time the principal instigator of all political intrigues, Godoy, Prince of Peace, conceived suspicions of the plan; and, a short time after, the Prince of Asturias was arrested.

Napoleon was fearful lest the name of his ambassador, and the project of the marriage, should be brought forward at the instance of Jerdin: and he, therefore, employed his measures so as to induce the old King to write to him on the subject; and, while he was to endeavour to appear to reconcile the father and the son, his plot was to march an army and Imperial Guard into the heart of Spain.

By such measures he expected the com-

try would soon yield to his arms; he blinded the Prince of Peace by his promises, and made a solemn entry into Madrid. Charles then abdicated in favour of his son; and the Prince of Asturias was acknowledged King by Murat, under the name of Ferdinand VII.

Napoleon expressed his joy at this event by rubbing his hands, and exclaiming, at the same time, "*Dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirat?* I am a great admirer of Virgil," added he; "his thoughts are preferable to those of our modern philosophers."

His next object of intrigue was to exert all his efforts to induce Charles to protest against his own abdication; and he proposed to him to proceed to Bayonne instantly, to come to an understanding with his son.

The conduct of Napoleon at this juncture did not meet the approbation of Josephine: she conceived that he was acting a dishonourable part. On this account he avoided her; and when M. Escoiquez, Minister of the King of

Spain, had been presented to her, he testified his displeasure.—" Of what consequence is it to you," said the Emperor, " whether it is with Charles IV. or Ferdinand that I treat? I will no longer acknowledge the son; and if he does not replace the Crown on the head of his father in a few hours, I will declare myself protector of the one against the other; and we shall then see which will resist me."

Ferdinand was advised to restore back the Crown, on condition that the Royal Family should be allowed to return to Madrid; and that the nation or the Cortes should take cognizance of the affair, and pronounce its decision. But Napoleon was not favourable to such a design: he employed all his efforts to oppose the measure, and even urged Josephine to interfere.

The Empress, averse to these plans, objected still: and, as if by a secret kind of inspiration, felt that when the Emperor undertook to legiti-

matize this criminal usurpation, the phantom of her happiness would disappear.

From that time he no longer appeared to attend to her persuasions; his persecutions were directed towards the Prince of Asturias, who was soon compelled to submit to all the conditions which Napoleon thought proper to impose, and particularly when he was apprised of the massacre which took place in the streets of Madrid.

Having prevented the Royal Family from quitting the country, he ordered the Prince of Asturias to be sent for into his presence, and on the instant commanded him to make a formal renunciation of his claim to the kingdom of Spain.—"I will have it definitive," cried the Emperor; "I will have ceded to me his present and future rights to the Crown. In short, this comedy is near its close; but it is necessary that its end should be tragical, if those to whom I have given my orders defer their execution any longer."

Towards the close of that day Ferdinand was to choose between death or renunciation. The obstinacy of the Prince before acceding to the terms, caused Bonaparte to exclaim, that if he ever reascended his throne, he thought him capable of preserving it.

Although possessed of the Crown of Spain, he was not yet master of the kingdom; and he was disappointed at the promises of those perfidious counsellors who told him that the Spaniards were incapable of any energy for the cause of their Sovereign. Having at length succeeded, he could not dissemble his joy at this great masterpiece.—"I have been successful," said he, "in spite of the policy of the Canon Escoiquez; but I know how to appreciate the love which he bore to his Masters. He fulfilled his duty, and he shall never cease to experience the marks of my beneficence."

Talleyrand had resisted these projects of the Emperor.—"To have heard him," said Napoleon, "you would have imagined that the con-

quest of Spain was a crime of *lèse nation*: he, then, shall be participator of this crime!" he exclaimed, —" if really one; and I will now establish him as a spy over the Princes."

It was Josephine who induced the Emperor to treat the Princes with Royal magnificence, in order that they might not be dishonoured in the eyes of all Europe. The Duchess of Chevreuse was designed by him to be the Lady of Honour to the Queen of Spain; but she positively refused to go to Compiegne, declaring that nothing should compel her to be the jailor of the Bourbons. She was immediately disgraced, and exiled to one of her castles which was in a state of entire dilapidation. Napoleon would not forgive what he called a disobedience calculated upon the chances of the future.

When the projected marriage of Lucien Bonaparte's daughter with Ferdinand was announced to the former, his consent not having been previously asked, far from being dazzled with the honour of an alliance with the heir of

Charles V. and Louis XIV., he signified an absolute opposition. He wrote to Napoleon, that he never would consent to an union where his children should be sacrificed to the policy of his brother.—"God knows," said he, "your designs upon Ferdinand; but I know that you have done too much against that unfortunate Prince, for me even to call him my son-in-law." This trait certainly does credit to the character of Lucien.

The effect of such a reply upon the impetuous temper of Napoleon may be easily conceived; and it was owing to this effusion of his wrath that the conditions were prescribed to the King of Spain.

The Spaniards are accused of being lazy and proud,—as since their discovery of the New World they had the liberty of being idle. Dryden accuses them of a kind of hereditary sloth—

"Their patrimonial sloth the Spaniards keep,
And Philip first taught Philip how to sleep."

Having quitted Madrid, we passed through France with all the expedition possible, as from the troubles then existing, we were anxious not to be delayed. It may naturally be supposed that I felt a great satisfaction in avoiding a residence in a country so agitated. I felt a profound grief at the situation of those whom I had known in prosperity. While the unfortunate Louis and his family were abandoned to the caprice of barbarians—to the monstrous inquisition of the community of Paris!—I could not force from my remembrance the many kindnesses I had received. What a scene was to follow!—Forty thousand armed men permitted a few assassins to massacre during three entire days—to heap bodies on bodies—and to parade the streets in triumph!—The virtuous and amiable Princess of Lamballe, the most constant friend of the unhappy Queen, was murdered, and her head displayed throughout the streets of Paris, after being first presented through the windows of a palace, dressed and

powdered as when she was alive!!—Assassination was at length suspended, because there was no farther salary to be offered to the murderers. I shall not dwell upon a theme which excites such horror.

END OF VOL. I.

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